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THE CITY OF QUEBEC.

FROM HALIFAX TO VANCOUVER

BY

B. PULLEN-BURRY

FELLOW OF THE ROYAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE
AUTHOR OF "JAMAICA AS IT IS," "ETHIOPIA IN EXILE,"
"A GERMAN COLONY"

ILLUSTRATED

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PREFACE

IT is customary to write a preface in launching a new book into the stream of publicity, so I take the opportunity thus afforded to say that I am not so optimistic as to imagine that the Canadian-born will endorse all that I advance. But if this volume of impressions received during several months spent in British America succeeds in promoting a greater interest in, and a better understanding of the vast and magnificent Dominion of Canada, my efforts will be well rewarded.

B. PULLEN-BURRY.

128 PICCADILLY, LONDON,
February 1912.

"Land of the sweeping eagle, land of commercial swing,
We toiled for years in the snow and the night, because we believed
in the spring.
And when we needed ye most, ye spoke of a northern wilderness
Of stunted shrubs and lakes congealed, and children in distress.
But the sun of our West has risen, and now by its light we see,
Fit nucleus for new empire, a land of one mind and free.
And think ye, we who have toiled in the night have prepared
the repast for thee!"

CANADIAN.

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PART I

CHAPTER I

Depressing conditions in Britain—The *Empress of Ireland*—a visit to the steerage—Philanthropic schemes—Election talk—Prematurely "annexed"—A *volte-face* policy—Sir W. Laurier's charming personality.

AS I passed through London on August 11, 1911, on my way to Liverpool to join the *Empress of Ireland*, bound for Quebec, I experienced none of that joyful anticipation, or elation, at starting to explore unknown lands with which I have so often set out upon former travels.

At this time London's workers were seriously dislocating the commercial machinery of the country. Troops were in readiness to suppress anything approaching mob law. The esoteric meaning of Agadir incidents and their accompanying conversations was not discoverable in any of the revelations of the Liberal Government, any more than were the provisions of the new Irish Home Rule Bill.

The Lords had been shorn of their time-honoured privileges. Responsible persons were declaring that the Mother of Parliaments lay at the mercy of a demagogue and empiric whose ambition to do great things was only equalled by his lack of constructive genius and his mediocrity of achievement. My pessimistic mood was, however, not of long continuance. The weather was fine throughout the

short passage of six days. An endeavour on the part of the elements to play at pitch and toss was stifled in its birth, and we slipped at the rate of nineteen knots an hour through the smooth, sunlit seas. As we approached the American continent we awakened one morning to find that an escort of infant icebergs lay in the wake of the track of the *Empress*, soon to be hidden from view by fog-banks off the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

This ocean-going steamer belonging to the Canadian Pacific Railway Company's Atlantic service is a good sea boat, beautifully fitted up, the service better than that on most liners. An opportunity offered to visit the steerage passengers. I had often watched their crowded deck, and had mentally compared the respectable, well-dressed looking men and women with the usual style of persons travelling third-class. The unaided conclusion I had arrived at was that there seemed no Latin element present. I was therefore glad to find my surmise actually the case, for the purser told me that only persons of British, or Scandinavian nationality were taken on board as emigrants. There were over 800 of them on this occasion, and as we walked through the saloon they were trooping in to tea ; nor was there a countenance which instinctively gave you to think " his life was of the damndest " amongst any one of them. Here was good solid human material going towards the building of a nation of oversea Britons, but England *was the poorer* for this wholesale transportation of her honest workers. What is she taking in to replace the gaps left by such as these ? The answer is not far to seek. Everything that is

undesirable in the shape of aliens and outcasts! It is pitiful to think that their advent to our shores is compelling the British-born to seek their livelihood beyond the seas, yet this is the truth. Several times during the months I spent in Canada, men have told me they would never have left the old country had it not been for the competition of Yiddish, Poles, or others in East London.

The steerage tea consisted of bread and butter, hot fish, boiled eggs, jam, cocoa, or tea, and as much of it as they liked. After this substantial meal a supper of bread and cheese and biscuits followed in due course.

When one reckons that £6 10*s.* covers passage, with four meals per diem, even Mr. Keir Hardie could scarcely think the fare exorbitant, or the passengers unfairly treated. The cabins were clean, and there seemed no lack of fresh air. I asked the purser if amongst such a number they never had disturbances? His answer was, that such occurrences were very rare. The ruly ones controlled the unruly. Even in the crowded steerages of British steamers it is interesting to note that the principle of self-government is at work.

On the first-class deck they were a seriously minded collection of home-returning Canadians after the Coronation festivities. The all important elections in the Dominion were then looming in the near distance, and the thoughtful, strong faces of the men, as they sat in little groups discussing politics, assured one that it was with some anxiety that they awaited September 21.

"The coming election is one of the most crucial

in our history," said a passenger, and I began to understand that at this date it was practically impossible for the most experienced to forecast whether the "outs" (Conservatives) would oust the "ins" (Liberals).

"The whole thing means this," remarked a lady named Mrs. Botterrell from Montreal. "Shall we remain British, or shall we become Americanised?" She was descended from generations of Loyalists, and related how an ancestress, despising the rebels, had ridden through Maine in 1776 to New Brunswick after the war with England had broken out. In the course of conversation this lady went on to tell me that she had lately purchased a farm, in the vicinity of St. Andrews, N.B., the fashionable sea-side resort, and was sending there some Swiss cows she had purchased in Europe. The farm was the last thing in cheapness I had ever heard of. It comprised 400 acres of land, cleared in parts, with a house and stable in fair condition, within five miles of rail, and she had bought it for £200!

Mrs. Botterrell further explained that it was, of course, a bargain; the owner was anxious to be rid of it; the land, if not of the best, was good enough for Ayrshire cows to graze upon and already the lumber was bringing in a small income. This lady, who has at various times brought out whole families and satisfactorily settled them, is meditating some philanthropic scheme with regard to her newly acquired purchase. Apparently, she is only awaiting some favourable co-operation on this side of the Atlantic prior to offering British lads a good home with first-rate agricultural training.

ST. ANDREWS, N.B.

Land at less than 10*s.* an acre set me thinking. I thought it would be well to inquire a little into these farms going begging in the Maritime Provinces. It seems that in consequence of the superior attractions of prairie farming in the West many a farmer has sold his land for a mere song and gone off to seek prosperity in pastures new.

"You will find," said Mrs. Botterrell, "that Nova Scotia and New Brunswick are feeling the loss of their young men, and that the Governments of both these provinces are trying now to attract emigrants, which they never did before."

A well-known citizen of Toronto had much to say on the question of Reciprocity. He did not doubt that it would be advantageous, commercially, to the Dominion, nor did he agree with those who considered its ultimate objective spelt annexation. That argument, said he, had been used for all it was worth years ago, when dollar and cent coinage had been introduced, but it had proved to be worthless. The Americans had never made it manifest that they were land grabbers, either in the case of Cuba or the Philippines.

Interesting sidelights on a people pursuing the independent administration of its own affairs, finding its highest ideal in the autonomous development of a nation within the British Empire were afforded by talks with various persons.

A Government dissolving Parliament without prorogation, or without providing supplies for the public service, seemed indeed in a hurry to surrender its fiscal autonomy, which, it was generally agreed, would assuredly follow any entangling alliance with

the United States such as the projected Reciprocity pact. Certainly theorists would find it hard to outline a scheme giving more individual liberty than that enjoyed by Canadians, who are governed by an absolute democracy, moved at times to heroic action, as in the late Boer War, by a wave of strong Imperial feeling. Nor could coercive methods bind a colony to its parent by a stronger tie than that of sentiment, which has proved *that blood is thicker than water.*

It was more than interesting on arrival in Canada to peruse American journals which seemed to have already "annexed" the Dominion without waiting for the mandate of its people. The attitude of the Press, south of the line, was amusing. There was a splendid candour on the part of the scribes which everybody now admits contributed largely to the ultimate decision of the Canadians to reject Reciprocity.

The *New York Journal* wrote in these terms: "Intelligent Americans will favour this treaty. Intelligent Congressmen will vote for it. Eventually, beyond question, the whole North American continent will be one nation."

The *Union Sun* of Lockport, N.Y., was also exuberantly candid. "We may as well begin calling our Northern neighbours Americans, because, as the second greatest political unit on the American continent, they are entitled to it in exactness, if not in usage."

Sir James Whitney of Ontario declared, subsequently, that he was in a position to state that dozens of speeches containing references to annexa-

tion had been suppressed. And now, after the opera is over, it is delightful to read the ingenuous manner in which President Taft at Ohio avowed his desire for commercial union. "The greatest reason," said he, "for adopting this agreement, is the fact that it is *going to unite two countries* with kindred people lying together across a wide continent in a commercial and social union." We may be perhaps pardoned for thinking that it would have been better in their own interests if they had kept "annexation" in cold storage till after September 21.

Although the utmost interest was taken in Great Britain at this date in the coming election, few realised how intense, south of the 49th parallel on the American continent, was the desire to see the Reciprocity pact signed and sealed. It was openly spoken of as the greatest thing before the country since the Civil War. Although the measure dealt only with agricultural products the American manufacturers had their own views upon the subject. It is no secret that the latter have for some time past complained that business is not so good as it should be, which drew from Mr. J. J. Hill, a well-known American citizen, this observation: "They would not have to complain of poor business if the Canadian market was open to their goods. Canadians have plenty of money with which to purchase our manufactures."

This gentleman, who controls the railways which have already some branches operating in Western Canada, had, at this date, nineteen others, according to the information collected by the Canadian National League, waiting to cross the border. Speaking at a Reciprocity banquet in Chicago, he was even more

explicit. He looked forward with *positive dread* to the future union of the British Empire as a commercial federation under a system of preferential advantages securing to a colonial producer of raw materials and food products the British market, as a colonial market would be ready to take the goods of the British manufacturer. "Our best customer, Great Britain, and our third best, Canada, will trade less and less with us and more and more with each other. What," he asked, "does a temporary hardship to some interest here, or there, amount to as compared with the possible loss, or severe contraction of the combined markets of Canada and Great Britain drawn into a close commercial compact, which *last year took from us nearly* $800,000,000 *worth of all our product?*"

You have to visit Canada to get your views of its politics enlarged. No doubt some of my readers are unaware that in former years Reciprocity proposals from Ottawa to Washington were rejected with scant courtesy, the only reply being to raise the tariff wall higher and still higher.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier himself alluded to this in 1901 at a banquet in Montreal. "We are not sending any more delegations. But I rather expect, and I would not be surprised if the thing were to take place in a few years. I say . . . I rather expect that there will be delegations coming from Washington to Ottawa for Reciprocity."

Again, in 1903, in proposing Grand Trunk Railway legislation, he was no less uncompromising, and gave his hearers to understand that Canadians must work out their own commercial salvation in no un-

certain terms. "I have found in the short experience during which it has been my privilege and my fortune to be placed at the head of affairs by the will of the Canadian people that the best and most effective way to maintain friendship with our American neighbours is to be absolutely independent of them."

Once more he repeats his political convictions at the Imperial Conference in 1907. "There *was* a time when we wanted Reciprocity with the United States, but our efforts and our offers were put aside. We have said good-bye to that trade, and we now put all our hopes upon the British trade."

In face of the facts that the Canadian protective policy and connection with British trade has been accompanied by increasing investment of British capital, by rapidly growing trade with the Mother Country, and a great immigration of British-born people resulting in an enormous increase of wealth to the Dominion, it is difficult to explain Sir Wilfrid Laurier's sudden *volte-face* proposals, advocating and championing Reciprocity, without consulting party, or people. Those who can read the riddle of the Sphinx may solve to their own satisfaction the reason of the Ex-Premier's eagerness to pass this anti-British measure. No wonder that the present leader of the Conservative Government alludes to his political opponent's "cynical disregard of known facts."

The burning question was in the red-hot stage when I first landed on Canadian soil. In the huge dining-room of the Château Frontenac hotel, overlooking the St. Lawrence, built on historic ground, I found myself next morning seated at a small table in close proximity to Sir Wilfrid and his secretaries.

The "silver-tongued orator of the Dominion" is, as everybody knows, possessed of an attractive personality. With his refined, regular features and aureole of white hair, tall, slender, perfectly dressed, suave and benign in his bowed acknowledgments to various friends who passed to other tables, he reminded me of pictures of several historical personages who left their mark in their day upon the countries in which they lived.

To my mind Sir Wilfrid Laurier's is a priestly face. Instead of ordinary twentieth-century attire, had he been arrayed in the scarlet gown and hat of a cardinal familiarised to London playgoers of late by Sir H. Beerbohm Tree's impersonation of Wolsey in Shakespeare's *Henry VIII.*, others than modern re-incarnationists could well believe they saw in this distinguished statesman the re-incarnated soul of a Mazarin or of a Richelieu!

CHAPTER II

The playground of history—French settlers—King James's grant in 1621—Confederation explained—Historical Halifax—The Premier—His wish for Reciprocity—Fisheries and Steel—The Annapolis Valley.

THERE is a fascination luring you on to inquire more of the historic past of Nova Scotia as you journey through its pleasant lands. To the student wrapt in the lore of an age which is past, the diversified and picturesque peninsula, with its extended and indented coast-line, rich in the possession of natural harbours and spacious bays, is the playground of history; for this province, more than any other on the American continent, was the scene for centuries of some of the most obstinate contests between the English and the French nations, fighting for ascendancy in the New World. The first French settlement was made in 1605, at Port Royal, now Annapolis Royal, situated on the south-western coast of the peninsula, and its site was only chosen after a prolonged and searching examination of the sea-board as far south as Cape Cod.

The old fort is of exceptional interest to American tourists. For their forefathers, as British colonists under Sedgwick, sought to wrest this stronghold from the French. Curious relics of the original settlers are to be found zealously guarded by families in

the neighbourhood. In parts only, did the French colonise Nova Scotia. On the east coast of the island of Cape Breton, which, separated by the Strait of Causo, eighteen miles in length from the mainland, is at present the northern portion of the province, they built and fortified Louisbourg, reckoned in its day one of the strongest fortified cities in the world. Captured in 1745, restored three years later, it fell into the hands of the British in 1758. The stone walls of Louisbourg alone, two and a half miles in circumference, were twenty-five years in building, costing the French thirty millions of livres. This formidable and wellnigh impregnable fortress, called "The Dunkirk of France," is now little more than a grass-grown mound; only a stone archway or two are left to locate the former site. Its complete demolition was ordered in 1760, after the fall of Quebec and subsequent capture of Canada, when the laurels of war fell to the armies of England. To-day the rhythmic rising and falling of the waves of the Atlantic sound like a continued requiem, mourning departed greatness. *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

British connection with Nova Scotia begins with the grant given by King James I., in 1621, to Sir William Alexander, comprising what is still known as the Acadien Peninsula, with the island of Cape Breton including New Brunswick and Gaspé. Sir William, loyal to King and country, called the land Nova Scotia, which, nowadays, includes only the peninsula and island.

The history of the quarrels between the French and English settlers, who each disputed the ownership of the other to the territory, is too lengthy to

A BLOCKHOUSE, USED FORMERLY IN WARFARE AGAINST THE INDIANS.

enter into, nor is there space to record interesting episodes in the defensive warfare of the early colonists against the attacks of the Indians.

An unenviable state of affairs lasted until 1713, when by the Treaty of Utrecht the peninsula was finally ceded to Great Britain; the island of Cape Breton, however, did not become a part of the province until 1820. In 1867 Nova Scotia, as a confederated province, became an integral portion of the Dominion of Canada.

With the exception of the Acadiens, whose interesting history will subsequently be touched upon, the population of this province is English-speaking, the greater part of its inhabitants being descended from several thousand Loyalists who settled in the Maritime Province after the Declaration of Independence in 1785.

Under the British North American Act the Confederation Charter leaves to the Government of each province important powers of self-government, such as deal with education, judicial administration, provincial taxation, municipal affairs, roads and bridges, etc. The Federal authorities at Ottawa control matters of national importance, such as the militia, banking, customs, fisheries, postal service, etc. In the departments of Agriculture and Immigration there is joint jurisdiction between the Provincial and the Federal Governments.

No other explanation is needed for the foregoing brief outline of the past history of Nova Scotia than to refer to the awakening interest circling round things Canadian, together with a desire on the part of many for a closer understanding between the

Mother Country and the Daughter, who is mistress in her own house.

It is a long step from Halifax to Vancouver and back again. When I contemplated revisiting Canada I admit that to include the Maritime Provinces in my programme did not occur to me, but I was begged by persons interested, not to repeat the injury done to this most historic portion of the Dominion by almost every visitor, writer, or tourist, who, landing at Quebec or at Montreal, turns his back upon the Atlantic seaboard to commence at those ports his knowledge of and travels in Canada. Nor have I been led to repent yielding to the persuasive words of those desirous that the Maritime Provinces shall not be ignored.

Although in a volume such as this, where one can only hope to record the impressions of a few months' transcontinental travel and deal with topics, sundry and diverse, which have struck one as being of exceptional interest, it is hoped that the power of the pen may possibly draw the thoughts of those interested in Canada into channels where they may be led to appreciate the historic side as well as the commercial interests of the Dominion, with an occasional glimpse into sociological phases of life on the farm and in the big cities.

Looking back on the days spent in these little-visited parts it has been borne in upon me that not only do persons miss some of the most attractive and beautiful spots in British North America, but that many people in the Old Country are actually losing some of the best opportunities ever offered in the way of *ready-made homes and cleared lands at*

nominal prices, the result of the enormous attraction which the development of the Prairie Provinces has had for the men of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick.

Halifax is situated on a peninsula, and possesses one of the best harbours of the world. The city was founded in 1749 by Governor Cornwallis, to strengthen the power of the British in those parts, and the first representative assembly of Nova Scotia was convened here in 1758.

The sea comes in east and west of the peninsula; on the west, its stretch of three miles is called the North-West Arm, whilst south and east of Halifax is the harbour, which narrows as it reaches the upper end of the city, then expands into a magnificent basin affording ten square miles of safe anchorage. From the Citadel, built on a height of 250 feet above the sea, a magnificent view of the arm, harbour, basin, and strongly fortified island of St. George at the entrance, together with Macnab's Island, three miles nearer, is to be obtained, with the town of Dartmouth climbing up the hill opposite, across the harbour. On a fine day the sight is exceedingly fine. Canadian soldiers in scarlet, but oftener in khaki, have replaced British Tommies now no longer garrisoned at Halifax. Owing to the policy of concentration adopted by the Admiralty, this city has also ceased to be a naval base, somewhat to the regret of the Haligonians.

British in its military spirit, in its customs, and in its sympathies, Halifax has played an important part in our wars as well as in the history of British North America.

Sea lords, war lords, civilians of high degree have paced its streets, worshipped in its churches, made love to its fair ones in leafy gardens as well as at military balls. Here, overlooking the Atlantic, the Duke of Kent, great-grandfather of our present King, took up his residence, and his memory is still honoured by the people of Halifax, although Prince's Lodge, a famous place in its day, has lost the glory it possessed when inhabited by Royalty, for the railroad now runs directly through the grounds. The Provincial Buildings, with the fine Legislative Hall, and Library, may attract the visitor, but the public gardens of Halifax, although of moderate size, are the most beautiful and the most restful that one could wish to wander and muse in on a hot summer's afternoon.

One of the most profitable half-hours I spent in this city was the sequel to presenting a letter of introduction to its Premier, the Hon. George H. Murray. Taking into account the fact that he has persuaded the voters of Nova Scotia for some fifteen years that he is the most able person to govern them, proves that he must be a man of parts. Political leaders of Canada seem to have made Nova Scotia their training ground. The present Premier of Canada hails from Halifax, as also the Hon. W. G. Fielding and many other noted public men. The reason of the weakness of the Conservatives in this Maritime Province is, that up to the present time, they have failed to find a leader to oppose their Liberal Premier, who is a political giant, owing much of his popularity to a charming personality.

I found Premier Murray in a suite of rooms at the first hotel in the city, and verified the description I had read of him as "six feet of Cape Breton Scotch." His broad shoulders and the kindly smile of his large Scotch face are points which linger in my memory of him. Some talk of the past performances of his Government relating to the establishment of technical and engineering schools, an agricultural college, and of the Dominion Iron and Steel Works at Sydney, paved the way to the one important topic of the day.

If Reciprocity was carried, said he, it would be a good thing for Nova Scotia. Her fisheries would be immensely benefitted. The province was distinctly agricultural, with a considerable trade in lumber. Perhaps some industries would be temporarily hit, but the gain would be proportionately so much greater that he hoped to see the proposed pact passed by a sweeping majority. I asked if Reciprocity between Canada and the States were established whether there would be a shortage of wheat for the home markets.

"Not in the slightest degree," was his reply. "There is more than enough for England and America too. Besides," he added, "we are near neighbours with those across the line. Here in Nova Scotia the ties are very close, not only racially, but owing to a great deal of inter-marrying. We cannot afford, moreover, to be on anything but good terms with them."

Here I demurred, and asked why the Canadians could not stand on their own feet?

"Well, now, look at it!" the Premier continued.

"Here are we under eight millions, and over there they muster ninety millions; besides, there is this: they *want* our wheat and they *want* our lumber. Why should we not let them have it?"

I felt that any objections I could advance he had heard probably to nauseation, so although in no way sharing his views, as the time was limited, I asked the Premier what his opinion was as to manufactures.

"Oh, there," he exclaimed readily, "I am with you. Don't you make any mistake. So long as farm products *only* are included in this pact, I agree to it, but Reciprocity in manufactured articles I admit would be dangerous."

"Your manufactures then must be protected," I suggested.

"Oh, it would never do! Why, they would be stifled in their birth, or at least before they could stand alone! We should be in a worse state than you are in on the other side of the Atlantic—we should be the dumping ground for their surplus."

"You are not affected by the talk of annexation?" I inquired.

"No, it does not trouble me at all," replied he, laughing. Inquiring into the reason of his confidence, he read a letter to me from a friend of his at Boston, in which the American discussed this point and reasoned that the annexation of Canada would be fraught with positive danger to the States.

"You know, do you not, that Great Britain has withdrawn troops and ships both from Canada and

the West Indies, thereby giving tacit concurrence to the Monroe doctrine ? "

As I had been at Kingston, in Jamaica, when Port Royal ceased to be a naval base, I was familiar with this view, which I believe is taken by naval authorities at home.

" Well, don't you see that any over-bearing, or aggressive act on the part of the Americans, would convert England's Navy into an enemy instead of what it is at present, its ally, practically," he explained.

After conversing on the chief features of Nova Scotia, the Premier alluded to an accident which befell him a year or so ago, necessitating the amputation of his foot, and I afterwards learnt that his political opponents were among the first to evince their sincere sympathy upon the occasion of this sad occurrence. The Premier is professionally a lawyer, and although one may be forgiven for a certain prejudice against legislators being taken from a theoretical instead of a practical class of men, when our own lawyer-ridden Government is taken into consideration, yet a visit to this man, with his kindly manners, honest bearing, with shoulders which blot out the landscape, makes one understand how it is that the Nova Scotians returned him to rule over them in 1897, 1901, and 1906.

With the exit to the west of so many young men, Halifax has become somewhat sleepy and inclined to lag behind in general go-aheadness, say the critics; whether this be the case or not, it is sufficiently advanced to have already instituted legislation dealing with juvenile delinquents.

The result of the probational system—which is more fully treated farther on in these pages—seems both humanitarian and satisfactory. One lad had been sent to the *Niobe*, the Canadian cadet ship; others placed amid better surroundings; whilst ladies were dealing effectually with girl offenders. The gentleman who explained to me the judicial *modus operandi* said that the laws of Nova Scotia were splendid, but they were not properly enforced. They had on the Statute book an eight-hours' day for children, but those in high places hinted to others to go gently, because the interests of certain persons are involved !

It was my lot throughout Canada to visit cities celebrating their provincial annual Exhibitions. In the one I visited at Halifax, specimens of coal and steel, models of fish, in addition to useful farm exhibits, were displayed.

I made mental notes to look up steel, fish, and apples, which seemed to me in a cursory survey to be the chief sources of wealth. In this province one is hearing continually of the Sydneys, and it is a part of one's education to learn that it is a term of triune significance. Situated on the north side of one of Nova Scotia's renowned harbours lies North Sydney; three miles away is Sydney Mines; whilst the town of Sydney, seventeen miles to the east of the latter, is the headquarters of the Dominion Iron and Steel Company. It is most advantageously situated for manufacturing iron and steel at rates which enable it to compete with any place on the North American continent, since the best quality of iron ore comes from Newfoundland, Cape

Breton itself is one vast coal-field, and near by are the limestone and dolomite required in the manufacture of steel.

This vast industry employs many thousands of workpeople. That Sydney is far more advantageously placed than Pittsburg in the States can be proved by a few comparisons of the following nature. At Sydney the coal is closer at hand, coke ovens save all the volatile constituents of the coal. At Pittsburg the coal has to come eighty miles by rail, and the limestone, which at Sydney is almost on the spot, has to be brought 130 miles to Pittsburg. Then the convenient situation of the seaport of Sydney on the Atlantic counts for much, whereas the nearest seaport to Pittsburg is Philadelphia, over 350 miles by rail, and 878 miles farther from Europe than Sydney.

The fisheries of Nova Scotia, employing 40,000 hands, are the most extensive in the world, and the yearly catch never fails. One glance at the map of the Maritime Provinces will show the reader what an enormous extent of coast-line there is. Over twenty varieties of fish are found in these waters, but cod, lobster, mackerel, haddock, and herring are the most valuable. For fifty years a big trade in dried fish with the West Indies and South American countries has been carried on. Probably those who have had a riding acquaintance in the by-ways of Jamaica have had a cruel olfactory experience of Nova Scotian fish cured by Bluenose fishermen. The small depôts where this commodity is sold in an advanced state of decay to negroes, who despise it if it is not "tasty," are often kept by Chinamen,

whose imperviousness to offensive smells is obvious to any traveller who has penetrated into the lanes of Canton. When, in Jamaica, you are in the neighbourhood of these *tit-bits*, your sufferings are purgatorial until you have escaped from the sphere of their influence.

The fisheries of Nova Scotia are valued at $7,287,099; and I read at the Halifax Exhibition that 60 per cent. of Canada's fish comes from the Atlantic sea-board.

In this province, where the inhabitants proudly boast that cyclones, drought, and pestilence are unknown, with all the wealth of mine, of forest, of sea, and of the quarry, agriculture and horticulture rank high above other industries, and the branch which has been brought to the highest degree of perfection is the apple industry. The trade began to assume proportions in 1880, when 20,000 barrels were exported. In 1911 over 750,000 barrels were shipped from Nova Scotia. The apple, say some enthusiasts, is the biggest thing above ground in Nova Scotia, and it should be the crest of the province. As I passed through the far-famed string of valley-lands, the Annapolis, the Cornwallis, the Gaspereau and the Windsor, sheltered from the sea winds and mists of Fundy's shore by a range of hills known as the North Mountains, the trees (Gravensteins) were laden with their rosy fruit; but I would love to see those orchards in the spring time, when they are in blossom and show a gleaming whiteness against the brilliant blue of a Nova Scotian sky. No wonder that opulence reigns in the farmhouses of the valley communities, for the apple growers live fairly close together, since a good

livelihood can be made out of a comparatively small area in this industry.

"At my place there is a quarter-acre garden, and on half of this there are fifteen trees, and from these I picked fifty barrels," writes a successful fruit grower.

The output of apples in 1909, if packed in barrels, say the experts, would stretch from Edinburgh to London and twenty miles beyond. Not only is the climate adapted to apple raising, but the soil possesses all the elements for building firm fruit tissue. It is formed, they say, from the disintegration of the trap rock of the North Mountains, partly from the syenitic granite of the South Mountain, together with the red loam and coarse-grained sand of the new red sandstone, which abounds in oxide of iron, lime, and gypsum. The industry is such an important one in Nova Scotia that a few particulars may not be amiss.

Forty apple trees are planted to the acre, and ten to fifteen years elapse before they are in full bearing. In the valley of Annapolis there are insect pests and fungus diseases. Up to date apple growers spray their orchards three times every season: shortly before blossoming, immediately the blossom fades, and again a fortnight later.

The mixture used is made of 4 lb. of copper sulphate, 4 lb. of quicklime, and 40 gallons of water; and to this is added $\frac{1}{3}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of Paris green. Spraying outfits are heavy items, but the outlay must be incurred if failure is to be avoided.

The apple growers would have been badly hit if the Reciprocity pact had gone through. There would have been no chance for their Nova Scotian

apples in the Canadian West, as the supply would have come from the middle and western United States.

The duty, they argued, must be retained to save home markets.

It was ridiculous to imagine for a moment that the farmers of the Annapolis Valley were going to find a better market in the American cities than in Europe, since the American apples were the keenest competitors of Nova Scotian Gravensteins and of all other varieties right through the season in the markets of Europe.

CHAPTER III

A Canadian authoress—The Acadiens and their history—Dr. Saunders' book—A prediction fulfilled—No heckling!—The Hon. Clifford Sifton.

A DAY or two after my arrival at Halifax I sallied forth to discover one of Canada's best known women-writers. The day was warm, for in August the Nova Scotian climate is not unlike our own. Without much difficulty I arrived at the house indicated by the address I had been given.

Here I was hospitably and cordially received by Miss Marshall Saunders, authoress of *Beautiful Joe*. *'Tilda Jane* and *For His Country* are also from her pen, and are fascinating children's stories, for whom she seems to have a genius for writing. But the special interest to myself was the fact that this lady has, both by her life and her writings, identified herself with a people concerning whose existence even many of us in the Old Country are ignorant. I refer to the modern Acadiens, the descendants of those unfortunate French people who were expelled from their homes in the middle district of the peninsula early in the eighteenth century, and whose misfortunes and sufferings form the theme of Longfellow's *Evangeline*. In her book entitled *Rose à Charlotte* we are introduced to the descendants of those who returned after their scattering to settle again near the scene of their former home.

Miss Marshall Saunders, who is a thoughtful, interesting-looking woman, spent a summer among the Acadiens; therefore it may be safely assumed she has correctly depicted their habits and customs, and has fully and sympathetically described a people still preserving the memory of hardships and privations, though five or six generations have lived and died since they were distributed along the sea-board from Nova Scotia to Georgia.

"Do they still brood over their tragic history?" I asked her, as she described to me the generous, simple, and intensely devout character of these French people, who retain the language and manners of a period anterior to the French Revolution.

"Oh, you must go and see them for yourself," she declared; "it is only when you get to know them well that you may find at the back of their minds some story of a heart-rending nature, bequeathed from the fourth or fifth generation, which has not been allowed to die a natural death; otherwise they are light-hearted, and welcome you cordially. The older women still wear the old silk handkerchief over their heads which you may see in many parts of Normandy to-day."

"I should like to visit them immensely," was my remark.

"You can do it easily on your way to St. John. I will write you out the address of the little French inn I stay at." Then the one long Acadien village was graphically described, which extends for thirty miles along the white-ribboned coast-road between Yarmouth, a seaport on the southern coast of the peninsula, and Digby, where the steamer starts for

St. John, N.B., across the Bay of Fundy. We were joined at tea by Miss Saunders' sister, who, as secretary to their father, Dr. Saunders, one of Canada's literary octogenarians, tall and spare, but as erect as a youth of twenty, has been kept busily employed of late.

The conversation ranged over the vicissitudes of the Acadiens. Dr. Saunders, who is an authority on the historic data of his province, considered that they largely owed their misfortunes to the intrigues of their own countrymen in Canada, who seduced them from a Government inclined to treat them with justice and to extend to them its protection. They were instigated to a rebellion which was bound to end in ruin!

For the benefit of some who have hazy notions of the real circumstances which inspired Longfellow's *Evangeline*, I may call to their remembrance that by the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713 the peninsula of Nova Scotia was ceded to Great Britain. Failing to comply with its conditions, together with the fact that English settlers were unceasingly annoyed by predatory attacks of Indians, incited and abetted by French colonists, and the reverses which the British forces were sustaining at that time, the authorities determined to dislodge the Acadiens from their settlements and to disperse them amongst the British colonies, where they could not unite to annoy the English. A proclamation was therefore issued at the different settlements requiring the French people to assemble on the same day at certain places. In answer, 418 able-bodied men met in the church at Grand Pré on the basin of Minas, the scene of Longfellow's poem, where they were locked in prior to deportation from their homes. During the summer months many a

tourist endeavours to identify the road from the chapel to the shore, a mile in length, which, as the male prisoners drawn up six deep were ordered to advance, was thronged with weeping women and children. These with members of other French communities were subsequently taken to the New England States, 1,000 refugees were landed at Massachusetts, others in a deplorable condition went to Philadelphia, and a few were taken even as far south as Georgia. In Minas the community owned 255 houses and possessed quantities of cattle. Haliburton says of them: "Hunting and fishing gave way to agriculture, which had been established in the marshes and lowlands by repelling with dykes the seas and rivers which covered these plains. At the same time these immense meadows were covered with numerous flocks." Even to this day if a dyke has to be cut the French Canadian is preferentially employed.

The Abbé Reynal's description of the Acadiens' fraternal, communal life bears out the poet's lines:

"But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of the owners;
There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance."

He writes: "As soon as a young man arrived at the proper age, the community built him a house, broke up the lands about it, and supplied him with all the necessaries of life for a twelvemonth. Then he received the partner he had chosen, who brought him her portion in flocks."

"Built are the house and the barn. The merry lads of the village
Strongly have built them and well; and breaking the glebe round about them,
Filled the barn with hay, and the house with food for a twelvemonth."

Father Leblanc, the Notary Public in *Evangeline*, was by no means a fictitious character, for he is mentioned in the petition of the Acadiens to George III.

Taken prisoner by the Indians whilst travelling in the King's service, his house was pillaged, and for four long years he endured captivity in a French fort. In the above-mentioned petition the Acadiens complain that in Pennsylvania alone, 250 souls, more than half the number landed, had perished from want and disease.

"Many despairing, heart-broken,
Asked of the earth but a grave, and no longer a friend nor a fireside.
Written their history stands on tablets of stone in the churchyards."

As the author of an important contribution to the historical literature of the Dominion, Dr. Saunders has recently given to the public a work entitled *Three Premiers of Nova Scotia.* (The Hon. J. W. Johnstone, The Hon. J. Howe, and the Right Hon. Sir Charles Tupper, G.C.M.G.) From every point of view this book, written with great literary ability and in graphic style, is indispensable to any student of the political history of Nova Scotia, for these three Premiers were without question the chief actors in pre-federation days. In connection with the interesting career of Sir Charles Tupper, it was with some interest I discovered that, in 1860, a lecture on "The Political Condition of British North America" was given in several of the towns of Nova Scotia by *Dr.* Tupper. With wonderful foresight he then predicted the actual conditions of the present time. "Who could doubt that under these circumstances, with such a

federation of the five provinces (to which ultimately the great Red River and the Saskatchewan country might be added) as would give us the position due to our extent, resources, and intelligent population, untrammelled either by slavery, or the ascendancy of any dominant church . . . British America would in a few years present to the world a great and powerful organisation, bound indissolubly to the throne of England by a community of interests and united to it by the Viceroyalty of one of the promising sons of our beloved Queen, whose virtues have enthroned her in the hearts of her subjects in every section of our Empire, upon which the sun never sets."

Dr. Saunders, who was well acquainted with all the leading men of the period dealt with in his book, is, in the estimation of his contemporaries, considered to be the author of a work imperatively demanded, and one which no one else could have so efficiently performed. Inheriting her father's literary qualifications, we shall hope that further glimpses into the historic side of life in Nova Scotia will proceed from Miss Marshall Saunders' gifted pen.

Before I left this interesting household, I was shown upstairs, where she keeps her feathered pets, doves and pigeons of varying sorts, in nests cleverly contrived in the flooring of a balcony. On learning that she was advertised to give a lecture in the Women's Building of the Agricultural Exhibition next day on "Squab Raising," I arranged to be present. From various ladies whom I questioned on the subject, it appeared to me that apart from agricultural openings, stenography was the best for

women, and it is actually the case that if a girl with a good English education is an efficient shorthand writer and stenographer, she can earn, especially in lawyers' offices (she should beforehand, acquaint herself with legal phraseology), salaries varying from $40 to $75 per month. The necessary training takes about eight months, and the cost of a course of lessons in shorthand and typing at a business college, such as are to be found in every city in Canada, is generally about ten dollars monthly. Girl typists are in every office one enters; the male clerk has long since turned his attention to more lucrative employments.

During my visit to Halifax, I was, by the kindness of friends, motored over the beautiful drives in the neighbourhood, but my chief interest, as well as that of everybody else, was centred on the electioneering campaign proceeding in the city. Sir Wilfrid Laurier spoke one evening to many thousands in a packed audience at the Arena. Although too far away to catch the thread of the Premier's eloquent speech, it was a surprise to find on looking around that although many refrained from joining in the applause, giving one to imagine they held opposite views, there was no heckling whatsoever. Not a question was asked. Whether the critical and analytical powers have yet to be developed in a Nova Scotian crowd, I do not know, but when we left and somebody of our party called it a "tame show," I felt the term was not out of place. The advertisements and electioneering mottoes at this time were not uninteresting. The *Evening Mail* had in type so that those who ran might read, "THIS IS THE ONE

THOUSAND THREE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-FIRST DAY OF THE LAURIER GOVERNMENT'S BOTCHING AND BUNGLING AT THE HALIFAX POST OFFICE." Swiftly following on the heels of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Hon. Clifford Sifton, a great Liberal Leader, came with " concrete facts and cold-blooded conclusions " to root up the fallacies of his former chief's vague generalities. In showing how the farmers of France, Belgium, and Germany had *prospered under Protection*, I thought his argument was applicable to our own country. Speaking of the markets of Canada, he said " We have a home market which takes 85 per cent. of our produce, and this market we are asked to throw open practically to the whole world " (meaning the 90,000,000 inhabitants of the United States). "The result of the projected Reciprocity pact becoming law, would be," said he, " to so tie us to the United States that we would be to all intents and purposes a commercial dependency of the big republic—absolutely under their control. How much value then would be attached to the bare political independence left to Canada ? "

Where would be our interest in the affairs of the Mother Country ? What Canada's position in the Empire ? Where would be the unity of interests upon which to build up that Empire ? were some of the questions forcefully asked. The enormous development and changes of the last twenty-five, or thirty years have apparently swept away all the reasons which had ever existed in favour of Reciprocity. Halifax is said to be sleepy and provincial, but it woke up to think about these matters.

CHAPTER IV

Openings in Nova Scotia—Proximity to markets—A land of berries—Bargain prices—A Swanley student's success—Zangwill's description—The marshes—Truro Agricultural College.

BEFORE I left England for Canada I was frequently and urgently requested to keep my eyes open as to openings, industrial, or otherwise, which in the course of my travels might appear suitable to women.

It was borne in upon me during my stay in the Maritime Provinces, and notwithstanding subsequent transcontinental experiences I have found no reason to modify my first impression, that, as the Canadians say, *right here*, there are opportunities for persons of either sex possessed of small capital, especially so in the case of two or three women who would combine their finances and their interests.

My reasons are briefly these.

In the first place there are many persons who like out-door life, and who have some knowledge in growing fruit and flowers. The class, however, in my mind, is that which is unfitted from various reasons to rough it and to mix with the polyglot population of the West. Any one who is not young and strong is ill-advised to go on prairie farms, which means practically a severance for life from interests and friends in the Old Country. Now the position of Nova

Scotia, lying nearest on the Atlantic sea-board to the United Kingdom, and the frequency and moderate cost of transit (£10, second-class) preclude the necessity of drastic separation from relatives, or from much that England affords in interest which cannot be found on the American continent. The voyage from Liverpool to Halifax takes less than a week; it is equally easy to cross to New York and proceed via Yarmouth to Nova Scotia. Then the climate is by no means so rigorous as that in Saskatchewan and Manitoba. It resembles more that of the northern parts of the United States, but has not the same extremes of heat and cold. It is, so far as health statistics are concerned, proved to be one of the most hygienic in the world. In summer, bright cloudless days succeed each other. In the autumn, right up to Christmas, the Nova Scotians are blessed with the mild weather known as the Indian Summer. Skating and snow are looked forward to. Often when the ground is covered with a white mantle, overhead, there is a matchless expanse of blue sky as at midsummer.

Spring is tardy, and March and April are unpleasant months. But when May sets in, summer, like a fairy, arrives at once, and a world of flowers and fruit mature with surprising rapidity. That which appealed to me after a few inquiries and my own observations was this, that fruit-growing in Nova Scotia, with a view to jam-making, might be carried on lucratively and effectively by women. Not only are apples a great export, but plums, cherries, strawberries, currants, gooseberries, raspberries, cranberries, and small fruit generally, grow exceedingly well; and in a country which imports its jams and

A TYPICAL COUNTRY SCENE.

pickles, there seems to me an enormous field open. If women with a little capital could combine and organise they might ultimately make jams not only for the Dominion, but for those ninety millions south of the line! Dairying, with cheese-making, is also an industrial opening; but fruit-growing in a country so well adapted for it, is probably more lucrative and easier for women. If you glance at the map, you will see Nova Scotia's striking advantage as a commercial centre. To say nothing of Canadian and American, its proximity to European markets stands in marked contrast to fruit-growing in British Columbia, which up to the present is disadvantageously placed in this respect.

That the fruit of Nova Scotia is of the highest quality there is every evidence. The growers too have this advantage in their more perishable fruits, like plums, which ripen so much later in the season than the crop in the United States, that their entry into that market is unopposed.

An expert in fruit raising, of Massachusetts Agricultural College, U.S. (formerly of Nova Scotia), considers this industry offers excellent investments for two classes of persons. Those bringing £2,000 to £3,000 can buy good orchards in bearing, yielding from the start good interest. Then there are others who with a few hundreds buy up unimproved lands and develop them. Lands for the latter purposes can be had from $10 upwards, says he, and set with apple trees interplanted with plums and small fruits. If this is done a plantation is quickly established on a paying basis. *Strawberries give returns the first year after planting.* Where the soil is favourable as much as $300 profit

from a single acre has been made by a contributor to the Gardening Annual Report for Nova Scotia. Cranberries, a very popular fruit in Canada, are easy to grow and are in season for a long time, but inquiries addressed to the Agricultural, or Horticultural Department at Halifax will soon put one *au courant* as to which crops are likely to be most profitable.

It may perhaps be thought by my seriously recommending fruit-growing in this province to the attention of women with small capital who would be willing to join with others, that possibly I have engaged myself as an advertising agent, or that I have some personal interest at stake. I assure the reader that I am absolutely disinterested. My opinion is this, that in view of the abounding opportunities now thrown open to acquire, for a small outlay, lands, partially if not wholly cleared, with a house of some description (owing to the tide of emigration having set westward with the boom of the Prairie Provinces), *now* is the psychic moment to purchase at a low figure that which the homesteader in the West is in the act of making for himself. To explain better my meaning I quote as follows from a list of farms for sale :

(1) 210 acres, 4½ miles from Antigonish, 50 cultivated, 40 in pasture, and 120 under wood. House of 7 rooms, soil fertile, but neglected, because of the death of former owner. Price £200.

(2) 100 acres, 5½ miles from Antigonish, 60 cultivated, 30 in pasture, 10 under soft wood. House of 6 rooms in fair condition, good water supply. Price £120. Terms cash.

(3) 150 acres in Antigonish County, 50 cultivated, 50 in woodland, fir, spruce, and pine. Land in fairly good condition, pasture easily arable. Good house of 6 rooms. Thirteen miles from rail. Price £100 cash.

(4) 310 acres at Waterlow in Lunenburg, 70 cultivated, 56 in pasture, 100 under wood. 1,000 cords pulp wood in timber land; 3 miles to market. House of 8 rooms, barn for 2 horses, 14 cows, etc. Small orchard. Price £240.

(5) A property of 200 acres, 5 miles from station and 16 from market, with a house of 9 rooms in Pictou will be sold for £200.

In pursuance of my idea that here lies a sphere for women loving out-door life, I called on Mr. Arthur S. Barnstead, the Secretary of Industries and Immigration, and I found that other Englishwomen had not only been struck by the advantages offered in this respect by Nova Scotia, but had actually put in practice the theory I was mentally evolving. I have before me the copy of a letter written in answer to my inquiries to Mr. Barnstead from a friend of his, which he has kindly placed at my disposal. Mrs. John Brander, who was known at Swanley Horticultural College as Miss Eunice Watts writes

"Women could make a comfortable living by running a small farm and sending strawberries, raspberries, rhubarb, asparagus, beans, corn, tomatoes, etc., to Halifax, and they could do most of the work themselves. Bee-keeping is also paying.

"We have had ten or eleven years' experience in this province, and have come to the conclusion that

mixed farming in connection with an orchard is the most paying. We keep about twelve cows and heifers (Guernseys), and send our cream to Wolfville by train, where we have been receiving 27 cents a pound for butter-fat all through the winter, while our neighbours, who have had the extra work of butter-making, have had very poor returns, at times as low as 17 cents for butter, this winter. I think that the winters are almost too severe for women to undertake the care of cattle unless they have a competent hired man. Butter alone is the least part of dairying."

Wolfville is in the centre of the peninsula, not far distant from the apple lands. Here stands the Acadia University maintained by the Baptists, who are, numerically, the largest religious body in this province. It has been said of Nova Scotia that it yields a greater variety of products for export than any territory of the same superficial area, and Zangwill has described this country as "a land of green forests and rosy cheeks, a land of milk and molasses, a land of little hills and great harbours, of rich valleys and lovely lakes, of overflowing rivers and oversurging tides that with all their menace did but fertilise the meadows with red silt and alluvial mud."

He refers here to what is known as the inexhaustible marsh, which term is applied to wide meadow stretches formed by the extraordinary power of the tide in the Bay of Fundy, where between high and low tide there is at times a difference of sixty feet. The tide sweeping in with a rush carries with it a vast amount of solid matter which, before the country was settled and reclaimed, was left upon the land after high tides. The Acadiens erected dykes to keep out

the tide, and the land thus reclaimed forms a vast natural prairie where the accumulated deposits of ages have produced a soil at places eighty feet deep. The land is marvellously fertile, producing heavy crops of hay annually. When renewed fertility is required the dyke is opened and the tide once more floods the land to leave a heavy deposit of soil. This curious circumstance accounts for enormous supplies of fodder around the Bay of Fundy, an immense advantage in dairying.

There is a famous Agricultural College at Truro in this province, situated in the centre of an extensive agricultural district; a farm in connection with it of 225 acres is used for educational and demonstrational purposes. Its Dairy, Poultry, Horticulture, Biological, and Chemical Departments are splendidly equipped, and one of the aims of the institution is to inculcate a spirit of enthusiasm for the land. In view of the decline of the rural population, which the latest census reveals to have commenced in the Dominion, its usefulness goes without saying. Ladies join short practical classes which deal with Horticulture, Dairying, and Poultry.

In the course of my visit to the Maritime Provinces I was unable to visit Prince Edward's Island, the garden of the Gulf, although William Cobbett, in a fit probably of sea-sickness, speaks of it as "a rascally heap of sand rock and swamp in the horrible Gulf of St. Lawrence."

CHAPTER V

A visit to Little Brook—The Acadiens at home—St. John—The Ex-Premier—Reversing falls—Agricultural opportunities.

TRAVELLING is not a difficult matter in Canada; the check system relieves you of all anxiety concerning your belongings.

Of course if you cling to a hold-all, or dressing-bag and a tea basket, with a few other etceteras, you are likely to be in a bad way, for porters are scarce, and everybody on the American continent handles what are known locally, as "grips," themselves. In the matter of trunks I should advise one of good size if your travels are to extend over a short period, but if you are going to settle, take everything you need with you; cost of transportation is cheap compared with the amount you would pay and the quality you would get should you decide to buy what you want in Canada.

A well-equipped restaurant car is attached to the trains, which means, that although fasting may be meritorious, you are not called upon to hunger or thirst before the end of your journey.

When I departed from Halifax it was with the intention of paying a flying visit to the Acadiens. About four p.m. I alighted at a primitive station called Little Brook, some thirty miles south of

DIGBY, N.S.

Digby, to which place on the following day I intended to return in order to catch the boat for St. John. Inside the station where I left my trunks a woman sat spinning yarn at a wheel; an old peasant wore on her head a folded black silk handkerchief; all of them spoke *Françal* (Acadien for Français), which was Greek to me, however much I tried to decipher the meaning of sentences shouted all the louder when I shook my head. At last, a shy boy came forward to drive me to Hotel Lombard, a couple of miles away. In a one-horse buggy we quickly passed through a treeless district, for the most part grazing land, sloping gently to the sea. Turning abruptly on our left where the road from the station joins at right angles that which follows the line of the coast, I alighted, to be very cordially welcomed by Madame Lombard, who thought nothing too good for a friend of the writer of *Rose à Charlotte.* The landlady was of a type familiar to those who have travelled in France—short and squarely built. Everything upstairs was spotlessly clean, and the house, which had possibly half-a-dozen guest-rooms, was inviting-looking and comfortable.

There was time for a walk before the evening meal, so I set out northwards along the white road, which was separated from the sea by fields. Occasionally houses clustered together, but you could not walk a quarter of a mile without passing a human habitation of some sort. My destination was Church Point, three miles away, where on the almost flat landscape a lofty building broke the monotony of road, fields, and dwellings.

Here indeed was a scene of ecclesiastical activity.

Opposite the handsome church was the cemetery. Somewhere amongst those humble graves Madame Lombard had, a few days previous to my visit, laid to rest her marital partner, the father of her numerous family. Priests in birettas were walking in the grounds adjoining a building which I was given to understand was a boys' school. Nuns, beyond, were occasionally to be seen going busily in and out some institution the nature of which I did not learn.

The distance was greater than I thought, and the good fare set before me on my return, especially the choice apples and fragrant coffee, with no lack of cream, was very acceptable. A long talk with my hostess revealed the fact that there were many thousand Acadiens between Digby and Yarmouth. Her sons and daughters were all, with the exception of her Benjamin—an engaging child of seven years —earning their livelihood: two girls were teachers, another a milliner. Her husband's family had come from the South of France, she explained; he was not of Acadien stock. They had nothing to complain of, said Madame Lombard smiling; they were not rich—none of the French people were—but with industry and thrift she could live on her few acres, together with the hotel, which in summer was frequented by tourists and parties who came out in automobiles from Yarmouth. The conclusion I arrived at was, that these French peasants lived simple, frugal lives of piety and industry, where seemingly, the only pleasure consisted in meeting the neighbours at Mass on Sundays with an occasional visit from the curé.

A few days after the death of the father one of

the daughters had unthinkingly struck a few notes on the piano. When reminded that it was only a day or two after the funeral, and that it would not be seemly for neighbours to remark on such sounds proceeding from a lately bereaved household, the little boy previously mentioned, who continually dreamt of his father since his death, expostulated, in French, on this wise.

"But why not, my mother? My father loved always to hear the music, and he liked always to see us happy. If he can see us still, he would not like for the piano not to be played upon, or to see my sisters cry."

Wisdom is occasionally heard where you least expect it. When I drove away from these simple, religious people I thought if they had no claim to the kingdom of heaven I did not know any who had.

Crossing the Bay of Fundy I was amused at my *entourage*. Home-returning Americans, who seemed devoted to Nova Scotia as a summer haunt, talked Reciprocity.

"If the Canadians don't know when they are on to a good thing, why it ain't for us to tell 'em," said one.

Two young women on my left belonging to New Brunswick were conversing with a Yankee. He seemed to be of opinion that if the measure was "turned down" by the Dominion, no other chance to change its resolution "would *ever* be offered."

A home-returning episcopal gentleman from the States sat on the other side and discussed religion in terms of dollars.

The province of New Brunswick is a perfect storehouse of historic memories. Over three hundred years ago, Champlain, the founder of Quebec, steered his quaint, square-rigged vessel into the river where, at its mouth, now stands the capital of the province. It was on the day of St. John the Baptist. What else could a devout son of Mother Church do but commend the river to the patronage of the saint by naming it after him? Amid the wondering Indians of the Mic-Mac tribe the noble explorer came on shore at what is now known as the public landing. Surrounded by many of his followers, gentlemen of France, black-robed fathers and tonsured monks, with pomp and ceremonial he planted the Lilies of France where hitherto the savage signs of the Mic-Mac chief, Membertou, had been recognised. From the heights of Carleton, named after an early governor, whereon stands a Martello tower, built in 1812, and one of several erected for defensive purposes in Canada, may be seen the Isle of Pheasants where Champlain says he saw "wild grapes and a great quantity of fowl," and where to-day the Marconi station silently points to a date in the veiled future when human beings in their communications with each other will have learnt how to eliminate time and space. The place bristles with the memories of a stirring age, wild stories of privateering fleck the spot with the romance of daring.

The first English settlements in New Brunswick were made by parties from Massachusetts, who chose the lands bordering on the St. John River. A few years later they were joined by their own kinsfolk, for several thousand of the best blood of the New

England States, known as the United Empire Loyalists, landed where Champlain had done before them.

Dissociating themselves from their rebellious countrymen they laid the foundations of a loyalty to the British flag which has influenced the growth of Canada up to the present time. St. John is nowadays a busy ocean-port, with a considerable trade; a dry dock and ship-building plant is to be erected; its industries are chiefly pulp- and saw-mills, lime-kilns, foundries, engine and boiler works.

Having met the late Premier, the Hon. J. D. Hazen, in London, my first visit was to him. Under the Borden Government he now occupies the post of Minister of Marine and Fisheries, and has been succeeded in the Premiership of New Brunswick by the Hon. I. R. Fleming, formerly secretary to the provincial legislature. Nothing is more significant of the awakening of the province than its programme of railway and other development in the future; most important of all, its prospective activity in the systematic effort to secure a steadily growing stream of desirable immigrants from the Old World. Mr. Hazen is a tall, handsome, middle-aged man coming from one of the best families in New Brunswick. I found him in his office dictating to a stenographer. After touching upon the resources of the province, in which agriculture ranks first, lumber second, minerals and fisheries bringing up the rear, we alighted on to the chief topic of the day.

Unlike the Premier of Nova Scotia, Mr. Hazen was exceedingly emphatic in explaining how unfavourably New Brunswick would be affected should

the Reciprocity pact be carried in the forthcoming elections.

"For the last twenty years," he explained, "the transportation policy of the Government has been, not only to unite the provinces of the Dominion by transcontinental railways, but to provide for the growing development of *east and west trade.* If the pact is successfully carried it will mean that instead of the wheat coming to the Atlantic ports to be shipped for the home market, that trade will be diverted from north to south."

Any one who has looked into the matter knows that the principle of east and west transportation ran through the agreement with British Columbia. It also actuated the Laurier Government when the building of the transcontinental railways was decided upon. Nothing could be clearer than Sir W. Laurier and the Hon. Mr. Fielding's own words on the subject. In a long speech the latter gentleman, when urging the Government to assent to a new transcontinental railway, declared: "It is desirable that we should give our American brethren to understand that Canada is resolved to work out her independence."

"You have a large number of French in New Brunswick," I remarked. "How do they regard the measure?"

"We have," replied Mr. Hazen, "an increasing number of French Canadians coming into the north of the province and taking up land, and then in another part, descendants of the French expelled from Nova Scotia early in the eighteenth century. They are law-abiding, industrious people, but the

last thing they want to hear about is 'annexation.' You should go amongst them," he added. "You will find them happy and contented under our rule."

"They don't want to be Americanised?"

"No, indeed; they would lose their own language, and after that their nationality."

"I thought they might follow Laurier's lead," I remarked tentatively.

"Not necessarily. He has not always followed the Church's lead."

The Ex-Premier went on to explain that the French Canadian had not stood aloof in times of trouble. He helped when there was a rising in the seventies, and again offered his services in the Boer War.

"Of course you are going to Frederickton?" he asked.

I had every intention of doing so, and whilst the stenographer prepared letters of introduction, the Premier told me of a fairly recent discovery of natural gas not far from Monckton. I thought it would be an interesting and novel sight, so "long distance" was called for, and within a few minutes, arrangements were made for a visit to that town.

New Brunswick presents on the map the form of an oblong square, with three sides on the water front and its coast-line is 600 miles in length. There is no lack of water, for it is traversed by magnificent rivers and has numerous lakes. Everybody has heard of the "reversing falls" of the St. John River, where the volume of its waters passes through a narrow rocky gorge on its way to the ocean. The phenomenon is thus accounted for. When the tide is low there is a fall of fifteen feet into the harbour

of St. John. At high tide, the incoming water struggles triumphantly with the river current and causes a fall in the opposite direction. At half-tide the surface is smooth. One day I watched a launch coming from the direction of the harbour, in which a gentleman and little girl were sitting, pass swiftly under the bridge out into the open waterway beyond. "Ain't that just a dandy ride," said a youngster at my elbow, whereat we were joined by a tramway conductor, who told weird stories of the awful, bottomless caverns below where we stood. The violence of the currents down there, said the man, was such, that no diver had ever been persuaded to descend a second time!

Settlement as yet has taken place mostly along the rivers, and no finer country than the valley of the St. John River is to be found on the American continent. On either side as you steam up to Frederickton, the seat of government, are neat well-built houses surrounded by cultivated lands with a background of cedar, pine, spruce, hemlock, and maple. The climatic conditions are like those of England; there are excellent markets, facilities for transport, abundant fertility, magnificent sport (admittedly the best in the Dominion) within reach, and every farm has its area of wood affording necessary fuel, besides timber, which is always useful. Personally speaking, were I going to settle in the Dominion, instead of a prairie farm, with no other prospect for hundreds of miles than level wheat tracts, where your neighbour's house may be the only one on the horizon, and he a Galician, I would infinitely prefer a home in New Brunswick on that magnificent

ST. JOHN, N.B.

waterway the St. John River, where the people possess high standards of life, where there are running streams and silent forests, beautiful flowers and fruit of all description, together with good markets for everything that you can grow; at present the best ones are undoubtedly in the province itself. Owing to the steady growth of the urban population the demand for all kinds of farm products is greater than the supply. The prices in New Brunswick are 100 per cent. higher than they were ten years ago. The producer of first-class articles can practically get his own price. Potato growing is a most lucrative trade, and will continue so to be considering the continual development of the Dominion.

That agriculture has been somewhat neglected for the lumbering industry is evidenced by the fact that immense quantities of beef, pork, poultry, eggs, even dairy products, *are actually imported* into the province. The capacity for fruit growing has only just been discovered, but the reason for the backwardness of agriculture and the scarcity of labour—many farms lying practically unworked—is, that the lumber trade which exports annually to the value of from $6,000,000 to $7,000,000 takes the men from their farms. The population of this huge province is not over 350,000 people, the whole of the Maritime Provinces containing only 1,060,678. In New Brunswick the proportion of English-speaking people is about three-quarters, the remaining fourth talk French.

Its accessibility from Great Britain, its cheap lands, fertile soil, and agreeable climate, with the points I have already mentioned, should appeal to men, or women, possessed of small means, preferring

country life. It offers, in my opinion, like Nova Scotia, exceptional advantages to women. Before me are long lists of farms on the market, some with houses, no doubt requiring repairs, but when compared with homesteading in the West, where houses, barns, etc., have all to be built, the prices seem absurd.

In the county of Charlotte, which includes the islands on its shores and is situated in the extreme south of New Brunswick, I read of small farms with house (or house and barn) which seem to me just suitable for two women, or even two or three girls to work either for growing fruit and flowers, or for dairying purposes at a figure so low that it would be within the reach of many. Thus, 40 miles from St. John, 200 acres, 75 cleared, house of 7 rooms, barn, piggery, etc., all in fair condition—Price £80 (owner too old to work the place). Another—12 miles from St. Andrews, 4 from station, 100 acres, 25 cleared, good house and two barns—Price £80. And yet another, 3 miles from wharf on Deer Island, 40 acres with 20 cleared, no buildings—Price £60. St. Andrews, which is only 60 miles from St. John, is a favourite resort *all the year round.* It is the Atlantic terminus of the Canadian Pacific line, and steamers run daily to the United States as well as to St. Stephen on the St. Croix River, having 7,000 inhabitants, 80 miles west of St. John.

If any of my readers are sufficiently interested to inquire more of these opportunities, they should write to Mr. A. Bowder, 37, Southampton Street, Strand, W.C., or direct to the Agricultural Depart-

ment at Frederickton. From the Atlantic to the Pacific, so far as my perceptive powers are to be trusted, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia offer, with these cheap lands, fertile soil, good climate, available markets, exceptionally promising openings for British girls, and by far the pleasantest, for in adapting themselves to a healthy open-air life they would be *absolutely their own mistresses*. In order to ensure success it would be well to possess a practical knowledge of horticulture. Supposing three or four girls combined forces, each perhaps possessed of £80 to £90, they might, if they were determined to succeed, do well on a small farm similar to those described.

CHAPTER VI

Frederickton—Dean Schofield—Good schools—Climate and character—Home in the making—A chat with Mr. Ellis—New Brunswick's forests—Moose-hunting—Natural gas.

THE town of Frederickton is the provincial seat of government; it is situated on the right bank of that majestic river the St. John, with a background of forest trees. Its public buildings, its frame houses with well-kept turfed spaces in front, its suspension bridges under which swiftly plying craft, gasoline launch, or canoe, passed on their way up stream, were beautiful and picturesque as I stood watching the scene bathed in the gorgeous crimson hues of sunset.

Numbers of country folk drove past in buggies, or gigs, on their way in, or from the city. On the morning following my arrival I visited the cathedral, where I found Dean Schofield kindly disposed to describe its various points. Suffice it to say that the edifice, which is built of stone in Gothic style, possessing handsome coloured windows, standing near the river on a quadrangular plot of grass, bordered with silver-birch, elms, maple, and linden trees, was struck by lightning in the summer of 1910. The tin coping hanging over the sides in long strips, as I saw it, is to be replaced by copper. The timber for the interior has to come from British Columbia,

since lengths, cut locally, are too short. Fortunately the building was insured for $50,000, but before it is completely restored it will cost considerably more than that sum. I inquired of the Dean if the Anglicans were numerically, the strongest religious body in New Brunswick.

"At present," said he; "but so many French Canadians are entering the province we can't say how long we shall remain so."

The Dean, who is a Canadian, told me he was educated at Windsor College in Nova Scotia, the oldest institution of the kind in Canada, founded by George III. He had subsequently trained at Leeds Theological College, and he went on to describe the arduous life of the parish priest in this particular part of Canada. There were seventy parishes in the province, churches were for the most part twenty miles distant the one from the other. Each parish—and some were over 200 square miles—generally contained four places or worship, which, now that British societies were withdrawing grants, were mostly self-supporting.

The Government offices were not far away. Armed with the Premier's letter of introduction, I sought out the Superintendent of Education, to learn that in 2,000 schools a good English education is obtainable; indeed Government grants are not refused to districts where the children number only six or seven!

Referring to the severity of Canadian winters, Mr. Carter waxed eloquent upon the effect of cold upon the character of a people. It produced the cult of the fireside, was beneficial to family life, caused strong and abiding ties of love for home and

country; it was bracing morally and physically, making for virility and manliness. With all of which I quite concurred. It interested me to know how they managed to placate the Roman Catholics, since there was no separate establishment for them. It seems that under this provincial Government religion in school consisted of Bible reading and moral teaching; in Roman Catholic districts priests could teach their religion after closing hours, "and the scheme works well," was the Superintendent's conclusion.

From Mr. Hubbard, the Secretary for Agriculture, details concerning the climate were given me. The weather was good from April to December; the first three months of the year were taken up with the lumber industry. Having already mentioned the great scope for agriculture in the Maritime Provinces, I may say that Mr. Hubbard emphasised the present need of garden produce, and remarked that the country was exceptionally good for strawberries, raspberries, currants, and *berries of all sorts.*

This was a day devoted to interviews, and on my way up a long lane to call on Dr. Jones, the Chancellor of the State University, I met a young woman with a big baby boy of two years old, with whom I conversed. She had been a housemaid in London, and had come to the country six years before. Soon after her arrival she had married; her husband earned $1.75 (about seven shillings) a day, and was building a home on their own bit of land. Would I come and see it? She would so like to show it to a lady from England! Leading the way along a narrow path we struck off from the lane, and there

was her little house in course of growth. A kitchen, sitting-room, and bedroom were habitable, the rest was "coming along." On the piece of ground which the husband had purchased, was a patch of maize and a few vegetables. With two pigs and a calf outside, and a Singer's sewing-machine inside, the house augured well for the future. Mats made of old clothes torn to ribbons and worked on sacks lay upon the floor, and were signs-manual of ingenuity and thrift.

That day I was in an expansive and talkative frame of mind, the country pleased me, and I was interested in the folk whom I met in my walk. An old man was chopping the hedge, and whilst I could not help thinking how "British" he looked, he saluted me respectfully, and I elicited from him that his mother's people had come from Dunfermline, his father's, originally, from London; that his paternal great-grandfather had settled in those parts when he came up from New Hampshire in 1775. The old man spoke not only grammatically, but without accent or twang.

I was fortunate in finding Dr. Jones at the University. At the time of my visit the place was empty, for it was during the long summer vacation. There were 180 pupils, paying merely nominal fees, and a staff of eleven professors. Engineering and forestry received special attention. Many of those receiving training at this college found well-paid posts in the West, which wanted engineers to construct railroads and bridges. The University is finely situated on a rising hill at a little distance from Frederickton.

That evening I returned by rail to St. John, and

the day following paid a visit to Mr. Ellis, the editor of the *Globe*, who had sat for fifty years in the Legislature of the province. This charming white-haired old gentleman, speaking in the purest English accents, was of opinion, that any measure tending to promote amicable conditions between a nation with which they had such close commercial and social relationships should be welcome. He, too, deplored that the West had taken from them some of their best blood. In almost every family in St. John some member had been lured away! One of his own sons was in Seattle, another in Saskatchewan.

In connection with a lady whom I met casually, my interest was aroused in the attractive field for sport which New Brunswick's vast forest-lands, intersected with exquisite lakes, afford. She had, the year previous, been with a party in the Miramichi district, and she described most graphically how, one morning quite early, she stood at the entrance of the log hut placed at the disposal of shooting parties, everything around being swathed in thick mist, when out of the grey dawn, gradually, the great antlers of a moose appeared almost opposite where she was standing. Moose, cariboo, and deer are plentiful in this province, of which two-thirds is covered with forest. The bear is frequently shot; other fur-bearing animals—the racoon, the wolverine, the marten, lynx, otter, musk-rat, wood-skunk, and hare turning white in winter—are also denizens of the woods. Whilst wild geese and wild duck, with partridges, plovers, and grouse abound, the great rivers teem with fish, of which, perhaps, the salmon and the trout are most sought after. To sit in the bow of a

canoe and run down fifty miles of the hurrying waters of the singing Miramichi, from the forts to the settlement, affords opportunities of watching the animals on either bank, since the craft is noiseless as it passes over the troubled waters, the "singing" effectually hindering any conversation from reaching the shore.

The Miramichi district is well remembered as having been, in 1825, the scene of the most awful forest fire upon the continent. Incalculable value in timber was reduced to ashes; prosperous farms as well as the town of Newcastle were totally destroyed, many persons seeking refuge in the river. Its light was seen as far as the Magdalen Island out in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and cinders carried by the terrific hurricane fell at Halifax.

Thanks to the system of game laws the moose has increased in numbers; to-day, instead of hundreds, thousands roam the forests. Admittedly, moose-hunting is the best sport the North American continent boasts of, and many noted sportsmen, including Selous and Prince Henry of Battenburg, have, under the efficient guides procurable in New Brunswick, enjoyed this exciting chase. Two methods of hunting these animals have been described to me —"calling" and "still-hunting."

When so disposed, the cow summons her mate. The period when this mood is upon her is generally early in October. Woodmen have been able so to imitate this "call" with the assistance of a cone-shaped piece of birch bark that they can bring a moose bull within range. "Calling" starts one hour before sunrise on mornings when there is scarce a breath of wind. Once the game has answered, the fewer calls the

better; the best places for this method are lake shores, or meadows. In some localities where there is plenty of water the moose can be approached easily by the expert canoeist. Sportsmen say it is the weirdest thing in the world to hear in the unbroken stillness of the backwoods the whine ending in a grunt. Sometimes the bull will answer the battle cry of a rival.

At the end of October the weather becomes colder, the moose leave the water for higher ground, and are "still-hunted." Here silence is as imperative as in the first method. An early start is made, an open space approached to get the wind necessary to successful stalking. As a rule, when not disturbed, the moose feeds "down wind"; his eyes protect the front, and his wonderful sense of hearing and smell the rear. From five to fifteen miles is generally covered by a hunter in "still-hunting."

In a pamphlet entitled "A Successful Moose Hunt in New Brunswick," the Hon. Charles Scott of Mississippi, U.S., tells of one of these creatures who visited his camp at night. It was at Beaver Lake, and the cabin possessed two compartments, one serving as kitchen, the other bedroom. One morning, at 2 a.m., he was awakened by a noise in the adjoining room, and felt sure somebody was trying to get through the window. "Peeping in," says he, "with great caution, you can imagine my surprise at seeing the head of a big cow moose poked entirely through the window." She ran away immediately when she saw Mr. Scott on the premises, but he discovered later in the morning, that she had disposed of a dish of butter and had "licked the platter clean." He goes on to relate that on the night following a plate with meal

A DEAD MOOSE.

and salt was placed ready for "the Lady of the Lake," who called for it somewhat earlier than on the previous occasion.

Another hunting incident is related of a magnificent moose which instantly made off on discovering the dangerous proximity of the sportsman. On this occasion Mr. Scott waited, feeling certain that his quarry was too gallant to desert his mate feeding on the adjacent shore. His opinion proved correct. The bull, with a full appreciation of his danger, turned and made the water fairly fly as he swam rapidly towards the cow. It is sad to relate, however, that his gallantry did not save him.

Monckton, on the Petitcodiac, which flows into the Bay of Fundy, where a difference of thirty feet occurs between high and low tide, is a town of considerable importance, where the industries include the workshops of the Intercolonial Railway, and numbers about 12,000 inhabitants. Arrangements having been made for a visit to the Maritime Oilfield Company, Ltd., where 60,000,000 cubic feet of gas comes out of the earth daily and is ready without further treatment of any kind for lighting streets and other purposes, I was met at the station by two gentlemen, Mr. Sumner and Mr. Boggs, both of whom are interested in this commercial venture. A visit to the house of the former was a revelation as to what cultivated taste and wealth can do in the way of combining comfort with luxury. Mr. Sumner is a typical Nova Scotian, hospitable, cheery, with those characteristics which we call British transplanted to another hemisphere. Mr. Boggs is a genial American of burly stature. A motor drive, accompanied by the latter

gentleman and Mr. Sumner's two daughters, of about fourteen miles through undulating agricultural land, brought us to wooded heights. Here we alighted in drizzling rain to see the gas coming up, under terrific pressure, from a well sunk into the bowels of the earth. When it was turned on, we stood at a respectful distance, and the chauffeur, who manipulated the arrangement, stuffed up his ears with wool as the gas was allowed to escape for a few seconds. The roar was terrific; we were distinctly relieved to see it safely bottled up again.

It seems that for the last fifty years petroleum has been known to exist in this region from certain surface indications and the general geological structure. From time to time operations have been carried on desultorily by different oil men. However, in the year 1899 the New Brunswick Petroleum Company, Ltd., obtained a license from the Crown for a period of ninety-nine years to prospect and develop oil and gas within the province over an area of 10,000 square miles. After unsuccessful operations this company, ten years later, transferred its right to the Maritime Oilfields Company, Ltd., organised by Dr. J. O. Henderson of London, England. This company first sunk three wells in Westmoreland County, but without satisfactory results. The work was then transferred to Albert County, where immediate success crowned the new departure. Ever since, continuous records of successes have been scored, until in the closing months of 1911 there were twenty-two wells producing fifty barrels of oil and 60,000,000 cubic feet of gas per day. The gas is found in quantities at an average depth of 1,800 feet,

and under pressure varying from 150 to 600 lb. per square inch. Mr. Boggs said that the oil produced is of a high quality when refined, giving excellent commercial results.

The gas is composed wholly of methane and ethane, without a trace of sulphuretted hydrogen, and is ready for consumption without any treatment. Its heating power is enormous, a thousand cubic feet producing 1,280,000 British thermal units, which is considerably in excess of the calorific value of the natural gas from the Pennsylvanian fields. The Maritime Oilfields Company has entered into an agreement with the Monckton Tramways Electricity and Gas Company, Ltd., to supply the city of Monckton with gas for all purposes. A ten-inch pipe line, capable of delivering about 10,000,000 cubic feet per day, is now being laid from the wells to the city, a distance of about nine miles. At the same time a complete network of piping is being laid down all over Monckton, so that in a short time this ideal lighting and heating agent will be within the reach of every household.

Sufficient gas has already been developed and shut in to supply the needs of a city ten times the size of Monckton, and development work is still proceeding. The Company will soon require to find fresh markets for this gas. At no distant date St. John, Amherst, and the intermediate towns will be benefitting by the wonderful discovery. The purity of the gas, together with its high calorific value and freedom from sulphur, renders it invaluable to manufacturers for the production of cheap power. In a modern gas-engine Mr. Boggs declared that natural gas will give power at one seventh the cost of steam; nor must one omit

to mention that a process has been recently discovered whereby gasoline in commercial paying quantities can be extracted from natural gas, and the possibilities for larger development can hardly be exaggerated.

As we left the wells the chauffeur, who was addressed as Mr. Corbet, had evidently thought out a surprise in the way of motoring in Nova Scotia. On our way to take lunch in a small house belonging to the Company we negotiated a short cut down a precipitous slope, with such sharp descents, turnings, and twistings that although the driver's skill was manifest, we were kept busily engaged in clinging on and keeping our equilibrium. The rapid negotiation of this wild descent will be ever green in my memory, not only because it led to a most welcome meal cooked in a stove heated by natural gas, but also because instead of a short cut to luncheon it might well have been a short cut to eternity.

CHAPTER VII

Old Quebec—The *habitant*—Places of interest on the St. Lawrence—Religious problems—Church property and policy.

THE story of the province of Quebec and of its unique capital, that splendid anachronism of the American continent, has been the constant theme of abler pens than mine.

Jacques Cartier, in the year 1534, first sailed up the noble river, although it was Champlain who early in the seventeenth century perceived the unparalleled strategic advantage of the height overlooking the confluence of the St. Lawrence with the waters of the St. George, and founded a settlement there.

Until that date, since which five generations have lived and died, when the stronghold of France falling into the hands of the British sounded the knell for ever of French domination in the New World, Quebec has been the scene of romance, of high hopes, and of wild ambitions, which the colonial history of no other country can surpass in interest.

The glory of God and the honour of France were synonymous terms to the frocked and monkish enthusiasts whose burning zeal led them often, to cruel deaths at the hands of the Indians for the sake of whose souls they continually waged aggressive spiritual warfare.

What alluring dreams of adventure inspired the brave and chivalrous sons of the gentlemen of France to penetrate unknown fastnesses of nature, to cross deep broad rivers in search of mysterious seas vaguely spoken of by the aboriginals! Men of meaner clay, with less noble aims, also sailed across the Atlantic to New France in search of gain, and in official capacities wrung from the industrious *habitant* the reward of his toil, some to perish miserably, dishonoured and unsung. For a century and a half the Lilies of France waved in the breeze over "Old Quebec," the chosen seat of government. Within its walls were held councils of state, and from its halls were circulated, near and far, decrees for the temporal and spiritual welfare of a transplanted people in which the priestly element played the leading part. Thus it came about that that picturesque personage, the *habitant*, became established on French soil in Canada, probably for all time, since under British rule the French religion and laws are assured, although British criminal law prevails. The first sight of this interesting province is at Rimouski, where the steamers stop to land mails and passengers. This little town, insignificant as it looks from the river, is the chief of its shire, the seat of a bishopric, and an important outpost of Roman Ecclesiasticism. The cathedral, seminary, and convent, fine stone buildings, are conspicuous at nearer quarters.

Many visitors come here for the summer months and find the pier which stretches nearly a mile into deep water a cool and charming promenade. In the vicinity the woods are full of game, attracting many

sportsmen. A beautiful coast drive of six miles eastward takes the visitor to Father Point, the well-known telegraph and signal station. Still farther from Rimouski in an easterly direction lies Metis, a charming watering-place, six miles from the station on the Intercolonial Line, and here many people own a cottage, or stay at farmhouses in the neighbourhood. The bathing is ideal, and the *habitants*, glad enough to profit by the now annual influx of visitors, often place their houses at the service of their guests and shift for themselves in outhouses or in various ways. A girl whom I met afterwards at the Château Frontenac hotel at Quebec had just spent a month on a French Canadian farm with a party of friends. I asked her if the terms were expensive, at which she laughed and said:

"Oh my, no! it's the cheapest thing I know of. We each paid six dollars a week and were very well boarded at that."

"What did you get to eat in such an outlandish place?" I inquired.

"Mostly farm produce—eggs and chickens, cream in abundance; they all keep cows."

"I wonder it pays them to do it at that price," I remarked.

"Pays them!" she repeated quickly; "they are the simplest people in the world, and have few wants. They are delighted if they have taken $500 at the end of the season with which to go through the winter."

She went on to say the party of five or six had taken all the bedrooms in the farmhouse.

"But where did the *habitant* and his family sleep?" I inquired.

"Well, they *lived* in the kitchen. We used to think they slept in the cowshed."

"Or the apple loft, or the piggery," interposed her friend with a laugh.

"What do they live on during the winter?" was my next question.

"If the *habitant* has plenty of potatoes and roast pig I guess he does not pine for luxuries."

Asked how she and her friends spent their time she said

"We ate, we sewed, and we read; of an afternoon a farm horse was fastened to the calèche, in which we took turns to go out driving."

This is a high-backed gig with a hood to it, and is quite a pre-Revolutionary French vehicle.

Before you reach Rivière du Loup, where opportunities for visiting the far-famed Saguenay present themselves, there is a beautiful natural harbour called Bic, where the British fleet in 1759, on its way to Quebec with Wolfe on board, anchored. Before it returned the French power in Canada had died a tragic death. An islet in the vicinity called L'isle du Massacre was the scene of a savage story in Indian warfare. Some 200 Mic-Macs concealed themselves here in a large cave on the approach of a hostile tribe, but their place of retreat was unfortunately discovered, and the enemy failing to dislodge the Mic-Macs heaped up wood around the mouth of the cave and set it alight. The latter, forced to leap through the flames, were despatched in escaping; but it is gratifying to learn that the

Iroquois, for they were as usual the offenders, paid for their cruelty in being successfully ambushed on their way home, so that few were left to tell the tale.

British America is the home of Nature's wonders, and the Saguenay river on the north bank of the St. Lawrence, opposite Rivière du Loup, is awe-inspiring and mysterious. Deeper than the latter by 600 feet, flowing dark and solemn between two walls of sheer rock, you appreciate the frame of mind of those who first named Cape Eternity and Cape Trinity. This dread river, associated with majesty and gloom, has been described by a traveller as "a natural chasm like that of the Jordan Valley and the Dead Sea cleft for sixty miles through the heart of a mountain wilderness." At the mouth of the Saguenay another interesting place, Tadousec, has a story of its own, unequalled in interest by any other settlement on either bank of the St. Lawrence, for it is probably the oldest rendezvous of white men on the American continent. There seems little doubt that it was, long before Champlain laid the foundations of French Canada, the resort of Basque fishermen whose forefathers from time immemorial had visited this place. Here a strange story of the church bells exists, which is so typical of the way in which the Catholic religion has left its impress upon this land that I will relate it briefly.

One of the last of the Jesuit missionaries, whose courage and devotion to duty will be remembered as long as the Dominion of Federated Provinces holds together, was Père Coquart, who lies buried 100 miles up the Saguenay. Associated with his labours

was the saintly Père Labrosse, who for nearly thirty years laboured amongst the Indians, until, in 1782, he had reached the age of three score and ten, with unabated force and undimmed eye. On a certain day he was spending the evening with friends, when at nine o'clock he rose with a heavenly look of peace on his face and bade all present a last farewell, saying he would die at midnight, when the church bell would toll to let his people know his spirit had left his body. He quitted his assembled friends; the bell tolled at midnight; they hastened to the church. Before the altar, in peaceful attitude, Père Labrosse lay dead, and in every church throughout the scattered settlement, wherever the departed priest had ministered, invisible hands, so the story runs, had tolled the bells of the churches, thus bearing to his people the sad news of his death.

It is the continued life of Old France in French Canada that strikes the visitor as he travels through this province. Many of the farms and seigneuries date back to the French occupation, but in course of time they have become smaller in consequence of the law of inheritance, which causes subdivision of properties *ad infinitum*. When the land no longer permits of the latter plan, the last of the family goes out into the world to try his fortune elsewhere. His conscience in the priest's keeping, industrious and moral, the *habitant* often passes from birth to death without any knowledge of the outer world, so closely are his steps through life watched by a vigilant priesthood ever on the alert to guard their flock from contact with Protestants who may seduce it from the true faith. Tithes are still paid as in

CHÂTEAU RICHER.

pre-Revolution times in France. Nowhere else in the world are the priests of any cult so immune from taxation. The real estate of the Church is not taxed, and its property is enormous in value.

In connection with this fact M. Bourassa, the leader of the Nationalist movement at Montreal, during the recent Eucharistic Congress, alluded to the good understanding between the civil and religious authorities. "From this concord," said he, "we have laws that permit us to give to the Catholic Church a social and civil organism that exists in no other province of Canada," and certainly it may be added in no other part of the Empire.

Under the Union Jack, Quebec enjoys free political institutions where power follows the majority of votes. The last thing that the French Canadian of to-day wishes is to return to the French allegiance, for he speaks the language and holds the faith of an era prior to the godless Revolution; moreover he has been taught from his youth up that his language and his religion are inseparable, that his Church is the last bulwark between himself and the extinction of his nationality. The individual conscience, the education of the young, politics, all is under the rule of the theocrats. In the accompanying picture of Château Richer near Quebec, a typical picture of a French Canadian settlement, study well the tiny wooden house of the *habitant*, with the long strip of land adjoining; then note the lofty, handsome church which has been built by the pence of the poor. Recollect that *the Church levies* taxes, not contributions, for the building and maintenance of churches and clergy-houses, and that it also levies

a yearly tax for the support of each parish priest; and mark! these taxes are *enforced* by the civil courts.

At the conquest of Canada (1759) it seems there were four different orders of nuns and about one hundred monks of various kinds. Catholic Kings of France had previously held that there were already too many communities and convents in French Canada, that an increase would be prejudicial to the interests of the country. There are in this province, at the present day, no less than twenty-five monastic orders, with 3,000 members, and fifty-five convents with 10,000 members! These are facts which lead one to wonder what the future has in prospect for a people, honest and simple, segregated nearly two centuries from the rest of a world which has gone on full steam ahead, while it has been sheltered in a mediæval backwater under ecclesiastical shepherding. With the development of Western Canada, the French province ceases to be a dominating factor in the political life of the Dominion. It is interesting to learn that Irish Roman Catholics resent the use of the French language in their churches. Whispers, too, are rife that the secular clergy do not always see eye to eye with the monastic refugees from Europe. Discontented murmuring, too, is heard occasionally, when industries such as laundering and dressmaking, carried on in untaxed conventual establishments, compete unfairly with those of the tax-paying laity. The theocracy which sits astride the civil power has been warned by Archbishop Bourne that it would be well to recognise the priority of the English language in educational and pro-

gressive interests. Surely these facts should induce the Roman authorities to consider their responsibilities from a twentieth-century standpoint, not from that of the Council of Trent!

In the province of Quebec, which in size equals France and the kingdom of Prussia combined, there are 1,429,260 Catholics, about 80,000 Anglicans, 58,000 Presbyterians, and 42,000 Methodists. About 1,000,000 are classed as farmers, and most of them own the farms they cultivate. Geographically, there are five divisions: the settlements on the St. Lawrence, the eastern townships between the St. Lawrence and the New England States, the district north of Montreal and Quebec, the Gaspé peninsula, and lastly the almost unexplored country to the north of the St. Lawrence from the Labrador boundary. Gaspé is settled in the regions about its borders, and in the summer is given over to sport. Quebec is the seat of the Provincial Legislature, but there is complete self-government in the municipalities: the country is divided into townships in the English sections and into parishes in the French. Special efforts are now being made to colonise the north-eastern portions of the province, the object being to repatriate those French Canadians who have been attracted to centres of industry in the States, as well as to retain those ambitious youths who might be lured by the superior opportunities of the great North-West. To concentrate and to isolate is a policy finding favour with the Roman hierarchy.

CHAPTER VIII

The affairs of Quebec—Conservatism—Non-compulsory education—Expulsion of Protestants—Tuberculosis—Dufferin Terrace—The deed that won Canada—Asbestos mines.

IT is instructive to learn how affairs in this province are regarded by those of the same race in France at the present day. A modern French writer declares that the policy of the Roman Church in Quebec is (1) complete and final acceptance of British rule; (2) final severance from France; (3) passionate defence of the integrity of the French Canadian race; and this policy seems to have been accepted hitherto by the British authorities. The Roman hierarchy has been left in its own preserve, and the Quebecers have abstained accordingly from revolutionary movements.

An example of the all-pervading influence of the theocrats was afforded some time since, when through clerical manœuvring the municipality of Montreal actually refused Mr. Carnegie's offer of a library! The Index controls the reading of the entire people! "The French Canadians," says this writer, "regard modern France with pious horror, and hold her up as an example of the triumph of secularity. Their youths are cautioned and advised to go to Louvain and Fribourg Universities, rather than to Paris. In Canadian dioceses there is no room for French

priests! He asks how long will this isolation in which the Church strives to keep its people last? and suggests that the French in Canada will remain strict Catholics and be behindhand with their British fellow subjects, or, they will break from clerical restraint and lose that cohesiveness which binds them together. It certainly seems against the trend of the day that human beings should, in enduring the bondage of outgrown creeds, be hindered in their evolution, handicapped in their rivalry with a race which has long ago shaken off intellectual shackles."

Education is not compulsory in Quebec. Owing to the predominancy of clericalism, members of various religious orders, without diplomas, or training, have the care of the young, and this archaic arrangement is not destined to afford up-to-date instruction. There are, at the present day, Catholic schools in Ontario where children cannot speak a word of English, and it is probable that the Provincial Legislature will not let this matter escape their notice, and that some measure will be devised to provide for the effective instruction of the English language in Catholic districts.

With Protestantism without and free thought within, added to the dangers of dispersion and absorption, the priest must ever be on the alert. In a booklet entitled *Canada of To-day*, Mr. Maxwell, the author, referring to a policy which has been busily at work during the Laurier Administration—that of the gradual expulsion of Protestants from certain areas—writes: "In Quebec the fact is accomplished and cannot be undone. But that is no reason why the process should be allowed to continue unchecked

until M. Bourassa, the Nationalist leader, has realised his dream of five Roman Catholic and French-speaking provinces on the Atlantic coast." Does this loyal son of the Church hope to succeed when his grandfather Papineau failed? He apparently professes to believe that a more general use of French in the western provinces would contribute to the unity of the Canadian people. Mr. Maxwell naïvely remarks: "He would scatter miniature Quebecs over Canada!"

One-third of the population of the United States is Catholic, but a more enlightened priesthood wield a restraining influence over its heterogeneous flock. The ratio is about the same in the Dominion. It would be strange if the New World were destined to be the ultimate theatre of a struggle between the forces of Progress and those of Reaction. Some of us who listen to the heavenly music of the God-set march of Progress look back upon the historic page, where he that runs may read, to see how land after land has burst the bonds of superstition and thrust its minions from its borders. Gathering up one's impressions of this bit of mediævalism, so picturesque, so striking, but such a block on the evolutionary highway, one draws a sharp contrast between the simple French people, endowed with a really religious temperament, and those who occupy the seats of the mighty in a sphere of spiritual tyranny which for its own purposes pursues a policy of extraordinary extortion, not unknown in ecclesiastical records, the precursor in other lands, and at different epochs, of expulsion, or suppression. In so doing I am but following the wishes of a professional

man, a French Canadian, who exclaimed, "Don't mix up the Roman Catholic people with the Roman Catholic Church."

I was given to understand by persons of indubitable integrity that the casual visitor has no notion of how things are managed in this province, and what the house-to-house visitation of the priest, on never-ending quests for money, means to the parents of large families, or to the infirm worker.

"I never tell them," (meaning the nuns) "how much I earn. I have learnt by experience! They take everything from one," said an old Frenchwoman in confidential whispers. A young medical man whom I met had just returned from a patient whom he described as a worker on the railway, and whose pay was $1·75 per diem. The old fellow was very sad; when questioned as to the cause of his low spirits, he informed the doctor that the parish priest had just called for ten dollars, that being his share to pay for some ecclesiastical requisition in the church.

"They pick them pretty clean, I assure you," said the practitioner; "the Church just leaves them with a bare living."

"Do you mean that the younger generation of educated French Canadians submit to be mulcted in this way?" I asked.

"Oh, they are getting away to the States all the time to escape persecution at home; then after a few years they reappear with an Anglicised name."

"How do you mean?" I questioned.

"Monsieur et Madame Pierre, on returning to

Canada, are known henceforth as Mr. and Mrs. Stone. That sort of thing is happening frequently."

I had been informed that in country parts the parish priest sometimes audits his parishioners' accounts so I inquired if this could really ever occur.

"Oh my, yes! How better assess the tithe due to the Church!" The doctor went on to say that it had been openly admitted that the chief factor in returning Conservatives to power was in some districts not so much the talk of annexation, or of the commercial disadvantages of Reciprocity which many did not understand, as it had been the memory of the spectacle in the first city of the Dominion of the pomp and display at the Eucharistic Congress, held at Montreal two years ago, when above the Union Jack, which could scarcely be seen for the Tricolour, waved the Papal Standard bearing the Triple Crown and the Crossed Keys.

This was corroborated by several persons in Montreal, who in describing how those Protestants who had offered hospitality to Catholic bishops and others on that occasion, instead of displaying a hostility to the Congress had united so far with their Catholic neighbours as to help make it a success, had been sorry for their pains, since Father Vaughan, in execrable taste, had hailed the opportunity to revile the Protestant religion.

In this sketch I have represented actual conditions in this province, *as I understand them*; and in connection with the foregoing it is instructive to note that the report of a Royal Commission to inquire into the ravages effected by tuberculosis in Quebec has just

been issued. Here the death-rate from consumption is far greater than in Ontario, or the neighbouring States of the American Republic. The causes are ascribed to the *greater poverty* of the French Canadian population, their *complete ignorance* of the simplest rules of health. Curious to relate, the women of the city of Quebec are twice as prone to consumption as British women, and more frequently succumb than the males of their race.

The reasons given by the Commission are (1) that the latter suffer from lack of fresh air; (2) the remarkably high birth-rate among the women is probably a factor, since, during the weakness following childbirth resistance to infection is lowered; (3) the large families in the small houses make overcrowding a condition highly favourable to developing the tubercle bacilli. This state of affairs is serious, since one-third of the deaths in the province are attributed to tuberculosis. Therefore the boast of the French Canadian priest that there is no race-suicide amongst his people, as in modern France, takes a different complexion when one places beside that fact the abnormal mortality of the women owing to the poverty-stricken condition of the husband whose small means, reduced by priestly extortions, do not suffice to supply his wife with a good house and sufficient nourishment necessary to restore her strength after a succession of childbirths.

A rudimentary knowledge of the conditions of this province suffices to show that the abnormally large families of the French in Canada is a phenomenon easily accounted for. It is the direct outcome of priestly politics. One of the chief planks in the

ecclesiastical platform is the numerical strength of the French Canadian nation. Win the confidence of a newly married *dévote*, she will tell you that the first question asked in the confessional is whether she is adopting artificial means to restrict her family.

Apparently, the priest, who contributes nothing to the State, fattens at the expense of the *habitant* and his much-to-be-pitied wife, whose state in default of ordinary care and food leaves her an easy prey to bacilli.

No more beautiful view on the American continent is there than that which confronts the visitor from the famous Dufferin Walk in front of that magnificent hostel the Château Frontenac, where, standing on a commanding and conspicuous site, a fine statue has been erected to the memory of the great discoverer, Champlain. Here the rivers blend their waters; afar, on the horizon, are the blue Laurentian hills; beneath, the quaint narrow streets of the lower town; whilst on the right, higher up, the firm lines of bastion and rampart remind one of the great deed which won the Empire on this continent.

Its story has been told a thousand times—how the tiny cove on the river's bank was safely reached and how twenty-four volunteers from the Light Infantry in single file led the way up to the path that ran like a thread along the cliff; how the rest leapt from the boats, and "like a chain of ants" climbed its face; and how Montcalm, with fixed looks, saw before him, not a company, but an army in battle array, Highlanders with waving tartans, their plumes blowing in the wind. The fortunes of half a continent were decided in fifteen minutes. "They run," cry the

THE STATUE OF CHAMPLAIN.

soldiers. "Who run?" demands the dying Wolfe. "The enemy, sir," was the reply. The hero gives a clear order for cutting off their retreat, turns upon his side, in dying accents utters those oft-repeated words, "Now, God be praised, I die in peace!"

Not far away, in the Governor's garden, stands a monument raised to the joint memory of the two generals, Wolfe and Montcalm, where by a happy thought the mind of the visitor is directed to a sphere where the souls of heroes are united in the light of a clearer understanding than pertains to this mortality. The Laval University, the Montmorency Falls, and the shrine of St. Anne of Beaupré, where the maimed and the halt have tossed aside their crutches and gone away healed, are sights for tourists.

A matter-of-fact person such as myself was more interested in some asbestos mines an hour or two by rail, south of the city of Quebec. In 1893 the first modern reduction plant was installed at the Bell Asbestos mines at Thetford, and the separation of the fibre effected upon a large scale for commercial purposes. Asbestos is an indestructible mineral substance, composed chiefly of silicic acid and magnesia; it has been known as a curiosity since the earliest times, although the ancients were not aware of its practical utility as fire-resisting. The mines at Thetford are worked like open quarries, asbestos having been found about 200 feet from the surface. The manufacture of roof shingles has stimulated the industry; the process whereby they are shaped and pressed by hydraulic power has been in use the last four years. Boards for partitions and flooring are now being made, it being expected that three-fourths

of the output will be utilised for building purposes. The offices at the mines are built of asbestos; a preparation covers floor and walls, whilst the roof is covered with the shingles already mentioned. The manager told me that these mines dominate the industry of the world. It seems that Marco Polo described asbestos cloth made of Chinese asbestos as well as its mode of manufacture. I read that it has been suggested that the Biblical characters who survived the ordeal of Nebuchadnezzar's fiery furnace were probably clothed beforehand in asbestos cloth!

CHAPTER IX

Montreal in winter—View from Mount Royal—Population—Ratio of emigrants—Sir W. Van Horne—History of the C.P.R. Co. —Its splendid management.

THE method of geographical progress adopted in this volume is not necessarily accompanied by sequence of time.

On leaving the Maritime Provinces I immediately proceeded to Winnipeg on my way to the Pacific coast, not only to see the harvest in full swing, but because during the autumn months the eastern cities are practically forsaken, the residents closing their houses to seek change of air in the country, or at the sea-side. Therefore my visits to Montreal, Ottawa, and Toronto were paid during the winter months, on my return from Western Canada.

I was glad to see Montreal under Arctic conditions. To pass rapidly through streets thickly covered with snow, to the sound of tinkling sleigh bells, leaning against rugs made from the skins of the musk-ox, your driver in cap, coat, and mitts of fur, is a novelty to such of us who do not roam far from our British fire-sides in winter. Ski-ing and skating naturally attracted the youthful part of the community. Snow and slippery streets, however, make little difference to the Canadian-born, whose house is specially adapted for extremes of cold weather. When the

sun shines on glittering snow and the sky is blue, with an absence of wind, it seems to me that neither the babies in their perambulators, nor the infirm and aged are adversely affected, however many degrees below zero the thermometer may register; that is to say, on such occasions they certainly are in evidence in the streets.

Notwithstanding that it has been my privilege to visit the Royal mountain at Montreal, both in autumn and in winter, it would be difficult to say whether the robes of crimson and gold wherein the glorious colouring of the maple is the predominating feature, or when wreathed in thick coils of gleaming whiteness, becomes it best. The view from Look-out Point, 900 feet above sea-level and 750 from the river, repays the climb. Far away in the distance the mountains of New York, Vermont, and the Adirondacks bound the horizon. In the middle distance the St. Lawrence pursues its course through the fertile province of Quebec, and the Lachine rapids, near which is still to be seen the abode of La Salle the discoverer of the Mississipi, are visible. Below, the rapidly extending city of Montreal, located on two sides of the mountain and upon the plain between it and the river, spreads itself out before you, and you recollect having been told that it is thirteen miles long and ten miles broad. Whatever the season of year when you gaze upon this panorama, you feel impelled to dive into the book of memory and afterwards to try to picture the scene when the first white man approached the Indian palisaded city of Hochelaga, which originally stood upon the site now occupied by Montreal. A Breton sailor—the famous Jacques

MONTREAL.

Cartier who had planted the Cross on the Gaspé cliffs—it was who, returning to the scene of his adventures the preceding year, pursued his discoveries in 1535, and sailed up the unknown waterway of the great St. Lawrence. Passing the gloomy Saguenay, stopping at the future Quebec to fraternise with friendly Indians, he advanced up the stream in a galleon of forty tons and two open boats to land at the Indian village. It was not, however, until 1642 that a French colony was established here with the coming of Sieur de Chomely, Maisonneuve and Marguerite Bourgeoys, whose sole ambition, apparently, was to convert the red man from his ways.

Space forbids enthusing upon the early development of the French settlement, so rich in historic memories, so full of religious fervour, to-day so interesting to the onlooker, as the last stronghold of mediaevalism.

In 1760, when Montreal fell into English hands, it numbered only 3,000 inhabitants, but its geographical situation, favourable for commercial enterprise, ensured it from the earliest days, an importance bound to grow with the development of the Dominion. In 1870 the population was 100,000, which in 1901 had climbed up to 266,826; but the latest census reveals how enormously the city is growing: its figures this year stand at 587,756, which includes municipalities not yet incorporated, but which are really parts of Montreal, such as Westmount, a fine residential suburb, Maisonneuve Lachine, and others.

Montreal has more than doubled its population in ten years, and probably in less than another decade it will reach a million.

"We are getting an annual addition of 50,000 emigrants," the Bishop of Montreal informed me as we sat in the episcopal study, looking out on to the rear of the snow-covered cathedral, known as Christ Church. "We get 14 per cent. of the emigrants, which is more than the province of Saskatchewan, so that our population is assuming a cosmopolitan character like that of New York. We have Irish, Italians, Syrians, Greeks."

"And 60,000 Hebrews, I am told," I interrupted.

"I think your informant was scarcely correct," he replied, smiling; "perhaps we have as many as 40,000."

"In what proportion are the French?" I asked.

"Probably about three-fifths of the whole, but we shall know soon when the details of the census are published."

The Bishop, who has lived in Canada twenty years, is a popular figure in Montreal; like all the clerics and most of the laity he is much interested in the ultimate fate of the *Ne Temere* decree in Canada.

There is no dearth of philanthropic institutions, judging from the list he gave me, in Montreal. Indeed there seems to be a home for every class of human derelict. There are hostels for emigrants, and for young women looking for situations, but the most outstanding benevolent institution is the Royal Victoria Hospital, the most magnificently equipped on the American continent, if not the largest, built and endowed by Lord Strathcona and Lord Mount-Stephen.

We spoke of the industries attracting emigrants, for there are shoe, tobacco, and many other factories

in the city, and the enormous shipping, in connection with the fact that Montreal is the great ocean-port for the commercial export and import of the Dominion, as well as the centre of railways entering from the east, the west, and the south, combine to make the city one of gigantic enterprise with a record for stability inspiring confidence in the security of speculative possibilities. Therefore one is not surprised to learn that there are here many multi-millionaires.

A prominent figure among the citizens of Montreal is Sir William Van Horne, a man of restless energy and of untiring industry, to whose constructive genius Canada owes its steel road linking ocean with ocean. A day spent at his fine mansion in Sherbrook Street, which is a storehouse of art treasures, was unlike any other experience in the Dominion. It is seldom that one finds a first-rate business man an art connoisseur and a collector of early Oriental pottery, besides being himself an artist of no minor merit. Amongst the old masters, Spanish and others, that line the walls of his house, are canvases covered by his own rapid brush, in which the subjects chosen are some of the rural forest scenes near to his country house at St. Andrews, N.B. At the present time Sir William's interests are largely centred in Cuba, where the railway he constructed runs through the entire island. A visit to Cuba several years ago had convinced him that it was the most fertile spot in the world, and an activity and development, owing to his foresight and subsequent enterprise, are going on there little suspected by the general public. Sir William tells many a good story.

During the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway, at one place he was the recipient of expostulations from local orthodoxy for allowing his men to labour on the Sabbath. As a matter of fact the regular work was partially suspended on the seventh day of the week, but sidings and accessories were often completed on the Sunday so as to commence a new section on Mondays. To these strict observers of the Lord's Day his reply was to the effect that in laying sidetracks on Sunday mornings he was only following their example. To my query as to whether the transcontinental line was mainly a political proposition he replied:

"It was the direct outcome of Confederation; its construction was a condition of British Columbia joining the Federal Provinces. For several years it hung fire until finally, pressure was put upon the authorities at Ottawa by the British Government to carry out their obligations."

I gathered that the interesting portion of the history of this undertaking dates from the time when the Federal Government, unable to carry out the project, eventually put the matter into the hands of a company incorporated in 1881, endowing it with 25,000,000 acres of land and $25,000,000 in cash; presenting it also with 700 miles of railway which the Government had already constructed at a cost of $35,000,000. At that time nobody in the Dominion realised the value of this gift in land, save perhaps a few wealthy business men who had made money in railway enterprises, south of the boundary line, and who, having seen the American prairies turned into wheat granaries, foresaw the potential wealth of the immense

expanse of uninhabited prairie land in Canada. Some of these magnates were caught, it seems, at the psychic moment when with pockets stuffed with dollars they were looking around them for profitable investments. Once started, the work was completed in five years; over 30,000 workmen were employed; and notwithstanding the extreme difficulty in financing the road to completion, when those responsible pledged almost their last dollar to procure the necessary funds, they never faltered, but pressed steadily onward to a finish. Apparently the policy of this great company is to keep clear of political partisanship. In the first place, it has the most cosmopolitan body of stockholders; and in the second, its vast projects are such as to make partisanship impossible. In 1896, when the Liberals came into power, it co-operated heartily with Sir Wilfrid Laurier's Administration in forwarding Canadian interests; and now, as then, seconds every effort made by the Government's Immigration Bureau to bring good settlers into Canada. Having cast much bread upon the waters in past years, the returns are fast coming in, and there is no need to emphasise the fact that they are vastly satisfactory.

Its auxiliary sources of income are rapidly and steadily developing; its system of hotels, and one can speak from personal experience, is the best managed in Canada; its fleet of steam-ships for ocean, lake, and river service numbers sixty-seven. Two "Empresses" are building for the Pacific route which is charged with the function of feeding the railway with freight, for every ton of Chinese and Japanese goods brought by the C.P.R. Co's ships to Vancouver, *en route* for Europe, means a haul of 3,000 miles over the contin-

ent, and rates accordingly. The Company's rail and steam system semi-girdles the globe. The most timid traveller can start from Liverpool, cross the American continent and reach Hong Kong, tranship there to a P. & O. steamer, and thus complete the circumnavigation of the world among English-speaking people and under the Union Jack. The steady growth of C.P.R. mileage is no less remarkable; at no time during the last six years has it had less than 400 miles under construction. In 1910 the addition was 460 miles, and in 1911, 753. This enormous transportational combine of railroad, steam-ship, and hotel employs no less than from 70,000 to 80,000 people, according to the season's requirements.

At Montreal, not a hundred yards from the comfortable and well-known Windsor Hotel, whither every one wends his way, are the colossal buildings at Windsor Street Station, where the headquarters of the Company are situated, and here Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, the President, has his offices. In the accompanying picture of Dominion Square the Union Jack waves from the tower of the buildings referred to. The C.P.R. Company have from the starting point of their enterprise manifested a fairness and public-spiritedness which has earned for them the goodwill of the people, not only of Canada, but of the Empire, and which in these days of hostility to great financial corporations, Combines, and Trusts, speaks well for its administrators, whose ability and honesty in the interests of the proprietors have also gained the well-merited respect of financial bodies in the Old, as well as in the New World.

DOMINION SQUARE.

CHAPTER X

Clubs — Dr. Ritchie-England — Milk stations — Infant mortality — Typhoid and consumption—French institutions—A visit to McGill —The Royal Victoria College—Back to the land.

THE interests of the first city of British America are not confined to the preservation of the *entente cordiale* between the French and the English, nor to the study of past mis-managed municipal finance, nor to the fact that the citizens of Montreal have so impure a water-supply that it is necessary to buy drinking water. The English-speaking inhabitants of Montreal have led the way in many intellectual movements resulting in benefit to the community, of which by far the most important has been the formation of the *Men's Canadian Clubs*. It was found that business men, too fatigued after the day's work to attend public lectures, rarely found opportunities for hearing the topics of the day discussed by capable speakers, so an association was formed to arrange that during the luncheon hour men of note should on approved occasions address them on the needs, resources, history, and institutions of Canada. At the present day these clubs are invaluable factors in forming, educating, and determining public opinion on questions directly concerned with the welfare of the nation. Pledged to no course of action, they

represent a body of thought—inspiring, educative, or otherwise.

This activity on the part of the men has been closely followed by the women of the Dominion in the cities; the members of the *Women's Canadian Clubs* propose, as in the case of the opposite sex, to encourage patriotism and to foster a spirit of inquiry into the historical and material treasures of their country. In the words of the constitution for that of Montreal, "The object is to give women opportunities of hearing orators and men of eminence speak on various subjects. It has therefore been resolved to invite speakers who will bring inspiration and instruction to address the members of the Club five times during the season (October till April). Before each address there will be a simple and informal luncheon." Such speakers as Viscount Midleton, Professor Adler, Mrs. Humphry Ward, M. Bourassa, and Sir W. Laurier have addressed the club at various times, and its membership includes several hundred women.

One day during my stay at Montreal I was invited to a lecture at another Club known as The Montreal Women's Club. Organised in 1892, it claims to be the first Women's Club in Canada, and the object originally outlined, "to promote agreeable and useful relations among women of artistic, literary, scientific and philanthropic tastes," has certainly been achieved, for at the present day the ladies of Montreal, by their various affiliated associations, stand for all that appertains to culture in home life and activity in citizenship. The later phase of committee work has had actual results in the sphere of philanthropy. For four years its

members laboured before they succeeded in the formation of a Medical Inspection of Schools Committee. Two years later they procured the appointment of a Pure Food Committee. The afternoon when I was present was devoted to Patriotism. The National Anthem and a vocal rendering of "Lest we forget," together with an interesting summary of Canadian history, when the speaker ("a daughter of the Empire") compared the infant colony to the ugly duckling, which only awakened maternal pride on reaching a respectable maturity, united to make an attractive programme.

Upon another occasion I was a guest at a council meeting of the Local Council of Women of Montreal, which was formed some fifteen years ago in the belief that the Association of Women's Societies, such as those already mentioned, into a general organisation would lead to mutual sympathy and united action in matters of general interest. The Women's Local Council of Montreal is at the present time affiliated with nearly forty such societies, its policy being to serve as a medium of communication and a means of prosecuting any work of common interest; but any society entering the Local Council in no way loses its independence in aim or method. An elementary knowledge of the public work connected with hygiene, education, the care of the sick and infirm, as undertaken by these representative Local Councils of women, to be found probably in every city in Canada, suffices to make one realise the importance of measures proposed, considered, and sent up by them to the National Council of Women (first established by Lady Aberdeen), which

in its turn prepares a schedule of needed reforms or suggested improvements in Canadian legislation dealing with the physical and moral welfare of the community, which is sent finally, to the authorities of provincial legislative bodies, directly concerned, to read, mark, learn, and digest.

Reviewing the struggle going on in the British Isles to obtain justice for tax-paying, wage-earning women, one cannot sufficiently commend our Canadian sisters for having organised themselves so efficiently, thus, in their National Councils, representing a consensus of opinion which Canadian politicians are scarcely likely to oppose, or to ignore.

The Local Council of the Women of Montreal were discussing with much animation the success and plans for the continuance of their milk stations, which in view of the appalling infant mortality—55 per cent. *dying under the ages of five years*—were started in the summer months by Dr. Ritchie-England, the capable president. Whilst infants were succumbing daily during the intense heat, out of those brought daily to the stations who had enjoyed its ministrations for a fortnight, none had died. I visited one of these excellent charities, where the nurse in charge, one of the Victorian order founded by Lady Aberdeen, said that they were then giving milk specially modified to over ninety babies, and during six months only three had died. I told her of the impression left upon me after a visit to the Foundling Department of the Grey Nuns, where everything apparently, which up-to-date methods and self-sacrificing efforts on the part of the sisters could do for the unfortunate little things was done.

"Well," said she, "my experience here has taught me to think that if it is so difficult a matter to save some of these French *legitimate* babies, how almost impossible it must be for the nuns to rear the *illegitimate* infants, often wrapped up in newspapers and found in their doorway."

"But you give milk to other than French Canadian mothers?" I asked.

"Oh, yes; but the greater number are French. Comparing them with Jewish women and others, I consider that, at least in urban districts, the French Canadian are by far the weakest race."

A talk with Mrs. Henderson, the newly appointed official to the Juvenile Court just established, was enlightening as to the growing evils of slum areas in Montreal.

"I would like to tell you," said she, "that two-thirds of factory labour in this province are done by women and children, and in connection with that fact, add this: that in no city, not even in New York, where I have worked in the slums, is there a greater proportion of girls between the ages of twelve and eighteen living immoral lives! Does that look as if they were sufficiently paid?"

"How are the men employed?" I queried.

"Many of them swell the ranks of the loafers and of the unemployed. It is scarcely their fault," she added; "the employers pay women and children, who can quite well manage the machinery, much less than they would pay men; in fact," she continued, "if monkeys could be trained to do it, we should then have *all* the women and children on the streets."

I told her the same economic difficulty obtains in older lands.

"The Labour members are fighting for an eight-hours' day for factory workers, but it was thrown out by the owners. At present the women and children's working-week comprises fifty hours."

I alluded to the illness resulting from the bad water supply in Montreal.

"Well, that is the reason we have the largest per centage of typhoid on the American continent," she exclaimed; "and Dr. Blackadder, who is a well-known, reliable, medical man, stated that in the province of Quebec occurs the largest proportion of deaths from consumption in any part of the civilised world."

Without entering into further details the unprogressive French régime at work in Montreal is apparent; from any humanitarian point of view it is absolutely appalling! A study of the internal affairs of this backward province is the strongest argument in favour of restricted families as well as for State intervention to prevent the marriage of tuberculous, unfit persons. Surely from every standpoint it is better to rear three or four healthy children than from eleven to twenty consumptive, rickety weaklings. No wonder that the convents are filled with so many congenital wrecks of humanity! Given ordinary hygiene, and enlightened conditions, the youthful generation should be healthy, sane, and self-supporting.

Another benevolent institution is the University Settlement, which originated from a Girls' Club formed by the Alumnæ Society of McGill in 1891.

The work now carried on by seventy volunteers under the able guidance of Miss Helm (under five different roofs) in the slums is splendid in its purpose, which is to raise up a race of good, efficient, and patriotic citizens. Kindergartens, libraries, and reading-rooms for children, sewing circles, courses in cooking, carpentering, basketry, millinery, typewriting are given, and close upon 500 young people are benefitted by its various agencies.

In the sphere of benevolence and charity, the French ladies of Montreal have also organised their labours. Although not affiliated with the Women's Local Council of Montreal, they occasionally work together in pursuance of the same philanthropic object. The Fédération Nationale Saint Jean-Baptiste is their leading association, which, similar to the English-speaking network of clubs, is composed of affiliated societies such as the Factory Girls' Club, that of the telephone girls, and others. The Fédération was started in May 1907, with the benediction of the Pope and under the patronage of Archbishop Bruchesi in these words :

" Saint Père bénit de tout cœur Dames Catholiques de Montréal que se sont réunies en association pour travailler d'après les enseignements de l'Eglise à fortifier leur action dans la famille et la société.

(*Signed*) ✠ CARD. MERRY DEL VAL."

A glance at the enormous charitable institutions in Montreal carried on by nuns of different religious orders goes to prove that the spiritual principle in woman has always been more active than in man, that her heart has ever been more readily touched

by the sight of suffering and by the infirmities of human nature, that she has responded far more readily to the stimulus of a gospel of love than has the priest with his material outlook, grasping for power, exercising his wits to devise means to obtain the wherewithal to raise immense and costly temples to emphasize to the world how superior and how far exalted above other creeds he stands—in his own judgment, be it understood. But the woman, like Mary, has chosen the better part, and as a follower of the Great Exponent of Love has gathered into her fold the aged, the infirm, the nameless, and the little children. For such, one has no other feeling than admiration, affection, and respect. Self-sacrifice and selflessness are the credentials of saintliness. "There is no action," says Ruskin, "so slight but it may be done to a great purpose and ennobled therefor."

A visit to the famous convent of the Grey Nuns is an object lesson as to how women can organise a vast institution where about 300 nuns feed and educate some hundreds of children up to twelve years of age, tend and care for about 200 aged men and women, and where forty persons, lay helpers as well as sisters, have charge of the Foundling Department. Other religious houses in this city devote themselves to the care of Incurables, the Blind, Orphans, the Deaf and Dumb; whilst the educational houses are too numerous to mention.

The Château de Ramezay in the old part of the city, the home of the last French governor, is distinctly interesting. It is now a Museum for relics of the past, and contains old maps and weapons

connected with the early warfare between its rival possessors which preceded the conquest of Canada. The Seminary of St. Sulpice, the churches of Nôtre Dame and The Bonsecours, close to the Market, are worth visiting. The latter is the Sailors' church, and in front of the lights swing little toy steamers to emphasize the particular feature which makes this marble-walled church a favourite place of worship with those who go down to the sea in ships.

In the matter of education Montreal is much indebted to the public spirit and munificence of Canadian millionaires. The McGill University owes its origin to the Hon. James McGill, a merchant of the city, who died in 1813, leaving forty-six acres of land with a dwelling-house and £10,000 to found a College, or a provincial University. This bequest was conveyed to a Royal Institution, which in 1802 had been incorporated "for the establishment of free schools and the advancement of learning in the province of Quebec." A charter was granted in 1821, but owing to protracted litigation the work of teaching in the new University was not commenced till 1829. For thirty years its existence was chequered by financial and other difficulties, until in 1852, with an amended charter, its prospects brightened. A course in Law was begun in connection with the Faculty of Art in 1848, and the department was established as a separate faculty in 1853. The Faculty of Applied Science was not regularly organised till 1878; that of Agriculture in 1907.

The Governors of the University, in whom are vested the management of finances, the passing of University Statutes and ordinances, also the appointment of

professors, and whose number is limited to twenty-five, together with the Principal and the Fellows, forty-two in number, constitute the Corporation, the highest academical body.

Incorporated with McGill University is Macdonald College, situated twenty miles out of Montreal, at Ste Anne de Belleville, consisting of three departments, the School for Agriculture, that for Household Science, and that for Teachers; also the College of British Columbia, which has two teaching centres, the main College at Vancouver and a departmental building at Victoria. Affiliated with McGill are Mount Allison, Acadia, and Alberta Universities; also the Theological Colleges located in close vicinity to the University campus at Montreal, which are: (1) Congregational, (2) Diocesan, (3) Presbyterian, (4) Wesleyan.

McGill University is affiliated with Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin Universities, under conditions allowing undergraduates who have taken two years' work and have passed the second year sessional examination in Arts, to pursue their studies and take their degree at either of those Universities on a reduced period of residence. In a conversation with Dr. Peterson, the Principal, it was impressed upon me that British lads, intending to make their way in Canada, should at least spend a portion of their college career in a Canadian University, since it was much easier to obtain positions afterwards. The approach to McGill is imposing. The avenue up to the original building leads directly across the campus, to the right of which are grouped the magnificently equipped buildings dedicated to Physics, Chemistry,

and Engineering, the generous gifts of Sir William Macdonald. Beyond and above the campus, also to the right, rises the new Medical building, only opened in June 1911, also donated by this wealthy citizen of Montreal. To the left of the campus are Molson's Hall and Redpath Library. It was my good fortune to be shown over the University by Miss C. M. Derick, M.A., Assistant Professor of Botany, who has been in charge of that department since the death of Dr. Penhallow. This able woman explained to me how different McGill life was in her student days, and how great the influence its former Principal, Sir William Dawson, who held office over forty years, had brought to bear upon the status of the University during his long association with it.

A visit to the Royal Victoria College for Women, situated in the residential quarter of the city, and a talk with its Warden, Miss Hurlbatt, is worthy to be recorded. This charming and cultured gentlewoman takes a keen interest in the development of the intellectual life of the Dominion, and considers that the Men's Canadian Clubs are invaluable institutions at the present time when the youthful nation is shaping its course. She considers that the opportunities afforded of hearing not only experts, but some of the world's foremost thinkers on a varied selection of topics can only result in broadening the mental horizon and affording food for thought to men who have immense responsibilities thrust upon them.

The Royal Victoria College, the gift of Lord Strathcona (a photograph of whose Montreal residence I was able to secure, taken when occupied by members of the Royal Family), instituted in 1898,

is the sequel to a sum given by him in 1883, to endow a College and classes for women. It offers residence and opportunities of college life to the girl students of McGill who follow the courses in Art offered by the University. Lectures are given by the professors, either in the College itself, or in the University Buildings, and the women attend the laboratories for practical instruction.

The College on Sherbrook Street, not far from the University, is a fire-proof building, and is built on generous lines from both artistic and utilitarian standpoints. The Assembly Hall is magnificent and spacious, larger than any other in the University, and is used by the latter for important functions. Out of the 294 students who have graduated from the Royal Victoria College, 98 have married, but 32 of these had previously been engaged in teaching; 108 are at present teachers, five are nurses, four subsequently qualified and practised in medicine, three hold positions in Young Women's Christian Association work, three are journalists, two hold Civil Service appointments, one is holding a paid appointment in Charity Organisation work, two have subsequently qualified to teach Domestic Science, three are dead, leaving about fifty unmarried, not professionally occupied.

The courses offered by McGill form a useful preliminary for specialised work. The total charges for tuition, board, and residence range from about $403 to $460 for the whole College session, including the summer classes; or from $350 to $400 exclusive of the summer classes.

Feeling that my mental grip of the educational

LORD STRATHCONA'S RESIDENCE.

facilities afforded by McGill would be incomplete without visiting Macdonald College, I set off one afternoon to Ste Anne de Belleville, where a lady whom I had met at one of the numerous Women's Clubs in Montreal, Miss Macmillan, Superintendent of the Men's Residence, kindly explained to me the aims and objects of this College, another munificent gift of Sir William Macdonald.

The Scheme means briefly "Back to the land." Underlying all its activities in Agriculture and in Household Science, as also in its School for Teachers, the basic idea is the dissemination of knowledge especially essential to the needs of the population in rural districts. No one recognises more fully than the donor that the rural communities are the producers of the wealth of Canada, and the advantages which the Dominion should reap from this College—founded, erected, equipped, and endowed by a citizen of Montreal—are increased and improved farm products, greater comfort and enjoyment in the home, better taught schools for children, and a finer sense of individual responsibility. It was on a Saturday afternoon when I visited it, and a basket-ball match was proceeding between the Royal Victoria College team and the girl students of Macdonald. The game was swift and graceful, taking place in a fine gymnasium in one of the chief buildings. Afterwards, via an underground passage, we returned to the Men's Residence, where the same game was being energetically played in their gymnasium, between Macdonald men and "The Harriers."

An article on this College by Miss L. Robins, one of the lecturers, is so descriptive that I quote from

it as follows: "The harvests of 1904 were on the fields when Sir W. C. Macdonald purchased the Robert Reford Ayrshire stock farm and five smaller farms, 561 acres in all, on the beautiful Ottawa River near the village of Ste Anne de Bellevue. In May 1905, as by enchantment, the College buildings began to rise one after the other on a fifty-acre field sloping towards the river; the administration building with its offshoots, the bacteriology-biology-entomology building and chemistry-physics building, the women's residence, the men's residence, the horticultural building, the greenhouses, the barns, the day-school, the houses of the workmen, staff, and principal. Within, laboratories, baths (that rivalled those of Old Rome), swimming pools, gymnasia, reception rooms, etc., appeared. Water, lighting, and heating systems were rapidly installed. Plate-glass windows through which the sun's rays have an unobstructed entrance into well-lighted rooms; oak furniture strong enough to stand the wear and tear of a century, the best of linen, blankets, and Royal Worcester china, already have made life a very pleasant thing to hundreds of students. Good roads, green sward, young orchards, experimental plots, farm produce, shrubbery and flowers cover the once bare brown earth."

CHAPTER XI

Ottawa—The Government Buildings—Immigration problems—Well-paid women—Champlain at the Chaudière—Rideau Hall—The Laurentian Lakes.

A VISIT to Ottawa, the capital of the Dominion, is bound to be interesting at all seasons of the year, but it was with some curiosity as to the degree of cold I should experience that on the eve of 1912, on arrival, I bestowed myself and my effects into a comfortable sleigh.

Political life had relaxed its energies during the brief respite afforded by the Christmas recess. Hard-worked members of the Federal Government were still away in the provinces, enjoying the ease and comfort of the domestic hearth.

In Ottawa the shops still bore traces of the festive season. On New Year's Day the streets were scenes of an interesting activity. From the windows of the Hôtel Russell, which is centrally situated in close proximity to the colossal Château Laurier, a new hotel which the Grand Trunk Pacific Company is building, and which will soon be open to the public, one had a good view of the gentlemen of Canada, who from far and near assembled to attend a Levée held in the Senate Chamber. The presence of the popular member of the Royal Family who represented His Majesty on this occasion enhanced the interest of an

annual state function. On the same day the Mayoral elections resulted in the return of a well-known citizen, Mr. Hopewell, to that dignity; whilst horse-racing in the afternoon in Lansdowne Park and "A Chocolate Soldier" in the way of theatrical entertainment showed that Ottawa was live and rejoicing. The city, certainly, is one of many interests, utilitarian, scientific, literary, social; but over and above all the prevailing atmosphere is that of the Civil power, for up to date the military and the naval forces of this ambitious nation are significant only from the fact that they are still in their infancy.

My first visit, naturally, was to the Parliamentary Buildings, which are magnificent erections, situated on a rocky eminence overlooking the Ottawa, the third river in size and importance in the Dominion. No finer spot could have been chosen, for looking across the frozen Ottawa from the terrace at the back of the Buildings, a vast panorama unfolds itself of winding river and undulating country bounded by the blue Laurentian range, the composition of which is still somewhat of a conundrum to the geologist. Although its height is only a few hundred feet above sea-level it should inspire respect as it contains the oldest rocks as yet discovered in the world. The site for the Canadian Parliament House is unique in that it affords a fine opportunity for the display of the architect's skill. The Buildings are on three sides of a square. The central, which provides accommodation for the Senate and the House of Commons with a fine Library in the rear, is approached by flights of steps in the middle and at each side of the vast quadrangle, whilst

GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS AT OTTAWA.

east and west are the Government departmental offices.

The towers with their fine proportions, built in modern Gothic style, are exceedingly beautiful, and can be seen from any part of the city. The three buildings are uniformly built of rock-faced sandstone brought from the Nepean quarries close to Ottawa, the dressings are of sandstone found in the State of Ohio, and the red stone used in the arches comes from the State of New York. No great pomp marks the interior of the Senators' Chamber, or that of the Commons; in the former you tread on a crimson carpet, in the latter you walk over a green one in somewhat second-rate condition. Each member has a desk in front of his seat, to which his name is affixed. Over the Speaker's chair in the Commons, which is the boundary line between the factions, sit the reporters; above them are galleries running round the Chamber open to both sexes—cages for women are not considered necessary!

An attendant, speaking perfect English, assured me he was a French Canadian, and with a politeness which comes sometimes as a surprise on this side of the Atlantic, showed me over the building. There were 220 seats in the Commons.

"But where will you accommodate new members?" I asked.

"There's room for another row at the back over there," he said, pointing to the sides of the Chamber. "We expect to have an addition after the Redistribution Bill has passed."

"Every ten years they are obliged to pass a Bill of the kind, are they not?" I casually inquired.

"Representation in Canada is according to population; at least that's the idea," remarked the man.

I groaned inwardly, wondering why young nations can get sane and reasonable laws passed, whilst our statesmen are content to haggle over the pence a maidservant shall contribute weekly to insure her health during those years when her strength is at its best, at a time when the injustice of our representation is a clamant evil. Where would all those excitable Hibernians, who as I write these words are ruling the roost under King Redmond at Westminster, be if population was the basis of representation?

We passed through corridors and reading-rooms, where every newspaper published in Canada and a table full of British journals lay at the disposal of members, on our way to the Library. This again is an architectural gem. Built in rotunda form, its lofty dome is supported by massive and flying buttresses crowned with pinnacles. The interior is inviting-looking to the last degree—just the sort of place where you would like to be turned into loose during a Canadian winter. The choicest Canadian woods are inlaid upon the floor, the bookshelves are richly carved in white pine: there are three stories with galleries giving access to the books, and the total number of volumes amounts to 1,000,000, the Library being supported by a Parliamentary grant. As I looked about me, the attendant mentioned that the librarian's room was close by, so thinking it might be interesting to talk to the keeper of the nation's books I immediately requested the man to take in my card.

THE PARLIAMENTARY LIBRARY.

Mr. M. J. Griffin is a well-known man of letters and contributor to British journals, as well as a first-rate talker, besides being an out-and-out Conservative, who would die in the last ditch rather than yield an inch to the onslaught of democracy. I spent a good hour talking to him in his warm and comfortably furnished study. My first question was to inquire how it came about that Ottawa was chosen as a seat for the Federal Government?

"It was Queen Victoria's choice," he informed me; "she was never here in her life, but she acted no doubt under the advice of Sir Edmund Head, the Governor-General."

"How long ago?" I asked, because Ottawa gives one the impression of respectability as to age, not as a city rejoicing in new birth.

"In 1858. There had been a good deal of dispute about the seat of government between the provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, so Her Majesty was asked to choose a site," he explained; adding, "You would have seen the surrounding country to greater advantage if you had come in late spring. Over there in each valley amongst the hills," and he pointed in the direction of the Laurentian range, "there are the most fertile spots and farmsteads to be found anywhere."

"Do they belong to French Canadians?" I asked.

"Oh, no; different nationalities, probably the ubiquitous Scot amongst them!"

Speaking of the way in which the province of Ontario had impressed me, he said: "There is no doubt that it is the Banner province. There are

many descendants of good old families to be found in every town of Ontario; many of them have lovely houses with beautiful lawns and well-kept gardens."

Since the rebels of 1775 in the New England States belonged for the most part to the plebeian portion of the New England settlers, whilst those who left them to enter the Maritime Provinces and to settle round Lake Ontario represented some of the best blood in England, one can readily understand that this is the case.

I remarked how I had just heard it said that the Maritime States were inhabited by a people with no initiative, always waiting for the Government to do something for them, whereat he laughed somewhat scornfully, declaring that most of the best brains that ever ruled this country came from Nova Scotia. Referring to the Borden Ministry as "honest men," I asked him for a definition of *graft* as understood in the sense Canadian, for to my British blunt way of looking at things it seemed to be a polite term for thieving. It is not needful to repeat Mr. Griffin's explanation of the word, for there was no reason, so far as I could see, to correct my original idea of its meaning.

Another interesting visit was one to the Superintendent of Immigration, to whom I unburdened myself of a problem which was the result of a study of emigration propaganda, in which the demand seemed limited to farm labourers and domestic servants. It had been revolving in my mind some time without having found its solution.

"Where," I asked, "are the sons and daughters

of the great class of farmers and agriculturists in this country ? "

" Coming into the towns as fast as they can. Our offices are full of women. They come here as stenographers ; they go to manufacturing centres as factory hands and into places of business."

" Anywhere, in fact, except on the land," I suggested, for if there was one thing that struck me more than another, it was the practical refusal of the unmarried women of Eastern Canada to associate themselves in any capacity with the agricultural life of the western prairies. The alleged reason is, they know too well the hardships inseparable from its climatic and crude conditions. Many have told me in pitying sincerity that ignorance and misrepresentation only, can account for any attraction that life on prairie farms may possess for their British sisters ; for themselves, nothing would induce them to go West !

" It is our duty to try to keep them out of the towns," he remarked. " Of course it is education that is doing it. The boys go off to the Universities to be engineers, or parsons, when they should be farmers ! "

" What is the remedy ? " I asked. " You would not stop their education ? "

" No ; but we are trying to run it on lines dealing more with agriculture."

In Ottawa, the number of women earning good wages as stenographers, and in other capacities, who seem quite contented with their lives and not anxious to be entangled in matrimonial nets where the cooking of food and the washing of dishes seem,

as things arrange themselves in Canada, obligatory upon the wife when means are limited, is sufficient to make one think seriously.

"Men say they don't like asking women to marry, when they themselves are probably earning very little more than our salaries," a clever girl said to me. She was engaged in one of the Government offices, and with two women bachelor friends was living in an apartment under very comfortable circumstances.

"And you know you can't live cheaply in Ottawa," she explained. "Coal is 30*s.* a ton, and you must have warmth."

"How do you manage about your meals when you are out all day?" I asked, interested in this combined housekeeping.

"We get them at a capital restaurant kept by an Englishwoman quite close to the house," was the reply.

I was invited to an impromptu tea, which was deftly prepared. These ladies, as evidenced by the frequent telephone calls, had a large circle of friends, the books of the day lay on their tables, and they were apparently not only as happy as mortals have any right to be, but were interested in the problems of the day; indeed it was a pleasure to converse with them. Nor was it amazing that not one of them, or of their friends who dropped in, seemed desirous to exchange their independence for wifehood.

Not far away at the corner of the street an enormous building belonging to the Young Men's Christian Association, housing a large number of bachelors,

had previously arrested my attention; and these two phases of Canadian life to be found side by side in the city of Ottawa as in other cities, where men and women of the best type, industrious, intelligent, broad-minded, and capable are growing increasingly reluctant to take upon themselves marital responsibilities afford food for speculation as to what the necessarily altered type of the future Canadian will be in view of the prolific French Canadian on the one hand, and the incoming European or American emigrant on the other.

In these days of enlightened ideals and of progressive thought and literature, no one who has any notion of the cost of living in urban centres can express surprise that the daily task and common round associated, as it must be for couples of moderate income, with the continual preparing of meals and washing up, does not appear to be an entrancing prospect for life as compared with one of independence and comfort. Some day, when co-operative housekeeping on a large scale is adopted, things may be different.

Again, in contrast with that large class of noble women who in various ways at this critical time in the history of Canadian development are doing splendid work in a public-spirited and intelligent manner, one meets with a class of persons who complain that no writer on life in Canada has ever done them justice; or, as they express it, "written them up" truthfully. Women of this type are possessed of an ignorance so abysmal that even the perusal of the daily newspaper is apparently too much for their weak brains, unless indeed it be to see how

their tea-parties compare with their neighbours' in the "Society" columns of the Woman's Page. Over-dressed and parasitical, their self-centred lives appear so shallow and aimless to the intelligent observer, that he or she is speechless with contempt for the type of mind that could imagine for a moment that the reading public of Great Britain, or that of any other sane nation, could possibly be interested in the flimsy social doings of women characterised by a vulgarity and a lack of courtesy unknown to any class of persons, but to that which has suddenly leapt into great wealth unaccompanied by breeding, education, or good nature. If such persons yearn for notoriety, it would be well to acquire a rudimentary knowledge of English grammar, to cultivate a refined voice and manner, and to study carefully correct pronunciation: these being, all the world over, the initial qualifications of gentlewomen.

With regard to the rise in prices, not only in the cost of living, but generally, I may here note that, in a conversation I held with one of the leading business men in Ottawa, I was informed that during the last few years the prices of articles used in the building trade have advanced 100 per cent. Three years before, this gentleman had built a house which had cost $3,500. If, said he, a replica of it were to be erected at the present time, it could not be done under $7,000.

A friend of his had bought some land near Montreal for $28,000 some seven years since, which he had just sold for $280,000. Probably the explanation is, that some railway company, or trading concern can find no other site. One is constantly

hearing of remarkable sales of land, which owing to the rapid development of business in Canada occasionally fetch record prices.

The Ottawa River is the boundary between the provinces of Quebec and Ontario, which are connected with each other by a fine suspension bridge, a hundred yards below the Chaudière Falls—Ottawa lying at one end and the manufacturing city of Hull, with an almost French population of 16,000, at the other. Here are to be found the largest saw-mills in the world. With an inexhaustible supply of water power, every available space for flour-mills, pulp-mills, and for various industries has been taken below the Chaudière Falls. Of the various tributaries of this river, the Gatineau, which flows through the northern forests for over 300 miles and enters the Ottawa a short distance from the capital, is worthy of mention; also the Rideau, a smaller river which plunges in double falls over a layer of rocks into that magnificent stream only a mile east of the Parliament Buildings, and has given its name to streets and to canals and to Government House itself. When the earliest voyagers passed up the Grand River (the Ottawa), they saw the "slow dropping veil of thinnest lawn," and cried out Le Rideau! Le Rideau!

Those French explorers were not insensible to Nature's grandeurs, and Champlain thus describes the Falls of the Chaudière as they burst upon his enchanted sight three hundred years ago. "The water falls at one point with such impetuosity upon the rock that it has in course of time worn out a deep and wide basin. Into this the water rushes

with a whirling motion, boiling up tumultuously in the midst, so that the Indians call it Asticou, which means cauldron (Chaudière)." This waterfall produces a noise that may be heard two leagues away. The explorer relates how he paddled up as near as possible to the demon-haunted falls, "where the Indians took the canoes and our Frenchmen and myself, our arms, provisions, and other commodities." He speaks of the sharp rocky portages where they passed the falls and rapids, until a few hours after they embarked upon a peaceful lake, "where there were very beautiful islands filled with vines, walnut, and other agreeable trees."

The expedition penetrated seventy miles up the Ottawa, until Allumette Island was reached, where a large settlement of friendly Algonquins received them kindly.

Rideau Hall, the present residence of H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught in his official capacity as Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada, is a mass of rambling buildings standing among gardens and terraces, and is about a mile and a half distant in an easterly direction from the Federal Buildings. The reception-rooms are large and handsomely furnished, but the private suites are not spectacular as to decoration. Local rumour runs to the effect that $100,000 was voted by the last Government for repairs and for redecoration of the Viceregal residence. Since the accession to power of the Conservatives an inspector reports that, judging from work actually done, he can only account for $20,000 of that sum. No wonder questions are being asked as to the expenditure of public moneys!

One hears on all sides of the popularity of the Ducal family. Its members meet with a hearty welcome wherever they go. Princess Patricia has won the hearts of all, from the children who came to her Christmas party to the students of McGill University who cheered vociferously in her honour. There are beautiful drives past Rideau Hall in the direction of an attractive residential suburb, Rockville, overlooking the broad river; in summer the neighbourhood is charming. Fishing amongst the lakes in the Laurentian Hills is a favourite sport; trout and black bass are to be found. These sheets of water are any size from 30 to 300 acres, and they lie among beautifully wooded hills. In the month of May these lovely retreats are most attractive, the trees are beginning to put forth leaf and blossom, the woods are picturesque with trailing arbutus, witch-hazel, and other flowers, whilst the Canadian partridge, the ruffled grouse and other birds fly overhead.

CHAPTER XII

Professor Macoun—The National Museum—Mrs. Paget's book—The Right Hon. R. L. Borden—A multi-millionaire.

PERHAPS at Ottawa, more than at any other city in the Dominion, one meets with interesting individuals who can record to their credit "something attempted, something done" for the benefit of the community, whose ways of looking at the world around them are not those of persons who circle in narrow grooves, or stick in ruts of conventionality. The life-histories of such stand out in clear-cut relief against the humdrum existence of their fellows.

It was in the empty halls of the recently erected Museum that I met Professor Macoun, a prominent figure in the department which deals with the geological exploration of the Dominion. His conversation, tinged with the glow of happy retrospective memory, was one of the most interesting I listened to in Canada. He explained that the fine building, destined to be the future storehouse of the nation's curios and art specimens, was as yet in its earliest stage of existence; then with a keenness rarely met with in octogenarians rapidly reviewed his numerous journeys and experiences.

From the Professor's erect bearing and bright, spirited manner, it is scarcely possible to imagine that

he is much over sixty. With a buoyancy and touch of humour he told me how, year after year, he had explored the Rockies, and had climbed every peak almost in the southern end of the range. With several other famous scientists he had explored these mountains to find the most suitable route for the transcontinental railway. (It is, however, to the genius of Sir Standford Fleming, another of Canada's grand old men, that the C.P.R. Co., is indebted for the discovery of the pass which enables trains to run through to the coast. Quite recently the last-named octogenarian has submitted to the Dominion Government a scheme to complete the telegraphic girdle of the world, bringing Great Britain, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, India, and South Africa into touch with each other, without passing through the territories of other nations.)

It would be hazardous even to conjecture how many thousands of miles Professor Macoun has travelled in the course of his annual excursions. In speaking of the first voyage up the Red River of a steam-boat, some forty years ago, he described very graphically how the Indians had assembled at a certain point to see this wonderful invention of the white man, and with what curiosity they watched the gradual advance towards them of this wonderful ship, propelled without sails and without oars. Possessed by the spirit of mischief the Professor had suggested to the captain to give them a salute from the steamer, and accordingly a prolonged screech was the result. In a moment the terrified Indians had fallen flat on the ground, and were wriggling and writhing as fast as they could through

the prairie grass to get out of range of the murderous toy of the white man's invention. The prairie had looked alive with red snakes!

Upstairs, an Art Gallery already contains a fair collection of pictures. A number of geological specimens still remain in packages, and it will be some time before the Museum is anything approaching completeness. Mr. Camsells, who is the first geologist to find diamonds in Canada, which occurred near Lytton in British Columbia, informed me that the scientists of that department are already preparing for a great Geological Conference to be held in the Dominion in the summer of 1913, when members will be taken in a special train from one end of Canada to the other. No better field for geological research in the world can be found than British North America, where, so far, very little effectual work has been completed when the enormous extent of territory is taken into consideration.

It was a piece of good fortune to gain an introduction to Mrs. Amelia Paget, whose husband is in the Department of Indian affairs, and whose sympathies with the Indians are the result of a life-long acquaintance with them. This lady first saw the light of day a few miles south of the Arctic circle at the Fort of Good Hope, one of the Hudson Bay Company's trading stations in the North-West Territory, close to the Mackenzie River. Moreover she had, as a young girl, the unique experience of having been with her family captured and carried 300 miles north of Fort Pitt by hostile Indians during the second Riel rebellion in 1885.

Although the latter had burnt and looted the

settlement at Fort Pitt, the official and his family were not ill treated. Friendly Crees had been with the marauding party, and had procured a horse for their mother, although the younger captives trudged along wet and barefoot. She remarked :

" It was wonderful we never caught cold, for we used to lie on the ground at night, with our clothes and hair soaking wet."

Their release came about eventually, through the intervention of friendly Indians. This lady's maternal family had for five generations held positions in the Hudson Bay Company.

" They used to send the girls to school at Red River, where there was an Englishwoman, a Miss Davis, who kept a school and educated them splendidly," Mrs. Paget explained, when speaking of the Company's officials, who were often members, or descendants of good Scotch families.

What life could have been in the wild North-West in those days fascinated me to think. I was curious as to their mode of existence, so I asked " What did you wear in those isolated places when you were a girl ? "

" Wear ! " she exclaimed ; " why the very best serge and linen that money could buy. It all came through the Company. They never brought shoddy things as the ordinary traders. If they had, I don't believe they would ever have kept their trade with the Indians."

" And the Indian knew a good thing when he bought it ? " I asked.

" They learnt long ago that they were well paid for the furs they bartered for commodities. The Hudson

Bay blankets were made in England especially for the Company. I wish I had some of them now. They were thick and good and never wore out—very different from what you get in the stores nowadays. They were catalogued as to size, so that the Indians knew exactly the article they wanted," explained she.

Mrs. Paget has written a valuable work entitled *The People of the Plains*, in which she describes sympathetically and graphically the life and customs, with their religious beliefs, of the Crees and Saulteaux, her life-long friends, to whom she is devoted; their gentle and dignified manners are to her their striking characteristic.

"I have heard of savage, revengeful cruelties, but I have never seen that side of Indian nature, and speak as I find!" she had observed with some warmth when that topic was uppermost.

Last year, in company with a friend, she spent several weeks camping out and driving over 1,800 miles across the prairies, visiting the different reservations, where she is well known and where the Indians hailed her approach with feelings of genuine welcome. Here she read to various chiefs portions of her book, wherein she describes ceremonials, or folk-lore, asking them if she had given accurate descriptions. The four tribes inhabiting Saskatchewan and Manitoba are the Crees, the Saulteaux (formerly the Ojibways, but so named by the French who found them at Sault Ste Marie), the Assiniboines, and the Sioux.

An interesting interview, although a short one, was that with the Right Hon. R. L. Borden. It was a day or two before the assembling of Parliament, otherwise

access to the cabinet of the Prime Minister of the Dominion would have been impossible; as it was, some perseverance and waiting were necessary on my part before I was admitted to his private sanctum. The official suite of the Premier is on the second floor of a departmental building overlooking the big quadrangle.

Mr. Borden received me with the utmost courtesy, cordially shaking hands, after which I explained the reason of my visit and the task upon which I was engaged. The room was by no means sumptuously furnished, but it looked fitted to the use which it served. A large writing-table occupied the centre of the apartment covered with papers of all kinds and writing material. As I explained that an expression of his views on one or two prominent matters, much discussed in Great Britain, would be received with great interest, he foraged amongst sundry printed matter lying in front of him.

"The subjects you speak of are distinctly interesting, but I should scarcely like to pronounce an opinion without some forethought; but," he went on slowly and thoughtfully, "here are some of my speeches during the election campaign in the west, which will I think afford you the required information and give you a correct idea of my views, generally."

I thanked him, saying how fully aware I was that official utterances were hedged by circumstance.

"Are you staying long in Ottawa?" was his next question, to which I replied

"Long enough to get some idea of the place and its people."

In the course of a few remarks I gathered that the

new Premier had made no lengthy stay in London for several years. But, in describing briefly the intellectual activities of women in Britain to-day, with special reference to the group of writers and others who have the right of entry to the Lyceum Club, I hoped that when next in the Empire's metropolis he would afford its members the privilege of hearing him speak on Canadian affairs.

"It is good of you to have admitted me," I said as I rose from my chair, "for you must be excessively busy just before Parliament meets."

"There is a great deal of work on hand at present," he said, opening the door.

"Indeed there must be," I replied. "Canada is making history every day."

"You are quite right," he observed, as if the idea had not struck him before; "that's just what we are doing, *making history as fast as we can.* In a new country such as this it is impossible that it should be otherwise."

The Premier impressed me very favourably as a man of quiet manners and of deep thought. His grey-blue eyes under thick bushy brows have a pleasant human expression in them, while the set of the countenance, at times live and alert, is more of the tranquil, contemplative type. Of ordinary stature, he looks about forty.

Perhaps the most important measure to which the Liberal-Conservative Party is pledged, is the cleansing of the Augean stables of departmental expenditure. Scandal upon scandal was unearthed in the closing weeks of the recent session, and "not a tenth has yet been told!" In the Premier's manifesto, if

returned to power, he engages that a thorough reorganisation of the method by which the public expenditure is supervised shall be made. The increase in what is known as ordinary controllable expenditure, from $21,500,000 in 1896 to near $74,000,000 in 1911, *is proof, he considers, of an extravagance beyond possible defence*; whilst to the man in the street these figures announce that "graft" has been hard at work during the Laurier Administration.

A day or two after this interview I attended the opening session of Parliament. When I found my way to the strangers' gallery the thinly attended House had been sitting for about an hour. A member of the Opposition was endeavouring to arouse interest in that somewhat unprofitable Government undertaking, the Intercolonial Railway. Little pages in black suits and white ties sat upon the steps of the Speaker's chair, alert to catch a nod from a member who wanted a book from the library, a notice sent to the Press gallery, or possibly a letter posted.

I immediately espied the Ex-Premier looking debonair and astute. Opposite him, across the table, in front of the Speaker, sat the leader of the Conservatives, who during the lengthy speech previously alluded to, of a Mr. Emmerson, which although accompanied by an unction and fervour of diction which should have carried conviction with it, was from my view-point, and evidently from that of others, absolutely uninteresting, took the opportunity to make the tour of his side of the House to shake hands with and to talk to members present. Once he disappeared, to return with two gentlemen who marched

up to the table before the Speaker's chair. The central figure was the new member for the Yukon, Dr. Thompson, who was formally introduced to the House by Mr. Borden.

"Let him take his seat," cried the Speaker, whereat those present welcomed the new aspirant to political honour by a clapping of hands.

With the thermometer registering 28° below zero the opportunity for sight-seeing in my case was limited, but visits to the Mint and the Archives are certainly interesting; so also is the Anglican cathedral, where a really learned divine, in the person of Canon Kitson, is worth hearing. One morning, however, regardless of deep snow and a driving wind, with the temperature somewhere about 25° below zero, I took the street car to the offices of Mr. J. R. Booth, Canada's far-famed lumber king.

The offices, pulp-mills, and paper factory are built on islands close to the Chaudière Falls, where the water power drives the machinery in one part only, of the factory. Mr. Bastido, who had kindly offered to show me over, took me at once into a huge building, where I saw spruce logs cut into lengths entering through an aperture in the wall, where they were immediately seized by the machinery, stripped of their outer bark to be cut, ground, and crushed by divers methods; then mixed with water until a sufficient consistency is reached, when the pulp is welded into sheets between heavy rollers. Then I entered a second building, where the pulp undergoes the sulphite process, being cooked in huge "digesters" with an acid, the product of sulphur fumes operating

on lime, which gives a greater strength and cohesiveness to the pulp. In the third building this mixture, whitened by an ordinary blueing process familiar to washerwomen, in the proportion of 25 per cent. of sulphite pulp to 75 per cent. of that crushed in the ordinary manner, looking exactly like milk, was run over large sheets to pass through a series of rollers which dry and press at the same time, appearing finally in huge rolls of white paper ready for the printer's ink. Over 120 tons were turned out daily. On entering the Booth offices I had seen an enormous freight train loaded with logs of all descriptions pass slowly round to their yards. This was, so I was informed, the daily supply from the forests to feed the mills.

The owner of these works is another of Canada's grand old men. Mr. J. R. Booth, whose keen business reputation is only exceeded by his philanthropic temperament, does not even know the extent of his multi-millionairism. He is frequently seen in the streets of Ottawa. Said a lady, in describing him and his good-heartedness in sympathetic terms: "If you saw him you wouldn't think he was worth three cents." The moral of her remark being that in Canada the rule holds good—Appearances are at times deceptive!

Interested in this self-made octogenarian, I asked my companion if the mills were the source of all his wealth.

"Oh, no," was the reply. "He owns enormous forest limits in various parts, possibly together amounting to 10,000 square miles. Over 2,000 men are employed in the forests getting out the logs. We

are very glad to see the snow; it's just what our people have been waiting for."

"I suppose the recent rise in the value of land accounts for a good deal," I remarked, thinking of Mr. Booth's enormous wealth.

"Exactly!" answered Mr. Bastido. "In 1867 Mr. Booth bought a timber limit for $50,000 which is now worth $2,000,000. There is one thing which characterises all he has ever put his hand to. He will have the best of machinery, no matter its costliness, and he will sell only the very best paper. Don't you know he built a railroad from Ottawa to Parry Sound?"

"No," I said, open-mouthed with amazement. "I never knew one man tackle any railroad alone."

"Well, *he* did. The Grand Trunk bought it off him, and his engines were so good the Company immediately used them for hauling their heaviest freight trains!"

No wonder the people of Ottawa like to tell you of J. R. Booth.

I sorrowed to leave the Federal Capital without meeting Colonel Sam Hughes, Minister of Militia, one of the most popular men in the Dominion, to whom I had a letter of introduction.

The Boy Scouts and the 4,000 regulars of the Canadian standing army are absolutely outside this department, the object of which is to train citizen soldiers and to build up local militia, the idea being that it is all important to form an efficient rmy of marksmen as well as good riders. There are some sixty thousand enrolled in the Militia at present; the headquarters at Ottawa represent the school of

A LOG JAM.

instruction for the movement. Cadet corps in urban and rural districts are already doing splendid work, and the summer camps, during which time military discipline is maintained, are looked forward to by college lads who have joined the Militia. In a recent after-dinner speech, the Minister pointed out that in the history of British warfare many of those serving in the Crimean and Napoleonic wars were mere lads, adding: "There are no better fighting men than *young* men after they have seen service. There is more money spent to-day," he continued, "on police constables, magistrates, courts, and prisons, than there is on the Militia. The city of Ottawa spends more money in forcing the people to live morally than is spent on the local militia force. The ranks of crime are *not* recruited from the boys who wear the uniform—from the soldiers. From the moral view-point I am strongly in favour of doing away with the police and training the boys of the country in obedience and discipline."

CHAPTER XIII

Ontario's first settlers—Newark described—Heroic incident—Townships—Scotch pioneers—The Ottawa Valley—Legislative deadlocks.

THE city of Toronto, stretching ten miles on the northern bank of Lake Ontario, was, in pre-colonial days, the rendezvous of aboriginal tribes for council, or for war. The word Toronto means in Indian "a meeting-place." It was first occupied by the French, who built a fort here in 1749, called Fort Rouille. Soon after, British traders came up from the south, and in the wars between the English and French it was burnt by the latter to prevent it affording shelter to their enemies in 1759. With the subsequent history of Ontario and in its early settlement by the United Empire Loyalists many a romantic and stirring story is closely interwoven.

In an interesting paper entitled "The Peopling of the Province," by C. C. James, M.A., Deputy Minister of Agriculture, read in 1899 before the Historical Society of Ontario, the various ethnic elements to be found in the people of this province are described, and no better authority can be cited to explain the racial make-up of its present population of 2,687,641. In the records of the above-named society many names preceded by Van, occur,

such as Van Cleef, Van Skiven. Their owners, who came in 1783 from the State of New York, where lived many descendants of the first colonists of Dutch nationality, assisted in laying the foundations of Upper Canada. There were also Germans among the first settlers, probably descendants of disbanded Hessians from the Palatinate, which in the reign of Queen Anne had been for years the constant scene of devastating warfare between the French and Germans, who had accepted gladly the invitation of Mohawk chiefs to settle in New York State in 1710.

Ontario in reality owes its Protestant settlement to the Loyalists, who prior to the Declaration of Independence in 1785 had settled about Niagara, on the Lake, among whom were descendants of Puritans and Pilgrim Fathers; for these in succeeding generations had gradually sought homes on the western frontier of the settlements in New England. Among them were Quakers as well, who had been persecuted for refusing to fight against the Mother Country. These were joined afterwards by refugees, who, sailing down the St. Lawrence, landed on June 16, 1784, at Adolphus Town. After due survey they had selected the Bay of Quinté as their future home.

In 1812 the population of the province had grown to 75,000. From 1825 to 1850, streams of people poured into Upper Canada. This inrush was due to the failure of crops in the British Isles, an outbreak of cholera, and much social unrest, together with the free grant land policy of the Canadian Government. In 1824 the population was 137,000; by the year 1851 it had leapt to 951,000.

It was at the little town of Niagara, then known as Newark, where the river flows into the lake, that the first Government was established; afterwards York (the present Toronto) was chosen as the capital of the new province. A writer thus describes the little town of Newark, which in 1795 contained about seventy houses. "There were several very excellent dwellings, inhabited by the principal officers of Government. Most of the gentlemen in official stations in Upper Canada are Englishmen of education, a circumstance which must render the society of the capital agreeable, let it be fixed where it will."

In the short war which broke out in 1812 between Great Britain and America, an heroic incident occurred near Newark, showing how a woman's heroism more than saved the situation. A militiaman lay wounded in the United States camp, at Queenston Heights, where his wife, Laura Secord, obtained permission to visit him. One day the English prisoner overheard a plan to surprise a small party of British troops with Indian allies. Laura left the camp at 3 a.m. with her pail, as if she were going to get milk for her wounded husband. Out of sight she threw it from her and found her way through the forest for a distance of twenty miles to the British position, where she warned the commander against the impending attack. When the American troops, 700 strong, arrived, they were themselves surprised. The British, appearing first on one side in their uniform and then on another side with their coats turned inside out, whilst Indians glided from tree to tree, whooping terribly everywhere, made

them think that they were surrounded by a large body of troops. The ruse succeeded splendidly, for the British officer sent word that as he should not care to see them all scalped, he thought they had best surrender. They took his advice, and 542 gave themselves up to a force of less than half that number.

The system of municipal government established after the memorable landing at Adolphus Town, 1784, is interesting.

As the first settlers of Ontario hailed from New York State, they naturally brought with them ideas of self-government. The first Legislature sat in 1792. The year following, an Act to provide for the nomination and appointment of parish and town officers within the province affords insight as to how far they had proceeded. This Act heralded an era of Town Meetings and Quarter Sessions until, in 1841, Upper and Lower Canada were united under the name of the Province of Canada, and a District Councils Act continued until 1849, when a Bill was passed which gave to the province municipal government in the present form, excepting that in 1896 a County Council Act was passed.

Townships are the basis of all organisation. At first these were scattered settlements, gradually connected, for the most part, by military roads. As population increased, new townships were surveyed adjacent to these roads, varying in size from 28,000 acres to 87,000 acres. Of late years the regulation size of a township all over the North-West is six miles square, its boundaries running exactly north, south, east, and west.

Occasionally, a crowding together of residents in a township occurs; these desire a name and recognition. The ratepayers, of whom at least a half must be resident freeholders, present a petition to the Council of the township, which sets apart this section as an unincorporated village, the latter being subject to the provincial laws regulating townships. When the Census returns show that 750 inhabitants occupy 500 acres, a petition of 100 resident freeholders and householders may request the township's Council to have the village incorporated. When the population of such an incorporated village numbers 2,000 it may become a town; when the latter can boast of 15,000 souls it may become a city. The system of making these changes is statutory. The Council makes an application, and a notice to this effect is publicly advertised for three months, after which the petition is made to the Lieutenant-Governor in Council, and in due course the name and extent of the municipality are proclaimed.

To return to the earlier days of this province it is not too much to say that her *Scottish* pioneers did much to build up the new country. Early religious conditions are illustrative of the characters of the first Evangelists, who, like the Jesuit missionaries of a century previous, traversed scattered settlements, afoot, or on horseback, in dug-out, or in birch-bark canoes, to pursue their sacred calling wherever their countrymen needed them. Sometimes a rough building in a leafy secluded spot was the assembling place of hardy descendants of old Covenanters.

Describing one of these primitive places of worship the Rev. Norman McLeod wrote in 1845: "The psalm

is given out, and you feel a thrill as each joins his homely voice to the plaintive measure. You preach, you rebuke, you exhort, you admonish, you comfort, and then quickly comes the hour that you must part. The thought strikes you that the church door will not be opened again for many a Sabbath; that the autumn leaves may fall and rustle at its threshold, but no passing foot will clear them away. When you see that, oh, it is then that you know what a vacancy is!" The Presbyterians in Scotland were trying at this time to meet the demand for preachers.

There is no more romantic or historic spot in Old Ontario than in the Ottawa Valley, where the fur traders and the voyageurs pushed back the Indians, and to-day the great lone Northland is as yet but half explored. In the old Huron country there are still to be seen the sites of French forts, Jesuit missions, and Indian villages, proving that French Canada does not monopolise the sphere of early romance, for here were the fighting grounds of those fierce red men of the woods, the Hurons and the Iroquois. Here, too, heroic martyrs rendered up their souls to God, and French explorers blazed their trails as they penetrated westwards.

It was in the year 1841, when the suggestions put forth in a former Governor's report were embodied in the Union Act, which in uniting Ontario with Quebec, gave to both equal representation. The latter province at that date numbered 600,000 souls, Ontario 500,000. For years following, a series of deadlocks occurred in the Colonial Legislature. If a railway was to be built, or any form of expenditure

incurred, the question was, invariably, which province was to bear the cost? At length, weary of these conflicting occurrences, Sir John Macdonald perceived that the only way of salvation for Canada lay in Confederation. The Act to that effect was passed in 1867.

CHAPTER XIV

A high standard—Ontario's cities—The source of wealth—Labour-saving implements—Mr. James on natural resources—Agricultural shows—Immigration outruns accommodation.

WITH the foregoing historical sketch in one's mind, if space permitted, it would be an interesting study to inquire into the way in which the cities of Ontario have attained their present importance. A people whose ancestors were not only aflame with loyalty, but accustomed to hardship and fearless of danger, were capable of turning any wilderness into a garden of roses if such lay within the range of human achievement. From educational, sociological, and philanthropic standpoints, the inhabitants of Old Ontario, active, serious, and intelligent, descendants chiefly of United Empire Loyalist stock, are doing great things. They are upholding to-day, with no feeble grasp, the high standard of Anglo-Saxon civilisation in Canada. A glance at the great and flourishing cities of this central province of the Dominion testifies to the *quality* of the class of Empire-builders within its borders.

Toronto, so far as trade and population are concerned second only to Montreal, in matters of greater moment, to my way of thinking, takes an easy first. Ottawa, with 100,000 inhabitants, is the chosen seat of the Federal Government, probably the most

beautiful in situation of any in Canada. Hamilton, near the fruit gardens of the province, is a thriving industrial emporium, with a population of 60,000. London, with 49,000, ranks fourth on the list. Brantford, Kingston, Windsor, Guelph, and Berlin are all too important to be omitted.

If the visitor is really curious as to the causes which in less than 150 years have changed former Indian hunting grounds into great cities, a cursory study of local conditions will show that *the land* and its scientific treatment is the source of an opulence evidenced by things seen. Such an inquirer should take any opportunity which may occur to visit agricultural shows before passing on to pastures new, or retracing his steps homewards. Every December cattle shows are held at Guelph. As early as 1625, dairy cattle were imported from Great Britain to the lower St. Lawrence. Lord Dalhousie, in 1821, imported Ayrshires, his example being followed by Governors, merchants, and farmers. It was estimated some years since, that there were in the Dominion over 50,000 pure-bred Ayrshire cattle and considerably over 300,000 Ayrshire grades, the best dairy cows in Canada.

Until about fifty years ago, agricultural methods were, in Ontario, as primitive as in other lands, but the conservatism of the past has disappeared, and the work on the modern farm has been revolutionised by the advent of labour-saving machinery in all departments, with the result that a reduction of farm hands to work a given area has thus been introduced. Whereas, formerly, the sickle was in use, the harvester now cuts and binds the heaviest

crop. Where the grain was threshed with a flail, the machine nowadays travels from farm to farm, threshes and cleans the grain as fast as two men can fork the sheaves into it. Haying, too, is performed by labour-saving contrivances. Ploughs, harrows, and cultivators are to be seen on which the farmer sits while driving. The steel frame wind-mill is often used for pumping water and for cutting food for stock. In the dairy the modern cream separator obviates the necessity of setting the milk in vessels and subsequent skimming.

The important step of opening an Agricultural College at Guelph, in 1874, was followed by a Report of a Royal Commission on Agriculture in 1881; the outcome of this was the foundation of a new department dealing with nine branches, namely, (1) The Ontario Agricultural College, (2) The Ontario Veterinary College, (3) Agricultural and Horticultural Societies, (4) Live Stock Branch, (5) Farmers' and Women's Institutes Branches, (6) Dairy, (7) Fruit, (8) Colonisation, (9) Statistics and Publications. In an address on the work of this department, on January 17, 1911, Mr. James declared that the question before them was how *best to conserve labour.* Millions of acres required draining, hence the campaign for wider drainage. They had millions of fruit trees, but only a few thousand well cared for and productive. He urged the *intelligent use of labour*, for in Ontario land was cheap, but labour was dear, the reverse of European conditions.

" We have never advertised, or boomed our fruit, or our farm lands," the Deputy Minister of Agriculture

remarked to me. "But for years we have been growing better fruit than British Columbia can furnish; only, as I say, we never thought of talking about it. We have a climate in the extreme south of Ontario so mild," he added, "that peaches, grapes, melons, and tomatoes flourish and ripen far better than anywhere in the British Isles."

My reply was to the effect that the Dominion was so huge that it possessed a variety of climates.

"Then," continued he, "look at our proximity to markets. The perishable fruits don't have long to travel to reach the consumer. Things are different in British Columbia. We have got everything—fruit, farms, mines, lumber, water-power, and the best sport in the world."

When I first visited Toronto I had an opportunity of seeing the horticultural products of this rich province at the Canadian National Exhibition, where the handsome buildings are permanent, and only used for this annual show. The Coldstream Guards were playing, and the grounds thronged with well-dressed, respectable-looking people of the farming classes. Side-shows of all descriptions and stalls with candies and other attractions for the youthful were well patronised. On a roof-garden looking over the lake one saw the distant smoke of the incoming Niagara boat. During the Exhibition week as many as 150,000 entries showed the interest taken in agricultural shows.

The chief attraction, apparently, was an exact reproduction of the Coronation pageant, the Canadian National Exhibition having had experts posted at intervals in order that no detail should be overlooked.

The dresses and uniforms had all been purchased in London for this special occasion. Among the exhibits Ontario cheeses, made under the co-operative system, looked specially inviting. I was told that there are over a thousand factories. Perhaps the grapes and plums came next in one's estimation, but amongst such a plethora of good things it would be difficult to say which product was the choicest of its kind. There was only one impression that could be left upon the mind of the visitor, the word *prosperity* conveys it.

The December cattle show at Guelph already mentioned is a famous annual institution, and last year (1911) crowds testified to their appreciation of an opportunity afforded, not only to inspect fat Christmas stock, but to listen to a series of lectures given by experts, especially one upon the many ways in which electricity can be applied on a farm, and the saving which will follow co-operative use of farm machinery.

However brief this notice of the important part played by agriculture and horticulture in Ontario, we cannot take leave of the farmer without discovering if he is affected by Canadian immigration, for labour is wanted badly on the farms. Unfortunately, it seems that emigrants good for that purpose are deflected from this province by the greater attraction of the prairie wheat-fields.

Although Toronto is an English city, and in no way resembles Winnipeg, where it is the exception to overhear the English language on the street, and although British people do filter in by devious paths, a large foreign element has, as in the case of

Montreal, been added within the last few years, consisting mostly of Russians, Jews, and Italians, who tend to segregate themselves in special areas, as is their custom on the American continent.

Toronto, with other towns, is also suffering from the cityward drift of population, and perhaps nowhere in the Dominion is an adequate Tenement Act more needed. Indeed, the question of rents, which are enormous, is by no means confined to the poorer classes: it is heard on every side, in every town one enters. In Toronto, especially, houses are exceptionally highly rented. A lady from the States, whose husband had recently accepted a post in that city, complained that she could find nothing suitable for her small family of four under $50 dollars a month, that is, having a furnace, without which life in Canada is better described than experienced. On one occasion I talked to the middle-aged waitress at a tea-room who attended to my wants. She had come to Toronto from St. John, N.B., where her husband had failed in business. The tiniest house and the least expensive she could find was $20 a month. I wonder what our artisans would say if they could find no house to live in under £50 a year! It would be well for intending emigrants to realise that higher wages in Canada have to meet greater expenditure on the necessities of life.

It was in a well-known block of offices off Yonge Street, the narrow but chief thoroughfare of Toronto, where banks with classic façades look incongruous beside shop buildings of the most commonplace order —one wondered how many of the passers-by could distinguish between Corinthian and Perpendicular

types of architecture—where experts may be consulted on subjects ranging from mining to morals, that the changing nature of Toronto crowds was emphasized in my hearing.

Fifteen years ago, it seems, the type was different. "The last few years have introduced so many elements that we have here in Toronto, problems not only made by our own increasing population, but by immigrants of an inferior order," was the observation of a Canadian-born and well-known citizen of Toronto, who in the early days of the rush to the Yukon went thither as medical missionary, to run a much-needed hospital and to minister to the spiritual needs of his co-religionists.

No more interesting talker than this gentleman did I find in Canada; but, so far as the Yukon being the only place "clean mad for the muck called gold," the dollar-fever in various stages of development is to be found all over.

Foreign ethnic elements coming into a country bring with them the dangers of insanity, ignorance, and crime, and there is a real danger in the fact that incomers receive a vote before they are properly educated to use it. It is interesting to learn from students of immigration problems that the first native-born generation after the emigrants have settled in a country contains the largest percentage of crime. The young people grow up to consider themselves far ahead of their parents, who consequently cannot control them. Some of them consider that immigration does not increase the population, but merely displaces the original stock. The fact is, that new races come in and perform the

manual labour, whilst the old stock rises in the social scale. As families adopt a superior standard of living the birth-rate tends to fall. It is generally considered that one must look for the highest birth-rate from the classes nearest the soil, and it is therefore not unreasonable to suppose that immigration will lead ultimately to the displacement of the people of a country. In years to come nobody can imagine that Canadian characteristics will remain unaltered. It is for those interested in philanthropy and sociology to see that whatever changes arise the result may be an improvement, instead of the reverse.

In this volume I have, in later pages, frequently emphasized the fact that suitable accommodation is not adequate to the needs of the wage-earning women in Canada, let them be emigrants, or native born. In proof I offer the following personal incident. It came to my ears that a great firm in Toronto, who have the reputation of paying their employees fair wages according to their skilled or unskilled labour, advertised for 1,000 machinists. I interviewed a member of this firm to inquire if they proposed to offer accommodation for this influx of industrial workers. No! they certainly were not prepared to do so, was the reply I received. There was "plenty of accommodation in Toronto," I was informed. On this point I demurred, but was requested to assure myself of the fact by visiting the Y.W.C.A. and the Frances Willard Home, which latter has a building to accommodate about sixty in course of erection. Whereupon, I promptly interviewed officials belonging to these institutions, and received the same

KING STREET, TORONTO.

uncompromising reply from both to the effect, that at present the housing problem was a clamant one. They were unable at present to meet with the needs of women employees, and to deal with such a large number of women as advertised for would be completely beyond the powers of either of these institutions.

In recording this incident my point is this, to warn British women and girls who are wage-earners, that although conditions are far from ideal in England, let them be quite certain that they are not going from bad to worse by emigrating to Canada, where as strangers in a strange land they will find rent, food, and clothes cost more than in Great Britain. Four to five dollars a week, which is a frequent wage, does not go very far I can assure them in any part of the Dominion.

CHAPTER XV

Mrs. Huestis on reforms—*Ne Temere*—Temperance—The Editor of the *Globe*—Mormonism—Mrs. Murphy's reply.

DURING my stay at Toronto in November and December of 1911, the Local Council of the Women of Toronto (subject to the Canadian National Council of Women of which the Duchess of Connaught is Honorary President) prepared a list of certain reforms which they considered necessary for the public welfare, and submitted them to the members of the newly elected Provincial Legislature for their consideration. Its capable and broad-minded president, Mrs. Huestis, is a charming lady, whose beautifully appointed house, with its aspect of refined comfort, its wealth of flowers, and all that contributes to make a home inviting-looking, was in itself direct contradiction to those archaic females whose creed is, that if a woman enters the arena of public life she thereby neglects her proper sphere, which according to their narrowed perceptions is the home, and the home only.

I asked the lady to explain to me some of the reforms for which their Council was agitating.

"The importance of our Local Council," said she, "consists in the fact that it is speaking for about forty women's societies, having a combined

membership of five thousand women; so you see we represent the best portion of our sex in this city."

"These societies are, if I understand rightly, the various clubs you have here, such as the Business Women's Club, the Musical Club?" I mentioned several of the numerous women's associated interests which I had heard of.

"We have delegates from those bodies at our local councils; and then there are women's institutes in the different counties which put us in touch with the farmers' wives, who also have a network of clubs throughout the province. Yes, we have quite a number of measures on our platform concerning women and the care of children; but what we cannot get our legislators to understand is the necessity of dealing with the feeble-minded *now*!"

"I suppose that your Government is so busy in developing lands and projecting railroads that social measures come last on their programme," I remarked.

"Our men are busy all the time," she replied.

This is exactly what meets the eye. Every man in Canada seems working at express speed, as if everything that can be accomplished is to be done in his lifetime.

"What we particularly want in Toronto are separate trials for women, where the public shall be excluded; then, in the case of criminal assaults, examinations should be made by women doctors, or, at least, in the presence of a matron, or woman official. Then we want police *women* to deal with disorderly houses and disreputable characters *of our*

own sex, and to be present during trials when women are prosecuted."

"Have you got juvenile courts to deal with convicted children?" I asked.

"Not yet; a great deal should be done for the youthful portion of the community. These courts for juvenile delinquents are doing splendid work, and we want to make it compulsory to establish them all over the province. Then we ask for children under fourteen years to be prohibited from working after 8 p.m."

"Have you not some system here for the establishment of prison farms?" I asked.

Mrs. Huestis went on to explain that periods of detention might be favourably employed for the benefit not only of the State, but for all concerned, if women prisoners could be trained in dairy and domestic work, or taught how to raise vegetables and poultry on a prison farm, distinct, naturally, from any similar institution for men.

"But what we long to see is adequate segregation and care taken of the feeble-minded by the Provincial Government; we ought to have separate classes for defective children, and medical inspection should be extended to our rural districts. This is a most important subject, not only for Canada, but for every civilised country, since it is well known that a large proportion of the mothers of illegitimate children comes from the feeble-minded classes, who seem to be more prolific than the normal. The Superintendent of Orillia Asylum estimates the number of feeble-minded persons in Ontario at 6,000. He believes if a vigorous campaign to segregate this class was

instituted, with Government assistance, in ten years the increase would not only be stopped, but the number greatly reduced. He would like to see schools established where the backward and feeble-minded, or defective children could be scientifically treated."

I referred to the lack of proper accommodation, not so much for immigrants, but for women wage-earners, which had struck me so forcibly throughout the Dominion; and I described how, in a search for apartments in Toronto, I had been shown into a room more than once where *four* business girls combined forces to pay the rent. This circumstance had led me to inquire into the salaries paid by large stores and shops generally; and in a land which boasts of its superior openings for women, I had been amazed to find that many shop employees do not earn a living wage, whilst in this respect New York beats Toronto! It would perhaps be unwise to record the facts which Mrs. Huestis said had come to light in a house-to-house investigation of certain parts in Toronto, undertaken some time ago, but it amazed me to learn that in a new country like Canada overcrowding was consequent upon extortionate rents, closely resembling bad cases in our most congested parts of East London.

"We want a Housing Commission to deal with the ever-increasing numbers of immigrants arriving in the cities of this province. They should work with the Health Department, and we consider women should be elected on any advisory committee selected to deal with the question."

"Well, you have a big platform. By the by,"

I asked, "what about the question of homesteads for women which has been raised by Mrs. Graham of Winnipeg? She ought to know how far women can do farm work. For years, she told me, she scarcely saw another woman when living on one of those very isolated western farms."

"Yes, indeed, we have included that in our list of reforms. Surely a farmer's unmarried daughter, with a little money of her own, is as fit to manage a farm, as a widow left with little children."

"Well, I should think so," I retorted; "and you stand, I hear, for female enfranchisement?"

"Yes, but that is the last plank on our platform. We put the reforms first."

Some days after that on which I visited Mrs. Huestis Mrs. Pankhurst came to Toronto, where she lectured under the auspices of the Women's Canadian Club. The large hall of the Y.W.C.A. was filled with persons who followed every word with rapt attention. Many who listened to this happy and lucid speaker read with disgust the following lines in *The Mail and Empire* of December 13.

"If all women were as likely to make intelligent use of the ballot as Mrs. Pankhurst, there would be no hesitation about granting the demands of the Suffragettes; and probably each reader knows at least one child who would make a wiser voter than the average man. Nevertheless, we do not hear of any particular demand for the enfranchisement of children."

Women, from the beginning of the movement for their better education, have been derided and sneered at by men for being blue-stockings. From time

immemorial, members of the opposite sex, who have victimised them in every way, have spoken of women with the profoundest contempt for their brainlessness, scorning them for weakness which might have appealed to their chivalry. Nowadays, thinking women are not much concerned if sneers and scorn are the portion meted out to them by male inconsequence. *Experientia docet!* But that the able, progressive, level-headed women of Toronto should be included in their fellow citizen's gratuitous insult to the sex, was to a stranger like myself an unpardonable offence.

The churches of Toronto are for the most part strikingly handsome buildings, and in a stay of some weeks I found that if one wanted to hear views expressed upon up-to-date subjects the Methodist and the Presbyterian churches were sure to provide you with something to digest at your leisure. Nothing interested me more than a sermon preached in Broadway Methodist Church upon the question of mixed marriages, arising out of a famous lawsuit involved by the recent putting into effect of the *Ne Temere* decree. The preacher declared there were 1,500 marriages between Protestants and Roman Catholics in the province of Ontario, the legality of which would be established, or the contrary, by the judicial verdict in the Hebert case then pending. A copy of the decree *Ne Temere* is now registered in the court records of Montreal as "Exhibit H 2"; and as an example of how impossible it is to put the old wine of Vaticanism into the new bottles of twentieth-century common sense, it may well be regarded as an interesting curio. The Papal

injunction amounts to this. In the marriage of Catholics the ceremony, to be legal, must be performed by the parish priest, or the bishop, or by a priest delegated by either. The contention in the Hebert case was that the parties were invalidly married, since being Roman Catholics they had been married by a Methodist minister. Two questions were raised which were of considerable interest, considering the power and prestige which the Roman theocracy possesses in the province of Quebec. (1) Was the *Ne Temere* decree of the Catholic Church annulling the marriage a valid decree, having effect in law? (2) Had the civil powers a right to base a judgment on such a decree? The answer submitted was to the effect that in law no ecclesiastical tribunal was competent to annul marriage; the fact being strongly emphasized that a marriage license is, in reality, issued by the Lieutenant-Governor of the province, who empowers the clergyman to solemnise the marriage. That the Protestant portion of the population were, metaphorically, up in arms against this innovation coming straight from the Pope, is proved by the circumstance that the Primate of Canada, the Archbishop of Rupert's Land, thought fit to deal with it in his Advent Pastoral letter to the clergy of the Dominion.

It appeared that Cardinal Bruchesi had expressed an opinion that the decree was merely for Roman Catholics, and that it did not affect Protestants. This had roused the wrath of the Methodist preacher to white heat, nor did it escape his Grace's notice in his dignified allusion to *Ne Temere*. "They could not," said he, "let pass silently the Papal

utterance. Although it purports to be merely a domestic regulation of the Roman Catholic Church, it has been used by the Roman Catholic priests in such a way as to imperil the sanctity and security of home life."

In the Presbyterian churches I learnt something about Temperance. The success of Local Option in Ontario has been phenomenal, notwithstanding the fact that 11,000 persons in 1911 were arrested for drunk and disorderly conduct on the streets of Toronto!

In that year there were 134 possible contests, but the law was so successful that in 131 those interested in the liquor traffic found it impossible even to force a contest; and the latest development is, that the desire for temperance is so gaining ground in this province that in 1912, out of 244 municipalities, contests have only taken place in about a third, although Local Option campaigns were possible in all of them.

There are two sides to every question, and those who are not with Temperance reformers declare that a nation cannot be dragooned into sobriety, and that the liquor trade will be forced underground. Cases of smuggling occur, and no doubt illicit ways of procuring alcoholic drinks will frequently be found. Like the Chinese surreptitiously shipped across the southern boundary into the States, in all sorts of ways—locked up in the sleepers of railway cars—liquor will dribble into municipalities in sundry and unlooked-for fashions. Already commercial travellers complain that this closing the bar in the hotels of small towns operates in a damaging way so far as

prices and accommodation are concerned—the former being raised and the latter distinctly inferior to heretofore.

In Methodist and Presbyterian churches the choirs are composed of young men and young women, boys are excluded, to my ears, with happy results. An Anglican Cathedral is in course of building in the upper part of Toronto; lack of funds to complete it was much discussed by Bishop Sweeney of Toronto. At a dinner party at which I was present, his lordship alluded to the disinclination of the members of the Church of England to contribute to the building fund of the semi-completed cathedral, when the hostess declared they were all too fond of the world! Personally, I consider the apathy of many Anglicans arises from a weariness at the conservatism of our services. Why they should not be made as attractive as good music and fine oratory can make them, I fail to see. So long as we are treated to dull, if erudite, dissertations on Old Testament tribal data, so long will there be lack of interest in churches of unprogressive type. In this age of travel many of us have seen for ourselves the descendants of the inhabitants of once "fenced cities," and it is impossible for us to assume any interest in the doings of their fierce and unwashed progenitors.

An outstanding figure in Toronto life is the editor of the *Globe*, concerning whom divers opinions are held. I met the Rev. J. C. Macdonald at a social gathering at King Edward's Hotel, upon a date prior to the provincial elections, when Sir James Whitney was returned with a sweeping majority of Conservatives. The *Globe* politics being favourable to

his Liberal opponent, Mr. Rowell, I referred in amusing terms to the unequal fight.

"We're just havin' a skairmish," explained the jovial and breezy Scotchman, who has by no means turned his back on his British descent if his politics favour Reciprocity; indeed he recited to me verse after verse of Scotch poems. He had had the time of his life, after the Coronation season, in the island of Iona, with that learned personage, Sir Donald McAlister of Glasgow University, as companion, friend, and guide. Mr. Macdonald likes to think that he has not yet forgiven the clan of the Campbells for their treachery in betraying the hiding-place of the Macdonalds to the enemy, which resulted in the terrible massacre of Glencoe!

The Editor of the *Toronto Globe* was a guest last summer at a dinner given by the Empire Circle of the Lyceum Club in London to Coronation guests. In arranging the speeches a Canadian friend of mine, Miss McLeod-Moore, quite the best of her countrywomen and an ever popular member of the Club, cautioned me, "None of your far-flung battle lines, remember! he's a man of peace."

Mr. Macdonald's impassioned speech, however, was the feature of the evening, and I have since thought that the pulpit has lost as much as, possibly more than, his pen has given to his readers.

In a conversation with another editor, Mr. Cooper, of the *Canadian Courier*, one of the most attractive publications in British America, I learnt with surprise that several thousand Mormons have found their way into Canada, and that some 8,000 are settled on lands in Southern Alberta, between Macleod and Gleichen.

"I sent a journalist, Miss Moulton by name, down there—perhaps you know her," said he, "to find out all she could about them, and there were several articles in the *Canadian Courier*."

"Ah, yes." I remembered having heard of these articles being answered somewhat drastically by Mrs. Arthur Murphy of Edmonton, the authoress of *Janey Canuck*.

"My belief is," Mr. Cooper concluded after some conversation, "that the Mormons will not stay in Canada, or come in great numbers; firstly because a man cannot openly live a polygamous life here, and secondly because the Mormons will never get any political power in this country."

The articles referred to were kindly given to me on calling at the office of the *Canadian Courier*, and proved exceedingly interesting reading. It seems when the Latter-day Saints trekked, in 1886, from Utah to Alberta, they sent a deputation to Ottawa promising to behave themselves. The writer describes how the family life, their business, and education are all dominated by ecclesiastical rule. The Mormon Church is a theocracy resting upon the consent of those governed—the church in Canada being modelled upon that of Utah. She says that although the church authorities are not advocating polygamy, their colleges systematically preach and teach plurality of wives. Miss Moulton made good use of her time in the Mormon area. She seems to have come away practically certain that the men she interviewed were not monogamous, and that registration was very effectively dodged when additions were about to enter home-circles; but the explanation for the

deification of sex, which she wormed out of the Saints, is distinctly interesting.

"From the beginning, children of the Father God and Mother God are nascent, intelligent, little, unfinished, fluttering spirits waiting anxiously to be born of the body in order that they may become perfect souls. Even as Jesus, born once of celestial parents was again born of a woman, all these spirits must have bodily existence to attain spiritual perfection."

The Mormon Bishop told the lady visitor that polygamy was not abolished, but *only suspended* in Canada. The sequel to these unique articles, in which the impression left upon the mind of the reader is, that Mormonism is somewhat of a menace to Canadian civilisation, was a strong defence written by Mrs. Arthur Murphy, in which she considers the fraternal system cuts out the objectionable features of Socialism. She has reason to believe that the doctrine of polygamy has been outgrown. That the Alberta Mormons are not undesirable as settlers, and that they are a law-abiding community, Mrs. Murphy says is evidenced by the fact that, since they have been in Alberta not one member of their body has been confined in the provincial penitentiary—a statement that can be made of no other religious body!

Fair play is a jewel. Although it is certainly not consonant with the spirit of justice which characterises the Anglo-Saxon race to lay charges without substantiation, yet it is the duty of every citizen of the Empire to be on the side of decent living, wherever the Union Jack flies in the breeze. It is scarcely possible to believe, in these days of spiritual freedom,

that theocracies, whether Mormon or Roman Catholic, have very long leases of life before them in the Dominion. The fetters of religions of compulsions, restrictions, and prohibitions are gradually being lifted from souls which in their due course of evolution are destined to enjoy that inner liberty of *thought* which is Heaven's gift, enabling them to stand alone without ecclesiastical props, and to experience the *inward impulsion of the law of Love, unearthly in its essence and origin.*

CHAPTER XVI

Public instruction—Separate Schools—F. Vaughan's lecture—A harbour for Toronto—Sir James Whitney—The Hydro-Electric line—Porcupine and Cochrane—Census revelations.

THE system of Public Instruction in Ontario is ideal in the working of its detail, there being a unity linking together all its educational institutions from the Kindergarten to the University. The plan includes the former, the Common School, the High School, and the University. The University of Toronto is State-owned, its affairs administered by a Board of Governors. The various denominations have their respective colleges. Victoria belongs to the Methodists, McMaster to the Baptists. The Anglicans have Trinity and Wycliffe, the Presbyterians are identified with Knox College, the Roman Catholics with St. Michael's. In the Department of Education an advisory council of twenty elective members represents, not only the different Universities of the province, but the High School teachers, the Public School teachers, those of the Separate Schools, as well as School Inspectors and Trustees. The various townships of Ontario are divided into school sections, and as near the centre of them as possible the Public or Common School is located, controlled by Trustees who are elected by the ratepayers of the section. This plan seems to have been

adopted throughout Canada as the scheme best suited to the educational needs of rapidly increasing populations in certain areas. In Ontario alone there are about 6,000 of these schools.

Separate Schools require a word of explanation. There is a minority in this province of Roman Catholics, and to meet their wishes for combining secular and religious instruction the Separate School has been established for their children. But be it understood that other denominational bodies have the right to establish Separate Schools if they desire. There are over 400 Roman Catholic schools in the province, but only five Separate Protestant ones. The High School links the Public School with the University; its course of study ends where that begins.

During my stay at Toronto the undenominational character of this educational centre was evidenced in an invitation extended to the Rev. Father Vaughan to address the University in Convocation Hall. The subject of the lecture was "The reasonableness of faith." The Father's well-told anecdotes and witticisms literally convulsed the undergraduates and elicited roars of laughter, but to an onlooker it was interesting to note the facial expressions of the older men. Many of them were ministers of religion, and as Scotland seems to be represented in Canada by every Mac that ever trod its historic soil, and as there is a Presbyterian place of worship in every street, one had some ground for presuming that the majority of Father Vaughan's hearers were, spiritually, sons of Calvin. The lecturer gave you to understand that if you had the right kind of faith you could not doubt that Jonah resided temporarily in the interior of a

Mediterranean whale. Indeed, if the Church taught the reverse, that Jonah had swallowed the whale, or even every fish in the sea, you had no other course but to swallow the statement. Perhaps the dive into a mediaeval past, where truth took a back seat in the presence of unreasoning faith, was good for our mental digestions; but in the Reverend Father's flighty discourse one was led to meditate upon the possibility of any progress, if men had not broken through the trammels of an ignorant and narrow ecclesiasticism.

The greatest world-movements have been occasioned by the soul's upward struggle for freedom of thought, for freedom of action. There is no need to go to history for examples. The North American Continent itself has been peopled by individuals escaping from the tyranny, spiritual, or otherwise, of their fellow-men.

There is in the immediate future, prospect of great developments in the province of Ontario. The recent return to power with a sweeping majority of the Conservatives in the Provincial Government, together with the present sympathetic administration at Ottawa, which is already informing itself of the needs of Ontario, promises to bear good fruit in the near future. A French Canadian, however able, no longer presides over the destiny of a portion of the British Empire, and it is becoming manifest that everything comes to those who wait.

The enormous possibilities and latent potentialities of Toronto, as a prospective port of the first magnitude, have attracted the attention of Ministers of the Crown. The initial step has been taken towards the realisation of Toronto's favourite dream—namely,

that her land-locked harbour would some fine day become a great inland port, where vessels of all nations, bearing people from all lands, would line up along her spacious well-built quays to discharge cargoes of fabulous wealth. A visit to Mr. Geary, the Mayor of Toronto, added confirmation to rumour. There was, he said, more passenger traffic at their port than at any other in Canada, and he looked forward in the near future to seeing great activity in the further development of Toronto as a great inland port. Late in 1911, the Hon. J. D. Hazen, Minister of Marine and Fisheries, and the Hon. F. D. Monk, Minister of Public Works, made a thorough inspection with a view to representing to the Federal Government Toronto's claim to recognition. The city, said the Hon. F. D. Monk, contributed largely to the Exchequer; it was the duty of the Government, without undue delay, to see that the harbour and the Federal buildings received attention.

Associated with the foregoing is the question of improving water communication, and it will be interesting to see if any scheme to deepen the Welland Canal will be carried through. At present the trouble is that it cannot accommodate grain-laden vessels of increased tonnage, which means that Canadian products have to be shipped via New York. The view is that Canadian wheat should find its destination in Canadian vessels, over Canadian waterways to Canadian seaports, and this would be effected if the scheme which Sir James Whitney, the Premier of Ontario, explained to me should ultimately be adopted by the Federal Government. The plan is to construct a water-way from the Georgian

Bay, via the French river, Lake Nipissing, and the Ottawa, to Montreal, which would materially shorten the transit from the great lakes.

I had read in a Canadian publication a description of Sir James's glittering eyes, his leonine head! that the harsh and strident tones he assumes when persons of unusually hide-bound views arouse his ire, were termed his "roar," and friends had kindly predicted for me a *mauvais quart d'heure.* Certainly no term could less describe my visit. When I suggested to the Premier that my task in writing this volume was not an easy one, for statements were at times irreconcilable and absolutely misleading, to my impatient remark, "People do tell one such lies," he sympathetically replied in dulcet tones:

"They don't really tell lies. *They don't know.*"

I inquired if anything was definitely arranged at Ottawa relative to securing a port on Hudson Bay. "This, too," said he, "is as yet unsettled"; but he showed me on a map how the actual boundary could be altered to give Ontario a port at the mouth of the Nelson River, south of Fort Churchill, the terminus of the projected Manitoban railway.

The Hydro-Electric Transmission line from Niagara Falls is about to fairly revolutionise districts lying adjacent to the sphere of its influence. This harnessing of Niagara waters to procure cheap energy for factories and for street lighting, is one of the justly lauded features of the Whitney Administration. It seems that Lord Kelvin first prophesied that the power of the Niagara River would in the future be utilised in industrial concerns. How amazed that scientist would be to learn that, according to the

Hon. Adam Beck, it will before long be driving ploughs and farm implements of all kinds.

Although work treads hard upon pleasure, it must not be supposed that the Canadian does not enjoy spells of recreation. That would be to go through the world with eyes shut if he did, for pleasure grounds lie close to his door; they are his for the asking. In the whole of the Dominion there is nothing more beautiful than the region of woodland lake and islet which lies on the Georgian Bay, and farther inland, divides the agricultural area of Old Ontario from the semi-explored northern clay-belt. You can get to the Ontario playground quite easily. A six-hours' ride from Toronto will land you at Point au Baril, or Bala, where you may laze all day and enjoy the scenery, or paddle your own canoe, if so be you contemn transportation in a gasoline launch and negotiate a five-mile rapid; or you may pursue important topographical studies in the 30,000 islets of Georgian Bay. I am told by those who know, that the fishing in the neighbourhood is superb. Many people hire a cottage for a month to pursue the cult of the angler, but it is well to be definite in these picturesque wilds as to proximity to supplies.

Then the Muskoka lakes eastward, in the highlands of Ontario, are also in the summer thronged with visitors, chiefly Americans. An official of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway gave an amusing description of how ultra-fashionable society girls of New York—or, as the shirt-waist maker spoke of them to a famous lecturer, "that Fifth Avenue crowd"—went under the care of a chaperon to recuperate their jaded energies by leading the simple life under canvas in

BALA.

the Algonquin Park, in the summer of 1911. "They were," said he, "cooking their own food, swimming in the lakes, and behaving like ordinary mortals."

What about the lone Northland back of the lakes and islets? Here, indeed, is ideal picnicking for those who love to explore Nature's stillnesses. To stow away provisions, canvas tent, and other necessities in a canoe, and go on a voyage of discovery in these water-ways with a congenial spirit, through cloudless summer days, is the thing to do in this unknown region, and many do it, to return to civilised haunts, enchanted with the go-as-you-please life. Now that the Temiskaming Valley Railway goes through to Cochrane, a station on the transcontinental Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, only 165 miles south of James Bay, where a branch line takes you straight into the gold-mining camps of Porcupine, there are many jumping off places into this great Northland, which, with its newly discovered adaptability for agriculture and its important mining centres, is possibly the biggest thing in the public eye of Canada to-day.

It has recently been discovered that the great clay-belt of the north of the province, comprising 20,000,000 acres, an extensive table-land of fertile soil, lies nearer to the equator than the bulk of the Prairie Provinces, so that in the districts now opened up by the advent of the Ontario and Temiskaming Railway, a new "bread-basket" is ready for enterprising settlers. Besides the agricultural potentialities there are hundreds of square miles of spruce, poplar, and pine ready for the lumber-man's axe; and in the immediate proximity there is any amount of water power to provide hydraulic and electric energy to convert the

pulp wood into paper. And oh! dear reader, if the 21st of September had not squashed Reciprocity for at least a generation, at one fell swoop all these untapped resources, all this prodigious wealth, would have gone into the pockets of American multi-millionaires, since they possess the necessary capital to convert Nature's opulence into greenbacks. Perhaps, in the future, the yields of Porcupine and Cobalt will exceed in value those of the agriculture and forestry of this recently discovered region, for there seems a likelihood that the former will be the Rand of Canada.

So far, I am given to understand by one of the best-known mining engineers of the Dominion, Mr. Tyrrell of Toronto, that two properties have been thoroughly examined, and the report justifies the expense of the necessary plant for dealing with the ore.

The name of Porcupine is, as many will doubtless remember, associated with one of the most terrible fires in the history of Ontario. In the summer of 1911, just three weeks after it had been linked up with the rest of the known world—a night's railway journey takes you from Toronto right into the camp—millions of dollars' worth of mining plant were sacrificed to the fury of the flames. Owing to the intensely hot season forest fires were frequent in places in the north of the province. A strong south-west wind did the mischief, and in four hours, towns with electric light and pavements were burnt to cinders. Porcupine had passed through the early stages of a mining camp; it was booming; but men who make money fast are apt to take chances and gamble with their lives. Porcupine, Golden City, and

LAKE TEMISKAMING.

Cochrane were built next door to the forest! To-day a new Porcupine is rising from the ashes. A huge optimism guides the work of reconstruction. Surely it's an ill wind that blows nobody good.

"Cobalt," said Mr. Tyrrell, "produces more silver from her small area than any other silver mine in the world." Here there are fourteen or fifteen properties being lucratively worked. In six years since the discovery of silver at Cobalt the output has been placed at about $50,000,000.

But this is not the last of Ontario's surprises, for the nickel mines at Sudbury are not only the largest mines of the kind, they are the largest mines of any description in the world.

In concluding the first part of this volume of my impressions of British America, it is opportune to remark that it will take a good deal on the part of her sister provinces to beat Ontario.

How long she will retain her proud position as the premier province of the Dominion of Canada, it is hard to say. Race characteristics stand for much. Her geographical position is a great factor too in the struggle for premiership.

The recent Census Returns, showing the ratio between rural and urban growth, may, however, remind her that the unprecedented prosperity of Canada during the last decade is based on the farm. The rapid agricultural development of the Prairie Provinces has resulted in the expenditure of millions of dollars in the construction of railroads to deal with the huge business which the grain empire of the North-West has built up.

A top-heaviness in towns is scarcely advisable.

The total increase in the population of the province, according to the Census authorities, is placed at 336,953; the cities of Ontario, not including towns smaller than 4,000, show an increase of 345,059, which means that the rural population fell off at least 9,000; so the province has been building up cities, not to keep pace with her own development, but based on business expected to come from the agricultural development of Western Canada. Although the facts show that the prosperity of the Dominion is assuming boom proportions, one is led to wonder, considering the increasing tilled acreage in Australia, in the Argentine, as well as in Canada, whether in the course of a few years there will not be an overproduction of wheat.

THE MEN OF THE NORTHERN ZONE

Oh, we are the men of the Northern Zone!
  Shall a bit be placed in our mouth?
If ever a Northerner lost his throne,
  Did the conqueror come from the South?

Nay, nay—and the answer blent
  In chorus is southward sent—
Since when has a Southerner's conquering steel
  Hewed out in the north a throne?

Since when has a Southerner placed his heel
  On the men of the Northern Zone?
Our hearts are as free as the rivers that flow
  To the seas where the North Star shines.

For liberty reigns in the land of the leal,
  Our brothers are round her throne;
A Southerner never shall place his heel
  On the men of the Northern Zone!

CANADIAN.

PART II

CHAPTER I

A meditation and a vision

THERE is time for prolonged thinking in the railway journey of thirty-six hours which separates the eastern half of Canada from the western. As the Vancouver express, after leaving Toronto, whirls you through the splendid agricultural lands of Ontario, where farming is at its best, then passes through the magnificent region of islet, woodland, lake, and stream, "the Killarney of America" already mentioned, familiar to Canadian sportsmen and pleasure seekers, you feel impressed with a sense of admiration at the varied and picturesque scenery.

You call to mind the great and flourishing towns you have left behind you in the south of the province, with their stately, beautiful buildings, and you involuntarily meditate upon what this wonderful and world-boomed West may have to offer you in excess of that which the Dominion already possesses. Probably you yawn, and look at your time-table to find that out of the 1,237 miles to be traversed from Toronto to Winnipeg, you have on your arrival at Sudbury only travelled 262! As the train threads its course through a sparsely wooded rocky wilderness to Heron Bay, where for sixty miles the track circles bold promontories on the northern shore of

Lake Superior, then sweeps round Jackfish Bay, you recall the fascination which this island-sea possessed of yore for the explorer and the trapper. The Indians called it "The Deep Sea"; and so cold—three degrees colder all the year round than Hudson Bay—and so deep are its waters that the white fish of Lake Superior are famous all over the American continent. Strange to say, this part of the railway was the most costly of all; the ravines and fissures which had to be built up were so deep that the material required was an enormous item. And then you probably are led to consider the physical labour involved, the consummate engineering skill in this, the pioneer of Canadian trans-continental railways. Your mental gaze wanders down the vista of prospective years, and you feel that its successful accomplishment will ever form an epoch in the history of Canada, marking its rise from a comparatively unimportant colony of the British Crown to a future so unthinkably great that the pen refuses to set an imaginary boundary to an unknown quantity.

With this trend of thought uppermost I approached the gateway of the West. Nobody possesses a more ingrained belief in the potentialities and magnificent destiny of the British race than myself. To believe that the Anglo-Saxon civilisation, the highest yet attained by any peoples, past or present, in their evolutionary struggle upward, has come about by chance would be to me an impossibility. Therefore, it was in no irreverent frame of mind that I wondered what might be the reason that the Almighty, in His apportionment of the surface of the globe, had, as it were, *kept the best bit till the last*, as a kind of

surprise. Why, too, had He handed it over into the keeping of a race which already possesses more than its share of the world's surface ?

This, in spite of the seething and struggling for colonial expansion, for representative government, for improved conditions of life on the part of other than oriental and backward nations. Was it a case of " To him that hath more shall be given " ? Have not the British already performed their part in the economy of the cosmos in shaping, policing, restraining, educating, coercing less-favoured peoples into, at least, a non-fratricidal existence ? The white man's burden in a far-flung battle-line is no literary extravagance, it is an onerous burden, an ever-present responsibility.

Meditating thus, I sped over the shining iron ribbons linking the historic East with the phenomenal West —from a land of fine traditions, of loyalty, of culture, and of religious fervour, owing as much to its French pioneers as to their British successors—to the great North-West. Less than half a century ago its limitless plains were the haunts of buffalo-hunting Indians. To-day, mighty, populous cities are throbbing with the zest of full-blooded life on the rolling prairie, surrounded by a wealth of grain unparalleled in the history of the world. To these wheat granaries of the twentieth century you may in fancy hear the tramp of the peasant feet of Europe. For this golden West is the goal towards which many are hurrying, feverishly, with outstretched hands and eager hearts to avail themselves of proffered opportunities, to bask in the sunshine of social equality, to forget the slow-dying thraldom of mediaevalism

and superstition, to throw off memories of serfdom, and to lift thankful hearts to the wide spaces of earth and sky, feeling themselves at last, for the first time in their lives, free men, free women!

It was sunset as I gazed over the waters of the great lake, pink with the reflection of sunset hues, and I lost myself in reverie. A beautiful vision arose before my spiritual eyesight. It seemed to me here, amidst Heaven's choicest blessings, that the Race might receive its crown, the Prize of its high calling. In extending to the oppressed, to those who had come through great tribulation in despotic countries, the invitation not merely to pick up the crumbs from the rich men's tables, but to enter in and take a son's portion in sharing in the further development of the British people, I seemed to see exemplified before my eyes that century-old but ever-needed message of Goodwill towards Man. Many who had leapt at the call of emigration propaganda, spread broadcast in Northern Europe, had come to the far-famed West, and having found it a land of milk and honey were writing to their brothers in the Old World, saying, "The land is good, come quickly." If, in the boom of the land, in the railroad interests, the coming manufacturing industries, I saw commercial expansion, I also saw God's opportunity to those ready to advance on the highroad of Human Progress. In years to come, should man's love for his fellow surpass that for the dollar, then, indeed, the reign of Love which is the triumph of the Cross might transform this part of the earth's surface into a foretaste of Paradise.

Since this beatific vision floated before my mental gaze, I have travelled many miles, observed many

things, thought much over my experiences; as I pen these words I confess that at times, faced with the material side of things, it has been blurred, almost obliterated, yet I will not forget it, for it was a vision of beauty and a lasting joy to have glimpsed the spiritual possibilities of the peaceful invasion of the great North-West.

Occasionally, the dust from the scaffolding obscures the noble proportions and exquisite tracery of an edifice in course of building. May it not be that the initial difficulties of a nation in the making, learning how to shape its course, have temporarily hidden from view the design of the Master-Builder?

CHAPTER II

Twin cities—Favourable location—Local matters—The C.N.R. Co.'s projects—Opinions of leading men—The Kakabeka Falls.

THE approach to those commercial twins of unequal growth, Fort William and Port Arthur, is unique. Huge elevators and gigantic quays running into the lake look like protecting janitors guarding the stores of golden grain disgorged from three lines of railway at this point, for shipment across Lake Superior to eastern ports.

Outside of the busy harbour, seemingly to guard the entrance to the busy grain industry, the product of the plains plus human activity, some of it already shipped, all in various stages of that process, lies "the sleeping giant" on Thunder Cape. The natural contour of this projection, from certain view-points, resembles the recumbent, tightly swathed figure of a giant sunk in soundest slumber. As the Keeper of the Gate, or as the Guardian of the Wealth of the West, a local poetess has woven legends round this interesting spot, collecting her material from aboriginal Indian folk-lore.

It was on my return from the Pacific coast that I met this local celebrity, Sara Stafford, whose booklet, *Discovery of the Five Great Lakes*, contains the meanings of Indian names in this district, all of them appropriate, or picturesque. As we lunched together

at the Algoma Hotel, Port Arthur, our wants attended to by a quiet type of waitress, I expressed my appreciation of her gentle manners.

"They are Finns here," my hostess informed me. I noted the girls were fair and might have been taken for English, Scotch, or Irish.

"They always have them," she explained; "the management find it best to stick to one nationality. They work well and agree together, but bring an Irish girl or Swede amongst them and there would be a noise directly."

"How do they always manage to procure Finn girls?" I asked.

"Well, it's this way," she explained; "if one or two find they have secured a really good home with considerate employers, they write back to their friends to join them. For two years they have run this hotel with girls from Finland."

We were subsequently joined by Mrs. Slipper, a journalist contributing to the local daily paper, and it was most interesting to hear her tell of the wonderful and rapid changes which had transformed the straggling settlement of her youthful days into two flourishing cities. She remembered well what it was to wait for the winter's weekly post brought in by dog-train across Lake Superior from Duluth! In those days of wooden shacks and log huts the cold had been indescribable! Coming down to later times, these ladies described how they had seen certain Doukobours, whose temporary religious craze, "to go find Jesus," relieved them from the necessity of wearing clothes, walk down the chief street of Port Arthur without the vestige of a garment, until stopped by

the authorities. The fort and port are now joined by a good tramway service; splendid residences have already been erected by successful Canadians, whilst humbler homes for workers at low rentals, where every detail has been well thought out, were pointed out to me.

In the course of our walk "the only historic spot we've got" proved to be that where Lord Wolseley landed with troops in 1870, to quell the Riel rebellion. I reminded my companions that their town had in any case an historic name, for was it not formerly called Prince Arthur's Landing, after the Duke of Connaught, who served in that army?

Both of the ladies were enthusiastic over the future of these twin cities, although it seems that the development of Port Arthur had at one time hung fire.

I asked the reason, and was given to understand that a great engineering magnate of the C.P.R. Co., several years since, in consequence of the Mayor's precipitate action in laying violent hands upon that company's rolling stock for taxation purposes, declared in the heat of his wrath, that grass might grow in the streets of Port Arthur before that place should benefit by any advantage which its proximity to the C.P.R. terminal might afford.

I may here say that Sir William Van Horne, whilst admitting the genuineness of the first part of the ladies' story, disclaims the utterance local rumour has attributed to him.

"Grass would have grown if the Canadian Northern Railway had not come in here," Miss Stafford interposed in a tone of heartfelt conviction.

"What about the C.N.R. Co.?" I inquired; "so far, I can't locate its lines or its policy."

"Don't speak slightingly of it. We are all very glad to have it here," she replied smilingly.

I have since discovered that her injunction was not without good reason, although up to that time in my travels I had looked upon the C.N.R. as a baffling and puzzling entity, bobbing up serenely here, there, and everywhere, but without any charm of continuity.

Fourteen years ago the company started with a small railway in Manitoba; its trains at the present time run in six provinces, and it proudly boasts of a construction at the rate of one mile per day. Of grain shipments in 1910 from Lake Superior, it carried 30 per cent. The C.N.R. Co., moreover, has recently established a direct line of steamers from Bristol, known as The Royal Line, sailing to Quebec and Montreal in summer, to Halifax during winter. It will also shortly complete the *third transcontinental railroad*, when the line between Lake Superior and the Ottawa Valley is finished and that between Edmonton and Port Mann on the Pacific is open to the public. This company's tracks run through the most productive part of the Dominion, and in the Prairie Provinces 4,000,000 acres of free land will be available for cultivation, all of it within thirty miles of rail communication.

Nor does the ambition and enterprise of the C.N.R. Co. end here. A charter for a line from a point on its railway to Athabasca Landing, to the much-talked-of Peace River agricultural district, will bring those distant wheat lands into line with other places in the Dominion before two years have passed. An

announcement too has recently been published to the effect that it will erect hotels in a number of important western towns, including Calgary and Moose Jaw, adopting thus the policy of other transcontinental lines in constructing hotels to be under its own management along the routes followed by its systems.

Of the twin ports, Fort William leads with a population of 22,000; Port Arthur has 17,000. The rapid growth of both these towns is due almost entirely to their geographical location. Situated at the head of Lake Superior, in the direct line of water and rail routes from the East, distant from Winnipeg 424 miles, their development has been as phenomenal as that of the last-named city. Both municipalities own their street car and telephone systems and their electric lighting, and stand at the beginnings of far bigger things even than the enormous tonnage of merchandise and grain handled to-day, to say nothing of the heavy passenger traffic.

Built on rising ground, Port Arthur, especially, commands a beautiful view over Lake Superior; fishing, hunting, and sport are within easy distance; there are golf-links, theatres, and musical clubs; whilst health-giving trips may be made upon the inland water-ways of Canada, by various lines of steamers.

Where trade prospects are concerned, it may be well to say that Lord Strathcona, with that prophetic insight for latent potentialities which has made him so famous a figure in the history of Canada, declared, not long since, that there is every evidence that their advance must, in the near future, far surpass the

THE FALLS OF KAKABEKA.

wonderful development of recent years. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, too, has added his note of appreciation. He says "The men who at one time paddled the waters in a birch canoe did not realise that three railroads would come here to find an outlet on the shores of Lake Superior. They did not realise that before many years are over we shall see here on these shores *the Chicago of the north.*"

That both Fort and Port enjoy preferential situation for the establishment of manufactures for various classes of goods required in the West, is the opinion of those who fully comprehend what the word *freight* stands for on the balance sheet. Situated midway across the continent, commanding the entrance to the West, the position from a trade view-point is most favourable.

The Kakabeka Falls, close to Fort William, partially harnessed, are capable of developing at least 145,000 horse-power, and supply cheap electricity. Coal, owing to transportation facilities, is cheap. Iron ore of the best is within reach. Mr. Grahame Fraser, late head of the Dominion Iron and Steel Company, declared that Port Arthur was splendidly situated for the assembling of the products for the manufacture of steel. Here coal can be brought in very cheaply; the ore is right at the doors; there is a great Western market to cater for, with but a short haul as compared with Eastern Canada.

CHAPTER III

Kenora and Kewatin—Waving grain—Main Street—Prairie trails—The Selkirk Settlement—Its short life—History of Assiniboia—The Riel rebellion—Confederation.

LEAVING Fort William behind, the train carries you for over 300 miles through a wild and broken, but as I saw it in its autumnal tinted dress of varying colour, distinctly beautiful region, along the margin of many a green-fringed lake, over many a rapid river, before the western boundary of Ontario is reached. A glance at your Annotated Time-Table supplied by the C.P.R. Co. (be sure to procure one, for the information it gives is indispensable) will afford you all the details you require about the places on the way, which is the old-time route of the fur traders of the Hudson Bay Company. Kenora (Ontario), 126 miles east of Winnipeg, situated on the beautiful Lake of the Woods, is famous as a popular resort of sportsmen and tourists, for whose comfort an up-to-date hotel has been built.

At no great distance is Dryden, where the Ontario Government has established an experimental farm, there being in the adjacent district large areas fitted for agricultural pursuits. Other advantages in this picturesque region are the proximity of good markets and immense supplies of timber, affording

KENORA.

winter employment in lumber camps for settlers; an abundance of fish and game are also easily procurable.

The tourist with an enthusiasm for Nature's beauties may well look aghast as he learns that this exquisite sheet of water, this haunt of fairies, the Lake of the Woods, has already been harnessed by thrifty and scientific industrialists to the needs of their commercial interests; but so it is! At Kewatin, three miles west of Kenora, are the huge works of the Kewatin Power Company, which has converted this lovely lake into one of the greatest water powers of the world. In other words, this means that the town affords exceptionally fine sites for milling of all descriptions.

Leaving Kenora, you pass, for the first part, through a wooded and well-watered region; but you have not long to curb your impatience before the landscape flattens, and you reach the far-famed wheat-belt of the Dominion, situated in the heart of the New World on the rolling prairies of British America. It was, to my eyes, a wonderful sight, this sea of waving grain, as I first gazed at it from the windows of the trans-continental express, pursuing its way through the Manitoban plain.

"Not much 'rolling prairie' about this, anyway," I thought, as we approached Winnipeg; it seemed to me that the Almighty could not have made it flatter if He had rolled it out with a rolling-pin; but as some may accuse me of frivolity, I will hasten to assure my Canadian friends that mentally I bowed in homage to their beautiful and bountiful asset of golden wheat, the motive power and the goal of all

their tireless energies and ceaseless activities, the true foundation of their growing prosperity and future proud position amongst the nations of the world. There are some seventy miles of prairie before you crawl over a long iron bridge to find yourself in "the neck of the bottle," when the train stops in the great railway station of Winnipeg. You are fortunate if you can find your way quickly to the huge hotel belonging to the C.P.R. Co., known as The Royal Alexandra, and entered from the station. You will have to be smart to get in front of home-returning Winnipeggers, who know the ropes and who hasten on to secure available accommodation, if any. In my case all the hundreds of rooms were occupied, and I was duly informed that the other first-class hotels were rejoicing in the same overflowing tide of fulness. So turning my back upon the colossal caravanserai, where, however, on my return journey I spent several days, I made tracks for a humbler hostel in the Main Street, recommended as quiet and respectable. Carrying my portable effects I found my way easily.

By this time I had seen something of the ordinary Canadian hotel, where you register at a bureau at one end of the entrance hall, which serves the purpose of a smoking-room. Here shop-front windows face the street, large arm-chairs invite the occupants to enjoy the fragrant weed and comment upon the passers-by. Upstairs, there is generally a diminutive "*parlour*" for ladies; but there is this to be said in explanation, that the wives of farmers and of commercial travellers who frequent these hostelries are not called upon to take the road as their husbands.

Housewives without "helps" have generally enough to do in their small households, or lonely farmsteads to keep them busy at home.

The occasional conversation at table, when, if not an active participator, I was a good listener, assured me more than any amount of reading, or hearsay, of the faith the cultivators of the soil really possess in the glorious productiveness of their land; also of their firm belief in the magnitude of the coming development and settlement of areas which formerly were regarded as unfit for habitation. Some of the older men told me how, thirty years ago, Main Street, the chief thoroughfare of Winnipeg, had been but a prairie trail, where many a Red River cart had in rainy seasons stuck in the vicious gluey mud; and as to Portage Avenue, a magnificent wide street, whereon stand Winnipeg's handsomest buildings, *that* had been the great prairie trail between Fort Garry and Edmonton, a thousand miles away, whereon thirty carts could be driven abreast. Ah! those were times to be remembered, when it took three months to do the journey with ox carts, trading with the Indians all the way.

Now it behoved me not to show my ignorance of this phase of the Empire's history, but in the secrecy of my soul and behind the smiles with which I greeted these harkings back to the scenes of their youth, I determined to look up the doings of the past, so far as they referred to pre-Confederation days in Manitoba. And as I suspect a similar vagueness in other minds on this subject, not to say complete vacuity, I purpose diving into what available records

I can find to throw light upon an oasis in Canadian annals.

I find in *The Selkirk Settlement and the Settlers*, a pamphlet written by a noted inhabitant of Winnipeg, Charles N. Bell, F.R.G.S., whom I visited before leaving Winnipeg, that as early as 1736 a French Canadian established on the Red River (Winnipeg stands at the confluence of the Red and Assiniboine Rivers) a trading post, which the author considers was, without doubt, the first occasion that white men had a fixed abode in the lower Red River Valley. After 1770 Montreal merchants sent fur traders into the country west of Lake Superior, but in the year 1796 both the Hudson Bay Co. and the North-West Co., rival traders in peltry, had several regularly supplied posts on the Red and Assiniboine Rivers, and in 1806 the last named created a Fort called Fort Gibraltar at "the Forks," which in after years figured largely in the experiences of the Selkirk settlers. In the opening of the nineteenth century a number of French Canadians and Metis (half-breeds, the children of French Canadian fathers and Indian mothers), settled on the Red River and erected dwellings. About this time Thomas Douglas, fifth earl of Selkirk, the friend of Sir Walter Scott, formed a patriotic scheme to emigrate a number of Highlanders to one of the colonies. After correspondence with the British Government, he first secured a large tract in the present Prince Edward Island, then known as the Island of St. John; and in 1803, 800 selected emigrants landed upon its shores, where, after a few preliminary obstacles, they succeeded beyond their most sanguine expectations.

Lord Selkirk then undertook an extended tour in Canada, with the object of finding another promising area for future settlement. At that date, owing to bad management, the Hudson Bay Company's stock had greatly fallen. In consequence of the opinions of the highest legal authorities in England as to the powers possessed by those historic traders—who as "The Company of Gentlemen Adventurers trading into Hudson's Bay" were granted by King Charles II. a charter in 1670—namely, that they could neither maintain a right to exclusive trade, nor dispossess Canadians who had been twenty years in peaceful possession of certain posts, Selkirk extended his purchase of Hudson Bay stock until he held £40,000, or two-fifths of the entire amount, and further strengthened his position by introducing his personal friends and getting them appointed on the Committee. In May 1811, at a meeting of the shareholders, it was announced that the Governor and Committee considered it would be to their interests to grant Lord Selkirk, in fee-simple, about 116,000 square miles of territory in the Red River Valley, on condition that a colony should be established on the grant, and that from among the settlers, labourers should be furnished for the Company's trading. Protests to the effect that no reason could be given for the grant other than the endowing of Lord Selkirk's posterity with an immensely valuable landed estate, were unavailing. Over a hundred persons assembled at Stornoway, and after some difficulty were embarked on board the *Prince of Wales*, the *Eddystone*, and the *Edward and Anne*, on July 26, 1812, their destination being York Factory

on the shores of Hudson Bay. These were followed three years after by a large party of emigrants from Sutherlandshire.

During the short life of this settlement, for in the year 1835 the Hudson Bay Company purchased back from the Selkirk heirs all their rights, with the lands included in the grant made to Lord Selkirk in 1811, it was the scene of embittered disputes and sanguinary quarrels with the traders of the North-West Company. However, in the year 1821, the finances of the rival companies were almost exhausted from various causes, and through the intervention of the Rt. Hon. E. Ellice, both joined forces under the title of the Hudson Bay Company. After this coalition the route through Canada was abandoned, all their business going by way of Hudson Bay. It was owing to this fact that the Canadians, forty years after, knew practically nothing of the people inhabiting Assiniboia, or the Red River Settlement.

Sir George Simpson, who died in 1860, had managed the affairs of this colony from 1835; and as it was composed of English, Scotch, Irish, French, Metis, and Indians, he possessed, indubitably, statesmanlike qualities. Visiting Assiniboia annually from Montreal, in a bark canoe propelled by the paddles of a crew of hardy voyageurs, on one of these visits he continued his journey, passing over the great prairies and the Rocky Mountains, across Behring Strait, through Asia to London, from whence he returned to Montreal, being the first traveller to pass round the world north of the equator.

It is scarcely fitting to close this sketch of the Red

River Settlement without alluding to its subsequent history. In 1857 the Legislative Assembly of Canada was petitioned to open up communications between Upper Canada and Assiniboia, via Lake Superior, and to extend to its inhabitants the protection of Canadian laws and institutions. At the same time the Hudson Bay Company were requesting the British Government to give them exclusive trading rights in the Indian territories. In 1869 an amicable settlement of these questions was found. The Hudson Bay Company and the Indian Territories became part of Canada, the former received £300,000 and extensive land grants in compensation. In reply to the petitioners of the Red River, troops were sent to Assiniboia in 1857. The Selkirk settlers' descendants had by this time been reinforced by incoming Canadians and Americans. Surveyors, explorers, and Government officials of various kinds, passing to and from the great North-West, brought with them enlightening information of lands soon to be thrown open for settlement under the paternal care of the Dominion.

About this time the Canadian Government set about the construction of a road from Fort Garry (the Hudson Bay fort at Winnipeg) to the Lake of the Woods, to assist the settlers, but trouble speedily arose between the Metis and the officials charged with the work.

When in 1869 the transfer of the Hudson Bay's territories to Canada was settled, it was arranged that the Hon. William MacDougall should be appointed as the first governor of the newly formed province of Manitoba, but the French opposed

his entry into the settlement, taking possession of Fort Garry, Louis Riel being their ringleader. Meetings were held, the upshot being that Riel formed a Provisional Government, and ruled the Red River until the end of August, when he was taken prisoner by General Wolseley's troops. In 1870 the tide of emigration set towards Manitoba; and from the year of its incorporation, in 1874, into the Dominion, its history has been one of continuous and successful development.

CHAPTER IV

Mr. Taft on the pact—Commissioner Roland—A story with a moral —Tightening Imperial bonds.

WHEN I arrived at Winnipeg it was within a few days of the memorable 21st of September, when the voice of Canada, from the distant Yukon to the Maritime Provinces, would decide for Continentalism, or to remain British. Naturally, political talk was the order of the day at this momentous juncture. How the pact was viewed in the States the following words, uttered by President Taft, clearly indicate

"In one form or another the Federation of Greater Britain is quite possible; and though the issue will not be settled in a day, it bids fair to become within a generation one of the most momentous in politics. *So vast* are the markets included in the domain of Greater Britain, *so imposing is its situation* almost everywhere, that if this greatest of Empires was to follow a policy of exclusion towards others it might provoke a league to break its power. In such a league, too, the United States might conceivably have a place; for from the closeness of its relations with British America it might be forced to become part of this Greater Britain, or as a matter of self-preservation to oppose it. It is a fact of the present, that the *drawing together of Greater Britain and*

Canada is in no sense to the benefit of the United States."

Possibly some who read these words can imagine how I felt as I walked down the wide thoroughfare of Winnipeg, and saw for myself its fine buildings, especially its banks, of which there are twenty-two, with over forty branches within the city limits. I could scarcely bring myself to believe that those who had done such great things in so short a space of time, could for a moment entertain any political scheme which might, and probably would, eventually bring about annexation to the States.

My first visit was to Mr. Charles F. Roland, Commissioner of the Winnipeg Industrial Bureau, a pleasant, bright, and obliging man, whose frank and penetrating gaze assures you that he will do no more and can do no less than speak the truth. Apparently there is no need to lie about the past, present, or future of this city. Its business is sound, its securities gilt-edged in the best sense of the term.

"What do you *particularly* want to see?" he asked me.

"Stock yards and railway sheds," I told him.

"Well, you may see the yards, but I can't promise you they will be filled with stock. I should like to show you our parks, our boulevards, and the residential quarter."

"Mr. Roland," I said inquiringly. "Do you mean to say that the *whole* of this city's prosperity comes from wheat?"

"Yep! (Yes.) You must understand that we have here in Manitoba a deep rich loam in our prairie soil unparalleled in the world for raising wheat," explained

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he. "When this became known to outsiders the rush to the land was terrific. Nothing can beat our Manitoba hard wheat; the railroads follow the settlers, and a big town springs up in a night, as it were, to supply the farmers with all they want. That's the whole thing in a nutshell. We are here to supply them with farm implements, household goods, and clothing, etc."

"And candies?" I suggested.

"Yep! when they can run to that; and I tell you they do not need to wait long."

I was thinking of a story I had heard to illustrate the necessity of choosing your land within easy access of rail. A farmer living thirty miles from town and station brings in his threshed grain to the elevator, and receiving his money for it, purchases necessary stores for the long winter before him. He is accosted by a friend as he jerks a few meagre parcels, together with flour bags and grocery, into his waggon, who surveying the preparations for his return, ejaculates:

"Say! is that all you are taking along with you?"

"Damn it!" growls the other; "that's all my dollars'll run to." With a half sob in his voice, he adds, "And there ain't no candies for the kids!"

The moral of the story being: If you have thirty or more miles separating you from elevator and rail, you may be able to buy the necessities of existence, but you won't be able to afford luxuries.

"How far does the distributing area of Winnipeg extend?" I asked.

"Up to the Arctic Ocean," was Mr. Roland's reply; "just as far as the great North-West gets inhabited. You see, every incoming settler going

West, directly or indirectly, becomes a customer of this city."

"I don't see that exactly," I remarked. "If he lives near Calgary, or near Edmonton, he will get his goods at the nearest place, won't he?"

"It's this way," he explained. "Our firms have branches in all these towns, and we shall have them in all the towns yet to come. No sooner is a town-site chosen and lots advertised—indeed, even before the close of the day on which the auction takes place—than this bank and that firm has put up its temporary shed."

"And you look forward to a still greater development in the near future?" I remarked.

"Yep! don't see how we can help doing so at the rate emigrants are coming in; 4,000 arrived one day this spring (1911). Besides, we are in direct communication with twenty-one centres of industry on the continent; we are only 74 hours from New Orleans, 45 from New York, 103 from San Francisco."

Here I was shown a diagram of the position of the metropolis of Western Canada with regard to the big cities in the United States.

"Winnipeg is already a fairly big manufacturing place," I ventured to insinuate, so as to hide the thinness of my knowledge as to actual facts.

"Yep! Three thousand commercial travellers would not make their homes here if there wasn't something doing." Turning to look up statistics he informed me that there were in Winnipeg 236 factories, employing 15,000 hands; adding emphatically, "And there are any amount of openings. We want a shoe factory badly, and an automobile factory.

Fancy having to go 1,236 miles to Toronto to get a motor ! "

" You are preparing for the coming millions," was my remark, thinking how Canada was a land of big things.

" Yep ! that's about the size of it," was his confident reply.

" I have something here that will interest you," and he brought out a paper entitled " Tightening the bonds of Empire; or, How British Immigrants are Assisted " (Dominion Magazine, July 1911).

" This is quite a new thing," I remarked, looking it over.

" It's caught on splendidly; most of the other cities are on the way to adopt the scheme."

This was a beneficent project to assist worthy British settlers to bring their families out to join them in Canada, and originated in this way. Among numerous topics discussed at a luncheon at the Manitoba Club given by the prominent citizens of Winnipeg in honour of a visiting M.P., Mr. Norton-Griffiths, the latter gentleman casually remarked that he had helped many a willing man to come to Canada from his own constituency, and had never lost a dollar in doing it. " The men have all been fairly successful in Canada; but," said Mr. Griffiths, " it is a great hardship for the family to be separated for so many months, while the father is trying to save sufficient funds to bring them over to him."

Seated next their guest was Mr. W. J. Bulman, who was so impressed that a plan could be worked out to solve the problem, that he afterwards telephoned a few prominent men to meet the next day, and a

practical business-like plan was drawn up. A Guarantee Fund was then and there provided for $20,000, with Mr. Bulman as chairman; and in less than two days fifty leading citizens of Winnipeg identified themselves with the scheme. The Imperial Home Reunion Association, at the time of my penning these words, has been less than a twelvemonth at work, with highly gratifying results, and many British workmen have been enabled to bring their wives and children from the Old Country much sooner than they could have done without assistance. That they have proved to be the right sort to be helped is clear, for every applicant has deposited with the Committee at least 20 per cent. of the amount required as token of good faith.

The method of assistance is quite simple. The man applying for help fills in a form, stating his name, address, employer, his occupation, his weekly wages, and the names of wife and children. He must certify that those he wishes to bring out are not epileptic, deaf, or dumb, and that they have not been confined in an asylum for the insane. He gives references to people in Great Britain who knew him there, indicates the amount he wishes advanced, what sum he can pay down, the monthly repayments he can afford to make. This he signs. The request goes before an Advisory Board, which deals with it. The applicant is interviewed and advised how to proceed.

In November (1911) Mr. Bulman, its founder, declared at a meeting at Toronto that during the year of the Society's existence, 180 families had been assisted to Canada out of 250 applications, involving

the issue of transportation to 677 persons. Eighteen families had already repaid in full their loans, twelve owed less than $20, and fifty-three less than $50. A citizen of Toronto at this gathering urged haste, pointing out that Australia was now much ahead of organised assistance to immigration. "We don't want to run any risk of being left with a mere second choice after Australia has grabbed all the best citizens."

In the belief that this project could be turned into a national benevolence, no less than fifteen civic and trading bodies have proffered requests for details as to its working, and soon this scheme bids fair to be adopted throughout the North-West cities.

CHAPTER V

Motoring through Winnipeg—Yards and cattle pens—An expert on wheat—The Commissioner of Immigration.

THE next morning, as I motored with Mr. Roland through the residential quarter of Winnipeg, I was informed, but failed to realise, that the city possesses 64 miles of granolithic pavement and 100 miles of boulevard !

We visited the C.P.R. Co.'s railway yards. " The biggest in the world, are they not ? " I inquired.

" Yep ! owned by one corporation," was his reply.

We met a tall, elderly man, who was introduced as Mr. Gordon, of the firm of Gordon, Ironside & Fare, and who claims to be the greatest cattle exporter in the world. An interesting conversation enlightened my ignorance concerning Winnipeg's big municipal Power Plant, the waterfalls and works being on a river *seventy-seven miles north-east of that city.* The power will be transmitted over this distance at 60,000 volts, on two independent circuits of aluminium cable $\frac{5}{8}$ inch in diameter. When completed, Winnipeg will compete industrially with all Canada.

Then the C.P.R. Co.'s stockyard agent, Mr. Dickson, wished me to be duly impressed with the amount of business done, and gave me the following figures. In 1910, 200,000 cattle, 91,626 hogs, 30,775 sheep were

exported from Winnipeg; unfortunately, at the time of my visit the yards were empty.

My next procedure was to follow Mr. Roland's advice and visit Mr. G. Bell at the Grain Exchange Buildings, Lombard Street.

"If you want to know about wheat go and talk to Mr. Bell," were his parting words.

I was swung up to the seventh floor of this huge building, and in room 835 found a well-preserved gentleman of handsome appearance, not only able to discuss wheat, but also to enlighten me as to the early history of the Red River. I have already quoted from his pamphlet. Mr. Bell at once plunged into climatic topics. He had been in the West Indies and other warm latitudes, but never had he felt anything like the heat which prevailed in London in post-Coronation days. He had scarcely dared to venture out from his hotel some afternoons, till 5 p.m. Never had he been so exhausted by heat before in the whole course of his life!

"Well," said I, quite unconscious of the point he was leading up to, "you happened to strike an abnormally hot season in our English weather."

Yes! He understood that the heat was unprecedented in the Old Country. Then he talked of the occasional extremes of cold weather which sometimes occurred in Canada. In the course of sixteen years, eleven times the barometer had stood at 40 degrees below zero; but to hear people in Europe talk of the phenomenal cold of the Dominion, you might imagine that such low temperature was the normal condition in winter; "Whereas," said he, "whenever it does come it is an extreme against

which we are well provided, both in the way in which we keep our houses heated and in wearing extra clothing. Why," he went on, "even the smallest children are out of doors in their perambulators every day in the winter; a few degrees makes no difference."

Here I interposed, and declared that I was one of those who made a point of verifying any conclusions I might jump at; otherwise, having learnt in the course of an afternoon's call upon a lady in Winnipeg that education was non-compulsory, I should immediately have attributed the cause of that somewhat astonishing fact to the severity of the climate.

"You don't mean to say that you thought *that* was the reason?" Mr. Bell seriously put the question.

"It is the first thought that came into my head when I learnt that such was the case; but, as I say, I should have ferreted out the real cause, had the point seemed of any importance," was my answer.

"Well, then, let me enlighten you. It has nothing to do with the cold. This non-compulsory education is a pure matter of politics in our local Legislature, and is due to the fact that we have a strong Roman Catholic element at work."

This led to a description of municipal, or rather provincial politics, in which it seems the Romanists, like our Irish members at Westminster, are *pro tem.* masters of the situation, so long as their log-rolling tactics can have full swing in the Manitoban Legislature. In the course of conversation Mr. Bell

disclosed that his sympathies were with the Liberals, and that he favoured Reciprocity, and hoped to see the country vote for it.

"All that annexation talk and the odium of disloyalty brought into the discussion of a purely commercial question is, to my mind, the lowest development of party tactics," he exclaimed indignantly. "That English Tariff Reformers should mix themselves up in it is disgusting!"

I might have suggested that the Britisher had some little interest in the projected pact, since his capital, to the tune of £400,000,000, was invested in commercial concerns in the Dominion, which could not fail to be affected more or less if Reciprocity was adopted.

"Surely," continued Mr. Bell, "if the Liverpool merchant can sell his goods in any market of the world, the Canadians can do the same? The United States was offering them larger markets and better prices than they got in the home markets.

At this point I prayed to have my ignorance enlightened upon a point which had puzzled me as an onlooker at the game of politics. Mr. Bell was all attention whilst I asked how it was that the States, which contained everything in foodstuffs and manufactures for the consumption and use of her population of 90,000,000—moreover, of her super-abundance yearly dumping a good-sized surplus on other lands—could possibly offer tempting markets to Canadians? His reply as a prominent citizen and wheat expert was worth having.

"It's all a question of wheat. We have, as you

know, many grades; and we have also in Manitoba a sort of wheat they have not enough of in the States. In our hard wheat there is more gluten than starch, whereas in the majority of American and British wheats there is more starch than gluten. Now over there they make biscuits and certain kinds of confectionery which can only be made out of hard wheat, which we have in abundance and they have not."

Again my mental observation was to the effect that if the Americans wanted it they could very well afford to pay for it.

"I tell you," Mr. Bell continued, "that we are here actually in Winnipeg importing wheat all the time."

"What in the world for?" I asked, amazed.

"We get soft starchy wheat from Kansas to make certain kinds of bread," he explained.

"And there are untouched areas of wheat-producing land in Canada," I remarked.

"As a cabbage patch is to a 1,000-acre farm, so is the proportion of cultivated area to that which has never been broken up. Why," he went on, "we are sending millions of bushels every year to Europe, via the States. The Canadian Mercantile Marine is not big enough to carry the crop."

So saying he led the way to a huge map and ran his finger over the Great Lakes to Buffalo.

"The grain shipments go through the Lakes to Buffalo in the States, whence it goes to New York, to be shipped from there to Great Britain. Wait a moment and I will give you last year's figures for Manitoba, ending August 31, 1910."

I wrote at his dictation:

	Bushels
Transmitted to Europe by Canadian ships, over	39,000,000
Transmitted to Europe by American ships, over ..	22,000,000
Total	61,000,000

My next interesting visit was to the Immigration Offices, where I found in Mr. Bruce Walker, the Dominion Commissioner, one of the most striking personalities in Canada. Tall, dark-eyed, enthusiastic, and human, he at once entered into the subject of emigration with a gusto which was actually infectious. Had I not seen immigrants leaving the trains and passing through the stations? Officials were despatched to meet all incomers, to inquire if they were married, or single, how many children, what they wanted, or were fitted for; if they had friends or means. Generally his officers could deal with the cases; difficult ones came before him. Suitable places were then found, and they were despatched to those farms, or situations where such persons were needed. Of course agricultural labourers and domestic servants were most wanted. Sociologically, they were indispensable to form the substratum of an agricultural nation. They must have hewers of wood and drawers of water, those who toiled and earned by the sweat of their brow. But as machinery replaced human labour, these people would find conditions ameliorate considerably.

"What classes of British people generally emigrate here?" I asked.

"We get nothing finer than those who come from the better kind of the British working classes, from the lower, middle-class shopkeepers, and working farmers. They are thrifty, healthy, and courageous. English, Scotch, or Irish, there is little to choose between them!

I then inquired if they had more Scotch emigrants in proportion to other nationalities, for in the Old Country we were hearing a good deal of denuded Scotch localities; to which he replied with some warmth that Scotch statistics dealing with wholesale departures from certain areas could not be accounted for by their coming *en masse* to Canada. Doubtless many went south to England, or to the various colonies. In proof of this he gave me the following details, showing that in the year ending March 1911, 20 per cent. taking up homesteads were of English birth, 22 per cent. of Scotch, 26 per cent. Irish, all making excellent agriculturists.

I then asked what nationalities they preferred?

"Well," replied he, "whilst British are preferable, the Scandinavians and the Americans are next best, and the German not a whit less desirable; in fact, they make the best Canadians of all, and assimilate perfectly."

"How do the Americans assimilate?" I inquired.

"With regard to them there is no strongly marked nationality, which in view of their brief national existence is not surprising. How could they, with 100 years or so, compare with others who have the

traditions of from 1,000 to 2,000 years behind them?"

Evidently the latter reassimilate to British conditions without much looking back to the rock from which they were hewn!

"We have quite a number of Icelanders here, who came to Canada first when Lord Dufferin was Viceroy; they make the very best of Canadians."

In order to prove how quickly they learn the English language and get absorbed in their new conditions, Mr. Bruce Walker sent me, later, over the Immigration Buildings in charge of an Icelandic official, who four years previously had left Reikiavik; but before leaving his office I learnt that no emigration propaganda was extended to the peoples of Southern Europe, or to negroes; and so far they were dealing with great numbers. From March 1 to September 1 (1911) 170,000 persons had been settled west of Winnipeg. Their distributing area was from the southern international boundary to Edmonton and the Peace River. For the most part these people were respectable, hard-working, and well behaved.

After an interesting half-hour with the Dominion Commissioner I visited the dormitories, dining-rooms, and kitchens, where 800 immigrants could be accommodated. They were all kept spotlessly clean and tidy.

CHAPTER VI

Sir W. Whyte—His retiring speech—Manitoba's grievance—A pleasure resort—A miscellaneous collection—An English lad.

FROM people engaged in agricultural pursuits whom I met during my stay at Winnipeg, I was given to understand that the farmer had real grievances, and I mentally wondered if there was any land free from the grumblings of this bucolic class, when two or three foregathered !

" It is a railroad country; everything subserves that interest," said a farmer's wife. " Freight is the curse of the land ! "

On one occasion I mildly inquired where would the farmer be, if it were not for the railroads ? when a listener jocosely suggested that he would be " on the way to an early grave in the sweat-shop south of the boundary line," meaning Chicago.

I met many interesting people, amongst them Sir William Whyte, who has since retired from his onerous post as Vice-President of the C.P.R. Co. He spoke of how the company's policy had been to watch the trend of settlement develop in certain localities, and then to construct a line. Naturally the farmer who lived eighteen miles away from rail could not compete with the one living close by. No settler would in a few years need to haul his grain to the elevator over long mileage. Sir William Whyte,

whose accent betrayed his Scotch birth, as he sat bolt upright in his chair, pen in hand, in a handsomely furnished office in the C.P.R. buildings, struck me as being the exact opposite in temperament to his compatriot in the Immigration Office, Mr. Bruce Walker. The latter was the type of a fiery enthusiastic Celt, whom, had he lived centuries ago, one could easily imagine at the head of his clan leading them into battle against hereditary foes to the encouraging sounds of blood-curdling war-whoops; Sir William, on the contrary, made one think of all that was cool-headed, calculating, and canny. I endeavoured to sound him as to how the coming Federal Elections, in the event of Reciprocity being favoured by the electorate, would affect railroad interests in general and his company's in particular; but Sir William was cautious, and his reserve on that score praiseworthy, if irritating.

At this date, when nobody could predict what September the 21st would bring forth, the feeling in certain circles was that if the Liberals were returned in Western Canada, railway employés would be hard hit. The opinion of a noted railway expert, Mr. Hall, who for years has closely watched all legislation affecting railway matters at Ottawa, and who at one time sat on the Toronto City Council, was to the effect that—if Reciprocity meant what its supporters claimed it did, changing the avenue of trade from north to south instead of from east to west, it must necessarily reduce the number of employés in the railway service and also in navigation.

"In which case," writes this expert, "there will be fewer engineers, fewer firemen, fewer conductors,

fewer trainmen, and ultimately fewer engines and less necessity for cars. Following along this line it will mean that there will be fewer boiler-makers, fewer machinists, fewer blacksmiths, fewer carpenters, fewer car-builders and repairers required to do the work for the railway companies of Canada. It will mean a great difference to not less than 200,000 people employed in this country. In my opinion it was a very grave mistake on the part of the Government that, before entering on a deal of the nature of the present reciprocal agreement, they did not consult the interests that have important investments in this country. I claim that this is a very serious time for the working-men in Canada, for if Reciprocity will reduce the number of railway employés by 200,000, these people who directly or indirectly maintain one-tenth of the population of Canada must find employment elsewhere.

" Consequently the trades must suffer, owing to the great surplus that would be thrown on the market! The majority of the intelligent electors of the country, however, understand the relationship existing between Governments and railroad companies. It is usually better for them to pursue a neutral course, rather than to demonstrate outwardly their opposition to any measure that a Government may attempt to put upon the statute books."

A few weeks later, on October 24, 1911, at a banquet given to Sir W. Whyte on his retirement from office by the western officers of the C.P.R. Co., a high compliment to his executive and administrative abilities was paid; speakers alluded to his kindness and generous consideration for others; but above all,

reference was made to that quality ever associated with capable leadership—judgment of men and appreciation of their worth, possessed so markedly by the retiring vice-president. In reply to these encomiums Sir W. Whyte praised the *esprit de corps* shown in all ranks of the Company's service, which not only succeeded in handling its enormous traffic successfully, but had laid the foundations of its present prosperity. The C.P.R. Co. could boast with pride that there had never been any scandal in connection with its officers. He then alluded to the difficulties which faced them in the early development of the North-West. Nobody knew of the stored wealth of Canada. Only since 1892 had immigration steadily increased. In proof of the fact that prominent men, responsible for the building up of this new nation, are inspired with high ideals and lofty aims, I quote the following from Sir W. Whyte's retiring speech.

"It is our duty to do all we can to imbue the foreign-speaking population of this country with the high ideas of honour and loyalty that are essential in the making of a civilisation worthy of the name. If we are true to ourselves, we will build up north of the 49th parallel a great nation, virile, intelligent, of splendid physique, and I hope law-abiding and God-fearing."

There is a long-sustained injury which the province of Manitoba has against the Laurier Administration, but with the advent of a Conservative Government it is hoped that their grievance will be only short-lived. A glance at the map of Canada shows that the northern boundary of Manitoba is a long way

south of the 60th parallel of latitude which forms the northern limit of British Columbia, Alberta, and Saskatchewan. When the last two provinces entered Confederation in 1905, a request was made by the Manitoban Legislature that their provincial northern boundary might be extended to the same parallel. Just then an acute controversy was raging over the Manitoban schools. Sir Wilfrid Laurier was doing his utmost to get Separate Schools for Roman Catholics established there, as in Ontario. The Manitoban Legislature did not comply with this request, one school-board sufficing to manage all the schools within its jurisdiction. The communications on this head between Ottawa and Winnipeg were never made public, but it has been fairly accurately surmised by those understanding the politics of the day, that the penalty for not obeying the behests of the Premier of the Dominion was the withholding of the land which should give the same status to this province as that enjoyed by British Columbia, Alberta, and Saskatchewan.

This injustice still rankles, and constitutes one of the reasons which prompted the Premier of Manitoba, at a banquet shortly after the selection of the Borden Cabinet and the "routing of the Amorites, horse, foot and artillery," to intimate that Manitoba had special and particular reason to rejoice over the defeat of Sir Wilfrid, for that he had for fifteen years, in a systematic, determined, and successful way, "hampered, injured, and crippled" that province. From 1871, when Manitoba became an integral part of Canada, down to the present time, she had never occupied a position of equality in the sisterhood of

provinces comprising the Dominion, although successive Provincial Governments had pleaded and urged and demanded recognition. Premier Roblin confidently hoped that before long her people would occupy the same status as the dwellers in Alberta and Saskatchewan.

It is hoped that as soon as the question of the northern boundary is settled the projected railway from Winnipeg to Fort Churchill, on Hudson Bay, will be speedily commenced, by which wheat will be sent to British ports by the old Hudson Bay route, open to navigation at least four months in the year. It must be remembered that out of Manitoba's 65,000 square miles a considerable portion is water surface, Lakes Winnipeg, Manitoba, and Winnepegosis being included within its boundaries. The southern portion of the province is fully settled, and has all the appearance of an old-established farming country. Nor is it a case of all work and no play for the hard-working Manitobans: there is a delightful watering-place and pleasure resort not more than fifty miles distant at Winnipeg Beach. At the south-western corner of the huge lake, people are building cottages and making summer homes. To this salubrious and inviting spot, where sailing and boating await the day excursionists, the Churches send the school children for their annual treats. The C.P.R. Co. has built a pavilion here which picnic parties may use as a dining-hall; hot water is supplied by attendants; and to make things cheerful and attractive during summer months, an orchestra is in attendance and provides music for dancing.

I did not visit this water-side summer resort, as I

found all the time I had to spare fully occupied. To walk through the chief streets in the business section is *the* sight of Winnipeg. You are struck by the crowds of all sorts and conditions of men, the dearth of women, the absence of senility. You look hard at some of the strange types you meet, wondering to which of the twenty-eight nationalities this ferret-eyed specimen, or that fur-capped, long-coated barbarian belongs. The growth of this mushroom city has been so recent, its inhabitants such a miscellaneous collection of humanity, that it is not much use to ask of a stranger the way to any given place; he invariably does not know, probably has no notion of what you are saying; for Scandinavian and Ruthenian dialects, with other foreign babble, are to be heard any time you like to stand and listen to the hum around you in Main Street. One day in the tramcar I saw two short-statured men of Polish type, probably brothers, talking as if they had just met after a long separation. They stroked each other's faces, kissed, and were absolutely callous to the fact that they had attracted the amused attention of the other occupants and the risibility of youthful gigglers.

"Who are those people?" I inquired of the ticket collector.

"Them's Galatians," said he nonchalantly.

"Oh, foolish Galatians!" immediately came to my mind.

This was the first time I had found myself at close quarters with any of the Galician population, of whom there are thousands in Western Canada.

One pauses to read curious advertisements in these

crowded thoroughfares, such as "Good eats," where every delicacy obtainable is offered for 25 cents! Now and then there would be a few drunken men reeling about. A girl at the hotel where I was staying came rushing into the sitting-room, guessing "she was kinder skeered o' they dronks." It was not always easy to my British ears to penetrate the hidden meaning of much local phraseology, but after a time the mangled English became more familiar.

The great feature of the western towns is the number of real estate offices, where bargains in lots advertised as situated in highly desirable locations, at Saskatoon, Calgary, or elsewhere, fill up shop windows, and before which, practically glued to the glass, a circlet of eager faces is often to be seen eyeing the maps describing where the choicest sites on the market are located. The gamble in land characterises the West, and marvellous stories have been told me, time after time, of the good fortune which has come to those who have bought lots and held them until the psychic moment to sell arrived. As I write, I recall visiting a lady in Saskatchewan, who, with pen in hand, was then and there refusing an offer of $15,000 for the corner on which her house had been built, having a frontage on one street of 125 feet and about 40 on the other running at a right angle, for which seven years before she had given $3,700.

"I shall wait till they offer $20,000," she had said with assured confidence.

A gentleman whom I met, had, as he expressed it, invested $50,000 for his grandchildren in land in British Columbia; he held it only a year or two

before selling it for $250,000. Then an English lady in Winnipeg, holding a good position in the educational world, related the story of a friend of hers, a lad of twenty-one without prospects at home, who for a year or two had " buffeted it " on a farm. On being driven out on to the prairie by his employer, his first task had been by the light of a lantern to unharness the horse. Being a town lad, he had never even assisted at this task; but after some initial awkwardness he performed the operation. Then the farmer told him to come inside and give a hand, as " the missus was taken ill "; so he prepared the supper and put the youngsters to bed. For a couple of years the youth remained, learnt farming and saved his wages, which would not be less than from $30 to $40 monthly, took up a homestead, was fortunate in the purchase of a few cheap lots which he sold at great profit, and to-day, at thirty-four years of age, he is returning to the Old Country with an income of not less than £1,000 a year to pursue a calling more to his taste than farming.

Whether land values will retain their inflated prices is not for me, or for any one to say. The future history of western development, its limit and its scope, is beyond human ken to predict.

CHAPTER VII

Agriculture—The unfit—A lady's testimony—A warning to women.

THAT there are magnificent chances both in agriculture and in land speculation, to say nothing of manufacturing, for the man of average industry, courage, and ability, is beyond doubt. Thousands are rapidly acquiring fortunes. Thousands again, who lived in the British Isles labouring for the scanty wage of a farm hand, are to-day their own masters, living on the fat of the land, their children well educated and well clad, gazing contentedly over their own well-stocked, well-cultivated farms. Beside the healthy life of agricultural industry that of the gambling element in the towns stands out in ugly contrast.

The buying and selling of lots is a perfectly legitimate undertaking, but a life devoted to lounging about real estate shops and to gambling in the land markets of Western Canada is not calculated to contribute to the good of the community as a whole, or to the individual unit. I may be wrong, but apparently no other qualification seems requisite for the calling of land agent, than a persuasive tongue, a shop window, a map, a note-book, and an inkpot! The frequency of these offices where the thrilling advertisement "Good buys" invites you

to enter and purchase greatly boomed lots, is sufficient to make the stranger pause and think before he or she succumbs to the craze.

Another frequent sight in Winnipeg is a shop window full of advertised wants for farm hands on the part of employers, who offer board and from $1.75 to $3 per diem, with railway fare for harvesting, or road making, etc. To minister to the need for amusement, endless "five-cent shows" (moving pictures) are to be found sandwiched in between "cheap lots," men's clothing shops, and "good buys" in the chief thoroughfares of every western city. As my life at this time consisted in looking at moving pictures from Halifax to Vancouver, I was not tempted inside, but judging by the girls and boys who flocked to them, I fancy the owners of these entertainments must be reaping golden profits.

There is one thing, however, I would like to mention as to the current literature scattered over the British Isles upon the openings and attractions of Western Canada, in which that land is depicted as an Eldorado where you can metaphorically scoop up gold in the streets, as one wherein no poverty exists, or can exist, and where riches are to be had for the asking. The reality is that so far as the chances of making fortunes are concerned, *none but the fit need apply.* For the youth, or man who is strong, keen, courageous, and determined, no better or more remunerative field for his energies is to be found in the world; but it is nothing short of madness for the middle-aged man, especially the elderly woman, with few, or no qualifications, to attempt to cope with the hard conditions of a land in the making.

So far as the West is concerned, there are necessarily few, if any, institutions where the infirm and the sick can be cared for. It has been declared from public platforms in England that there are no poor people and no slums in Canada, which I do not hesitate to contradict. I spoke of this to Mrs. Mathieson, the wife of the Archbishop of Rupert's Land. She was amused, and advised me to go to Knox Church, the Presbyterian Church in Winnipeg, and ask how many meals during the winter the Associated Charities give away to the unfortunates and poor of that city.

People who present a one-sided view of western conditions to audiences in the Old Country are not doing a friendly action, either for the Dominion, or for the denizens of our thickly peopled areas. The truth is best, both for the Mother Country and the self-governing parts of Greater Britain. It stands to reason that many persons who are prevailed upon to emigrate by irresponsible agents, or by interested friends, are fitted neither physically nor morally to face a new set of conditions; the consequence is they become disillusioned, discovering that living is harder and dearer in the New World than in their old home, that the cold in winter is such that they never imagined, or prepared for, and they sink in the social scale because the struggle is too hard for them.

A new country requires none of these. Probably the sheltered life, with its social restraints, even if poverty was its portion, in Great Britain, would have kept many such a one from falling into depths of degradation which unfortunately is too often the end of the unfit emigrant, although time and again

I was convinced by the statements of various people who had lived for the greater part on the land, that there were boundless opportunities for the man possessed of little, or even no capital. A Scotch gentleman of education and varied interests, who for thirty years had farmed 1,000 acres in South Manitoba, about three hours' rail from Winnipeg, assured me that a beginner with £100 capital could, if fairly fortunate in turning up prairie land, the first year net $500.

The wife of this gentleman could, better than most, describe the conditions of life for women on isolated farms. Mrs. J——, an educated Scotch gentlewoman—and there is no finer type of womanhood in the British Isles—declared that although prairie farming had brought affluence and prosperity to her, yet, at its best, the life was luxurious on the one hand, and crude on the other. You might have your automobile, your piano, your favourite books, but you invariably had, in the frequent absence of any "help," efficient or otherwise, to do the roughest of house-work. There might be abundance and plenty, but the occasions were rare when the mistress did not have to cook the food for the household. There was nothing that a pair of hands could do which she had not done in her Canadian life, although reared in a home of ease and refinement. She had learnt by dint of necessity, but to say that the conditions of life for educated gentlewomen in Canada were not a daily round of toil and monotony, for the most part, would be to obscure and pervert truth.

She considered it absolutely indispensable that all

women who lived in solitary districts should become practised shots. Both she and her grown-up daughter were proficient in that accomplishment. "Not only can you supply your own table," said she; "for prairie chickens and wild ducks are abundant; but if you are left as I have been for several days together in Mr. J——'s absence, it gives you a feeling of security and assurance. Women living on these isolated farms, I assure you, go through periods of mental torture from sheer terror which men never realise until some horrid tragedy within a stone's throw of their own homes makes them uneasy as to the risks run by their womenfolk."

There had been a shocking occurrence quite close to the J——'s property not a week before, recorded in every newspaper under the most sensational headlines, of a young and pretty girl, a school teacher engaged to marry a young farmer, having been dragged to the woods by a ruffian.

"We live close to the international boundary, and queer characters are sometimes seen prowling round our neighbourhood; but they think twice about attacking a woman if they know she has firearms in the house, and will use them without hesitation if necessary."

The dangers inseparably connected with a woman's life in lonely places, in the absence of the bread-winner, where neighbours are miles away, is to my mind a lesser evil than those which stalk the cities, awaiting the innocent, inexperienced girl, fresh from the country, or just out from home. I narrate a circumstance in my own experience which will illustrate my point. Whilst at Winnipeg, a stranger

appeared at one of the small tables in the dining-room. Her accent and her headgear, a round black hat with long flowing lace veil, proclaimed her American. Afterwards, having divested herself of this, she appeared in the sitting-room. Grey-haired, she appeared to me certainly not under sixty years of age, but her face was such a vision of indefinable evil, that words can hardly describe the atmosphere she seemed to bring into the room with her. She was a person of parts, for she immediately endeavoured to ingratiate herself with those present. No need to explain that I was hostile to her advances, and my unapproachableness occasioned the remark a day or two after, to the effect that the English lady did not know much and had never been anywhere, or she would have talked to her "like the others."

Towards the close of the third day, the "others" were not on speaking terms with her, and an English nurse visiting a young married lady confirmed my suspicions. This female had preserved a somewhat silent demeanour in my presence, so once I left the room summarily, to double back almost immediately to find her in close conversation with two or three girls, new-comers to the hotel. Suffice it to say anent this unpleasant incident that on the fourth day of her stay she was bundled unceremoniously out of the hotel at 5 a.m. by the management.

Taken in connection with the alleged existence of a hideous traffic south of the line, the result, one can only imagine, of an insufficient supply to meet the demands of the immoral men of cities like Chicago, which send well-dressed female as well as male emissaries into Canada to entrap the unwary

and ignorant into life-long bondage, I was not surprised to learn from the Lady Principal of a well-known Woman's Welcome Hostel at Toronto, that out of the thousands of girls who had passed through her hands during recent years, as many as 130, whose coming she had been apprised of and asked to receive until situations were found for them, had never reached her Hostel; nor could she think it within the limits of probability that all these young women had found situations on the journey out from British ports.

These matters can only be lightly touched upon in a book of this kind, but it is hoped that should it fall into the hands of mothers desirous to obtain for their girls employment in Canada, they may at least urge them to receive the advances of complete strangers, however apparently kindly, *with the utmost caution and reserve.*

CHAPTER VIII

A record clearing—A peaceful invasion—The C.P.R. Co.'s Land Commissioner—Soils and climatic conditions—"Dry" farming—"Mixed" farming.

ONE day in November (1911), the C.P.R. Co. made a record clearing of wheat through Winnipeg. In 20 hours 1,500 loaded cars arrived from various parts and 1,000 cars were sent east.

Although I have no claim to be an authority, yet as a woman born and bred in the country, whose ancestry for hundreds of years has been associated with the ownership and cultivation of land, the predominant note of life in Canada, which is agricultural, possessed for me a fascination which made me endeavour to wrestle with its problems; for no movement of modern times can be compared to that which in the last few decades has turned the prairie wilderness into the gold mines of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. In this hegira to the Mecca of plenty and prosperity we see history repeating itself. The same adventurous spirit which sent American pioneers, mostly of British ancestry, across the Alleghanies, then more westward still across the Ohio River, the Mississippi, the Missouri, till at last the Rockies were crossed in search of new homes, is at work to-day, uprooting American citizens in the grain belt of the Republic, Iowa, Missouri, Nebraska,

"BROKEN" PRAIRIE.

and Minnesota, inspiring them to sally forth in their thousands to build up fortunes and homes on the trackless plains of the Dominion. This unadvertised, slow, but wholesale transportation of American farmers is phenomenal!

They have come to Canada, not as path-finders, but to stay as British citizens. How has this great immigration been brought about? In this way: The gospel of "back to the soil" has *no political limitations*, the international boundary being fictional in the economics of the individual. Some of these Yankees have sold their farms in the States at £20 per acre, and have bought cleared land in Canada for £4 per acre. Others have availed themselves of the Government's free gifts of 160 acres, or a quarter-section. One half of the American invaders are homesteaders, some are of Scandinavian, German, and even Polish origin. They have first broken the sod by ox-teams, later on by gasoline trackers, turning four, eight, or even a dozen furrows at a time, trails of smoke marking the progress as the prairie breaks. Then for six months in each of three consecutive years they have lived on their 160 acres, probably in a wooden shack, in accordance with the conditions imposed to earn the coveted patent, or title to the land. To wait and work patiently for six, or even ten years, to harvest crops from, possibly by that time, 2,000 acres running thirty bushels to the acre—for the real producer always wants more land—is no great hardship when the prospects are more than alluring: they are almost a dead certainty. Here, too, the settlers are to be congratulated in that they find

in their new home their own language, social customs, and practically their own laws.

It is too early to speculate as to the influence this semi-alien blood may have upon the Dominion, but those familiar with the faith, buoyancy, and elation of the youthful Canadian nation, which feels its strength in every limb, are inclined to accept their ultimatum that three years of successful toil will have weaned the budding homesteader from any lingering worship of the Stars and Stripes. In due course he becomes naturalised; but when he learns that citizenship in Canada does not mean that he is necessarily a citizen of Great Britain, he rightly considers that it is a "tom-fool" business; and here I may add that only *legal folly* can be guilty of squashing patriotic zeal.

In 1910 the number who crossed the border was not less than 120,000, and this exodus shows no sign of falling off. Not only have Provincial Governments in the United States started activities, such as Land Shows, to check the emigration of farmers into Canada, but the influence of the Press is being exerted to turn the quest for new farms to the still unsettled tracts of the Republic. The Republican Government is bringing 60,000,000 acres of new land under irrigation at the present time, and farmers are being urged to familiarise themselves with the advantages their own country offers, in the way of cheap and profitable land, before thinking of migrating northwards. Nowadays, in the North-West, there is some reason to fear that in the past too little consideration has been given to the economic character of these agricultural immigrants. It is declared that there would be fewer deserted farms in the States if their occupants had

been scientific farmers. Exhaustion of the soil, from ignorance, or neglect of the rotation of crops, has been going on south of the line, and interested agriculturists deprecate that the Canadian Government should encourage this class of emigrant.

Lands are also bought from the railroad companies on comparatively small cash payments, the remainder being paid in ten or five years' instalments. One day I visited Mr. F. T. Griffin, the C.P.R. Co.'s Land Commissioner, who has sold more land than any individual in the world, for he has had the vending of the grant of 25,000,000 acres which the Dominion gave to that Company on certain conditions, and of which some 8,000,000 still remain unsold.

"It was only," said he, "upon the completion of the railway from ocean to ocean through Canadian territory that the real agricultural capabilities of those immense plains was first disclosed. Few persons realise the actual size of Canada," added he. "It is, in reality, more than a twelfth of the land surface of the earth, the agricultural region itself being a vast plain three times the size of the German Empire, five times larger than the British Isles!"

"So this is the wheat granary of the world," I remarked, looking across at a map showing the great central plain of the Dominion, stretching from the Rockies on the west to the wooded country of Ontario on the east, from the international boundary on the south to a yet undefined line on the north; with great river systems making it a vast network of valleys, which, with the climate—for north and west the influence of the warmer winds

from the Pacific Ocean tends to modify the weather—account in large measure for the exceeding productiveness of the soil.

Of soil and climate Professor Shaw of Montana, an eminent authority, writes: "Good as the soil is, it would never have brought supremacy in grain production, had it not been for the climate. . . . Every one knows the value of the pure air of this country viewed from the health stand-point. But does every one know the inestimable character of the blessings which pure air proves to the agriculture of the country? It prevents the rapid decay and transformation of the vegetable matter in the soil; also the too rapid transformation of inert fertility, thus virtually precluding the waste of Nature's assets. In this fact is found one explanation of the extraordinary fertility of the soil. The *cool temperature* of the summer nights is responsible for the large relative yields of grain. The relative light precipitation is also a great boon to the farmer. It grows his crops and does not destroy them when grown. Nearly every portion of these three provinces has a rainfall of fifteen, or twenty inches; enough to grow good crops of grain on farms properly tilled, and not enough to waste the fertility of the soil through crackling. In this, another reason is found for the wonderful producing power."

This expert, who has made a careful study of the three Prairie Provinces, declares that the first foot of soil is its greatest natural heritage, worth more than the mines of the Yukon or of Mexico. Next in value are the three feet of soil lying underneath the first. The worth, he contends, of a soil and sub-

soil cannot be measured in acres. The measure of its value is the amount of nitrogen, phosphoric acid, and potash which it contains. One acre of average soil, viewed thus, is worth more than twenty along the Atlantic seaboard, because the man who cultivates the former can grow twenty successive crops without much diminution in any one of them, whereas the person who has the misfortune to farm near the Atlantic coast, *in order to grow a single remunerative crop, must pay the seller of fertilisers half as much for materials to fertilise an acre as would buy the acre in the Canadian West.* To understand this thoroughly is to grasp the solution of many problems.

Its connection with American immigration was well manifested at the recent Land Show in the Chicago Coliseum on "Canada Day." On this occasion (November 22, 1911) Mr. Bruce Walker was the guest of honour. During the afternoon he addressed the assembled crowds, and said: "Last year the provinces of Alberta, Saskatchewan, and Manitoba produced a yield of 72,000,000 bushels of wheat; this year the yield will exceed 170,000,000 bushels. To be sure there are disadvantages in Canada; it is cold, for instance, but the frost strikes so far into the ground that when it melts and comes out in the spring we do not need nearly the amount of rain other countries require."

It is reckoned that when snowfall is reduced to its water equivalent, that ten inches of snow is equal to one inch of rain.

Although the fertility of the prairie is so far a fixed quantity, the provincial agricultural depart-

ments do their best to impress upon the farmers the necessity of scientific agriculture, to preserve the soil elements; and what is known as *dry farming* (the conservation of soil moisture during periods of drought), coupled with the growth of drought-resisting plants, is particularly emphasized in localities of lighter rainfall. At the International *Dry Farming* Congress in October 1910 the grain exhibits of Saskatchewan and Alberta secured many of the prizes, and proved that the method of cultivation in vogue was the correct one, for it had been a particularly dry season. The chief factor in dry farming apparently is not early or late sowing; neither drought nor heat; but *the store of moisture in the well-tilled seed-bed* before the seed is sown. And how to till the land in order to conserve this moisture, and for wheat-raising in general, I refer the reader to a pamphlet entitled *The Settlers' Twelve Commandments*, or *Wheat-raising in a Nutshell*, copyrighted, in 1910, by the Board of Trade, Saskatoon.

The term "mixed farming," as contrasted with wheat farming, is no more than what we, in the Old Country, understand by the inclusive expression *farming*, where roots, stock, barley, oats, hay, etc., as well as wheat, comprise the stock in trade. In Manitoba the whole of the acreage of the majority of farms is devoted, exclusively, to wheat. In Saskatchewan the same thing occurs; but oats, barley, and flax are to be seen to-day. The organic matter in western soils, however, will have to be carefully guarded, because the more of this the soil contains, writes an American expert, the more does it become granular, with increased capacity for holding water.

A HARVEST FIELD.

That alfalfa will be more extensively cultivated, since it replaces nitrogen in large quantities, is his conclusion. This, "the king of all fodder crops," is known better in Europe by the name of lucerne, and is a leguminous crop, recognised in these days as the best food for all classes of farm stock, as well as by far the best hay for dairy cattle. It is, however, considered unwise to seed alfalfa on newly broken land. Several grain crops should be taken off the land first.

Flax-growing is so important and so lucrative that it deserves to be mentioned, as farmers have realised as much as from $1,000 to $20,000 for a single crop. There is a large market for this product, which is only raised for its seed, the flax straw wherein is the fibre being either burnt or wasted. The attention of capitalists and experts has been attracted to this commercial extravagance, and within a short time a way of utilising it profitably will be discovered. Last year the price realised by many young homesteaders who put in crops of flax, considerably exceeded $2 per bushel; and they found they had realised sufficient out of the flax crop to meet all their obligations, in addition to profits on grain and stock.

To show how keenly the C.P.R. system follows at the earliest moment the trend of settlement in various parts of these three provinces, it may be well to mention that in the course of 1910, 444 miles of branch lines between the Great Lakes and the Rockies were constructed; these new branches running through excellent grain-growing districts, thus bring market for settlers' products within easy rail access.

CHAPTER IX

The homesteader—Mrs. Osborne's appeal for women—Town-sites—Coronation—A novel railway tour—Mrs. Bennett of Regina.

ANY person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over eighteen years of age, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, or Alberta. The applicant appears at the land agency of the district, when a fee of ten dollars is payable with the request for homestead entry. The conditions as already stated are six months' residence in three consecutive years upon the land which he is to cultivate.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section alongside his homestead at $3 per acre, which course many pursue.

In connection with homesteading it was interesting to learn in Winnipeg that there was a movement afoot to petition the Government to extend the homestead policy to women. Mrs. Osborne of that city, who for many years lived on an isolated farm, knew by experience whether women could conform to the conditions requisite, came to see me before leaving Winnipeg and explained the scheme.

The line of argument is briefly as follows. That widows having shown themselves to be desirable settlers, it is therefore well to recognise that many

women *possessing means* are anxious to obtain the right to homestead. Canadian-born women, earning a livelihood in various callings, contribute to the prosperity of the country and bear their share in the cost of government; many by their personal exertions are largely helping to make Dominion lands valuable. Why then should they be debarred from any heritage in them? Not only is the life healthful and economic, but educational, moral, and religious advantages would accrue from the admission of *suitable* women to the West, which is now, says Mrs. Osborne in a forceful letter, "a man's land," where woman's interests are practically unprotected. She rightly observes, "that no country can long survive the injury it is doing to itself through injustice to its women." This seems a sane enough scheme. Millions of acres are lying in the same condition as when "the morning stars sang together" on Creation's morning. One would be disposed to imagine that at Ottawa the interests of Canadian-born women are more important than those of some of the aliens and outcasts to whom open arms are extended. It certainly has been borne in upon me that Canadian women in the West are the worst off of any of their sex among civilised peoples.

Any shack is good enough for them, no work is too hard, no risk from isolation or from emigrating criminals too great for them to run. "We have no place to lay our tired heads," says one of them. I heard an hotel-keeper in a western hotel threaten to turn a waitress out of doors because she refused to perform certain tasks; then bully her by asking what other place was there for her to go to but the

streets; which gave increasing testimony, to my mind, of the evils which accompany this lack of attention to the initial requirements of the weaker sex.

Whilst at Winnipeg I met a young Englishman, named Mr. Russell, who inspired me with the desire to see the birth of, perhaps a Chicago! Town-sites are the perquisite of railway companies. Mr. Russell was in the C.P.R. Land Commissioner's office; and this particular site, for their name is legion, was called Coronation, and was located on the Lacombe branch of the C.P.R. line between Edmonton and Calgary. The explanation of the unusual interest manifested in the sale was owing to the fact that it had been selected as a divisional point by the Company. In the near future, branch lines would be constructed from it. Situated in the centre of fine agricultural country, combined with this prospect of important rail development, lots fetched record prices. So rapidly does urban development follow the completion of the track that only *two hours* before the first passenger train of purchasers arrived at the site did the railroad reach Coronation; these persons probably being quite unaware that they were travelling over new steel.

Bidding for lots began promptly at 10 a.m., and lasted till darkness made it impossible to proceed. A stranger would have seen no more than a good-sized field with a few wooden pegs driven into the ground, but purchasers read in those few signs visible to the naked eye that the Company meant Coronation to go ahead. Two streets, intended to be one hundred feet in width, meant that frontage on these

AN INTERESTING INTERIOR.

would be desirable to secure, and as much as sixty dollars a foot was paid! The site occupies a commanding position, and the owners, the C.P.R. Co., had reserved a block for school purposes, another for municipal buildings, and a large area for a public park. An ample supply of water and fuel from the adjacent South Albertan coal-fields are also assured.

"Within a year, it is safe to prophesy," said Mr. Russell, who has had sufficient experience in the company's service to justify his prediction, "that good schools and a city hall will have been built, electric lighting installed, and that the railway will be in full working order, the merchants' trade, probably, running into thousands."

No wonder that representatives of banks, insurance companies, lumber yards, and traders of all sorts tumble over each other on these occasions to secure suitable locations for their firms.

Another feature of this Company's activity was also described by Mr. Russell, showing how keenly desirous its members are to stimulate an interest in scientific agriculture, as against "sloppy farming." In June 1911, an agricultural train, fully equipped for demonstrational lectures, acting with the Manitoba Agricultural College and accompanied by a staff of lecturers on Horticulture, Forestry, Husbandry, Physics, Household Science, etc., toured the prairies, visiting 78 stations, where 1,500 lectures were given. Thousands of farmers turned out to meet the train and to hear the experts. The picture showing the interior of a compartment suggests that the lecturer has gained the whole-hearted attention of his hearers.

The ladies, too, showed great interest in the Dairy and Garden Cars, listening to addresses given by competent teachers.

One of my most enjoyable visits was that to Regina, the capital of Saskatchewan. Although the hotel was anything but comfortable, yet my reception in that city, and the hospitality offered me, will remain one of my happiest memories of Canada. Having been introduced to the secretaries of its local branches by the kindness of the Dominion President of the Press Clubs, I found in Mrs. Bennett of Regina, one of those capable, public-spirited women who are by no means lacking in British America; and the opportunity to contradict the fallacy that there is no poverty which one hears *ad nauseam* from lecturers, or emigration agents, in Great Britain was here afforded me. My first view of this lady was at her telephone, endeavouring to secure the co-operation of charitably disposed ladies to aid her in finding homes for eight children of a blind widow. This was but one, said she, of many cases which would require assistance through the coming winter.

"People are kind," she remarked; "I can always get plenty of cast-off clothing for my poor people."

She pointed to a miscellaneous heap lying on a sofa, which she and her daughter had been manipulating for the orphans.

When Mrs. Bennett understood that the duration of my stay would be short, the telephone was again in requisition, the loan of a car was asked for and obtained to show me the local sights.

Some thirty or forty ladies were invited to meet me at the Wascana Hotel two days hence. This was

effected by an insertion in the Ladies' Column of the local paper.

When I left, shortly afterwards, other arrangements for my entertainment were pending.

The history of Regina is quickly told. Its first settlers arrived in 1881. Now it is the provincial seat of government. It received its name in 1882, from Princess Louise, then Vicereine of Canada, in honour of Queen Victoria. In that year it had but 200 inhabitants, at the present time it has 22,000.

CHAPTER X

The North-West Mounted Police—Illicit whisky—Col. Hanbury Williams—New Government Buildings—Traveller's tales.

PERHAPS there are no worthier specimens of manhood in the North West than its Mounted Police, who have their headquarters a short distance out of Regina, which I visited in company with a prominent citizen, Mr. Burdett of the Board of Trade for Saskatchewan, the window being pointed out from whence the rebel Riel walked to his execution in 1885, which was practically the last stage in the North West Rebellion.

In 1873 a small force of 150 men arrived at Fort Garry, commanded by Lieut.-Col. French. Impressed with the need of more troops than he had at his disposal to cope with the lawless people of these parts and the whisky traders, he represented his case to the Dominion Government with such success that in the succeeding year he left Toronto with 16 officers, 200 men, and 244 horses. After encountering many difficulties the greater portion marched 800 miles to the Rocky Mountains, where they built Fort Macleod, so named after the Assistant Commander. A party was then sent on to Edmonton, and from that time, as magistrates, architects, engineers, builders, even sorters of letters in H.M.'s mails, there seems no capacity in which they have not at times acted for the benefit of the community.

But their foremost duty was not only to convince the Indians that savage warfare could not be permitted under the new régime, and that tribal communities were not to be wiped out of existence for the offences of individual units, but it was to persuade them to bind themselves by treaty; and it is due to the tactful, but firm conduct of the leaders of this force that the various tribes agreed to live upon the enormous reserves ceded to them by the Dominion, although it took years to wean them from their old feuds and blood-thirsty inter-tribal quarrels.

Perhaps the most difficult duty entrusted to the North West Mounted Police was to intercept the illicit trading in alcohol. Curious to relate, the Indians co-operated with them in this, since the chiefs found by experience that their braves could not drink deep and live long. Naturally, the police were not too keen to arrest the white trader selling good whisky; and the various ways in which the latter smuggled it in—sometimes in tomato cans, or in coffins, or even in Bibles ingeniously contrived to hold a pint apiece—must have raised many a laugh when the story was told over camp fires by night. How regretfully these hardy horsemen of the plains must have obeyed orders to pour the prohibited stuff out on to the prairie! There is a legend to the effect that a large seizure was put into a tub buried with due respect in the earth, with something thrown across casually, to mark the spot. That night there was only one sober man in the detachment, and that was the officer in charge!

The official area policed by this fine force is about the size of two-thirds of Europe. In summer the work

is done on horseback, in winter by dog train. There are no finer horsemen in the world.

It was at their headquarters that volunteers anxious to serve in the Canadian contingent in South Africa, during the Boer War, applied. One young fellow was asked, as he entered the drill-hall, if he could ride; his reply was, "Anything short of a porcupine." During that war, to the neglect of wheat and weather, passengers on the prairie trains would crowd to the smoking compartments, where from station to station tissue bulletins were fastened up as fast as the news arrived across the Atlantic. One youth wished to join, and found his way to the N.W.M.P. quarters, where recruits were being taught to ride, "in straight-flung words and few"; but was not admitted to the ranks of aspirants to martial fame for some reason, but got himself arrested instead, for a minor offence. When called to appear before the authorities, he quietly said, "We'll end this business right here," and putting his revolver to his mouth, killed himself instantly.

Colonel Hanbury Williams, in an article entitled "The Riders of the Plains," describes this incident, which occurred when he was at Regina, and tells of one of these "mounted" giants, over six feet in height, who in performing some task connected with his work, his shirt sleeves rolled up, waistcoat unbuttoned, disclosed to sight a belt with brass cartridges peeping in gleaming rows. Asked why he wore his belt loaded at such a time, he explained in an injured tone of voice that he had carried it like that since he was big enough to lift a revolver!

Expert horsemen and crack shots, wiry, hard as

iron, one meets them in lonely places all over the North West, always looking smart and fit. The full-dress uniform is a scarlet tunic with yellow facings, blue cloth breeches with yellow stripes, cavalry boots, and cavalry overalls. In winter they wear coats of Persian lamb.

Col. Hanbury Williams, in referring to the invaluable services of this force in maintaining order and a due respect for the majesty of the law, from the boundary line to the Yukon, concludes with a letter to Colonel Irving, the commanding officer of the N.W.M.P. in 1882, from Mr. (now Sir) William Van Horne, in which the latter, on behalf of the C.P.R. Co., testifies to the splendid services rendered during the construction of the transcontinental rail. It was employing 30,000 men at that time, a fact which emphasizes the force of the letter.

As I was motored back again into Regina, Mr. Burdett explained that very shortly fifteen railway lines would radiate from that city. At the present time its distributing area includes some 240 villages and towns. He pointed out the fine city hall, handsome churches, its big business blocks; and as we sped towards the new Parliament Buildings in course of construction, past a huge erection nearing completion destined to be a great Methodist centre of education, I saw the same process going on which may be seen in any new city from Winnipeg to the coast—roads in process of making, tramway rails being laid, side walks being put in. Everything bears the imprint of newness.

One remarks that Regina, too, is laying herself out for big things in a near future. Nor can one speak

too highly of the human energy and tireless enterprise all this denotes, when one recalls that only fifteen years ago the illimitable wheat-growing possibilities of Saskatchewan began to be appreciated. Surely it is an object-lesson in the three virtues—in the faith that trusts implicitly, in the hope that rejoices, and finally in that charity which invites those in the by-ways to "come in and share."

In the Government Park, south of Wascana Lake, is the largest of any Provincial Government Building in Canada, still in course of construction Built of limestone from the Garson Quarries (Man.), which adapts itself easily to the English Renaissance architecture, this erection will cost two million dollars. The architects are Messrs. E. & W. S. Maxwell of Montreal. The main entrance, facing the city of Regina, is approached by very wide granite steps; from the vestibule, a really beautiful rotunda under the dome, rich in marble columns brought especially from Europe, will for all time excite the visitor's admiration. Opposite are the Legislative Assembly Chambers; the decorations are of polished oak. Wings, east and west, contain the usual committee-rooms, library, waiting-rooms, whilst on the floors above and below are the offices of various departments. We did not visit these as they were incomplete, but the basement story, where the cooks were busy providing for the evening meal of the Government staff at work in the building, interested Mrs. Bennett and myself immensely. Every labour-saving apparatus of the latest invention was shown us, and we peeped into the cold storage department, to see frozen wild duck and other stiff articles for

future consumption. Surely the time is not far distant when restaurants, with labour-saving apparatus, will supply meals for the houses in each street; and that will solve for ever the domestic problem—in cities, at all events!

A visit to Mrs. Brown, the Canadian wife of His Honour the popular Lieutenant-Governor of Saskatchewan, concluded an interesting afternoon. Mrs. Brown showed me her delightful conservatory full of flowers, which was a pleasure to behold. She also described to me what an exquisite carpet the flower-strewn prairie was in the spring. She had been to the Coronation festivities, and was eloquently appreciative of the splendid qualities and the dignified appearance of our beloved Queen; and I have, with pleasure, repeatedly listened to the same high note of personal admiration for the British Consort of King George during my stay in the Dominion.

That evening I was entertained in the bachelor apartment of a young journalist, engaged to a doctor. Another writer, with other ladies, joined us. I fear I monopolised the conversation, but as an old traveller, and one who had seen sights and met persons familiarised only by books and newspapers to the ears of my friends, license was afforded me to yarn at my ease, which I was not loath to do, warning them, however, to be discriminating as to how much they were going to put in print about me in the next morning's local issue. I must pay these ladies the compliment they deserved, for although the flourish inserted was of a partisan character, they kept well to the boundary line as to what was fitted for public, or for private circulation.

CHAPTER XI

A magisterial visitor—Juvenile precocity—The Premier of Saskatchewan—Great wheat crop—Sunset on the prairie—Growth of Saskatoon—The new University.

I HAVE on a previous page alluded to my uncomfortable quarters at the (so-called) first hotel of Regina. On the Sunday afternoon a resident magistrate, a native of Yorkshire, called upon me. He was such a good talker and so well versed in Canadian history that his visit was a great pleasure, for culture and knowledge west of Winnipeg are to be prized when discovered ; the pleasure would have been an unmixed one if I had not needed to apologise for the only room where ladies could receive visitors. The seat at the piano was occupied by a practised thumper, who played chorus and song successively, the place being full of smoking, shouting youths ; and I will take this opportunity to say that those who leave the beaten track, or who do not keep closely to the C.P.R. Co.'s palatial and comfortable hotels, where the service is that which is common to European hotels of any standing, have no idea of the discomforts they may meet, coupled with that lack of ordinary courtesy which is by no means the only surprise of western development.

Mr. Trant amused me immensely by his description of the arrival of some sixty young women, emigrants from Leeds, brought to Saskatchewan, if I

do not err, by the C.N.R. Co. Apparently they expected to have husbands provided for them on arrival. Being a Yorkshireman he was acquainted with the factory-girl type, and related how a friend had accosted one of these lassies at the station.

"So you come from Scotland, do you not?"

"It's a dawmed lie! I come from Leeds," was the gentle reply.

In his capacity as magistrate of the Criminal Court he had had dealings with the youthful portion of Regina's population. So far as the adult was concerned, he or she seemed remarkably free from criminal impulse. Only once had a drunken woman been brought before him during the years that he had held that office; but as for the youngsters, their cunning and precocity were so matured that he was at a loss to know how to deal with some of the cases brought into court.

Boys of from ten to twelve years of age with criminal instincts were actually qualifying in the streets for the position of leaders of "toughs." One boy of not more than twelve had shown himself possessed of abnormal deceit. I forget the nature of the offence which brought him before the magistrate; but to separate him from his companions, whom he was wrongfully influencing, he was sent 600 miles away and placed on a farm. To his great surprise, said my visitor, not long after, the police inspector informed him that the boy was back in the city. For a considerable period it was a puzzle to find how the child managed to return. He had had no money given him when he was sent away, nor was it probable that the farmer employing him had supplied him with the

necessary means. At last, one day it was discovered that the father of the boy had sent him the fare.

"You see how difficult it is to deal with them when the parents, instead of backing you up, pamper and pander to their children," he observed.

Nobody can travel through Western Canada without noting the neglect of parents to control their children in the slightest. I have often heard them request their children to do this, or that, and I have watched the latter never for a moment attempt to obey orders. The lack of the knowledge of the very first principles of dealing with the young, so noticeable a feature throughout the North West, is naturally the source of much that is to be regretted; what it may lead to in the future if permitted to continue, affords matter for serious thought.

Before I left Regina, the Premier, the Hon. Walter Scott, intimated to Mrs. Bennett that he hoped to see me. Accordingly she accompanied me to his house. The home of the Premier of the vast province of Saskatchewan is inviting-looking as regards comforts, but absolutely unostentatious. Large houses in Canada are scarcely desirable, since it is easier to keep a small house warm than one of extensive dimensions; then the question of domestic service is one which, so far as I can see, can only be solved by the unrestricted admission of the Oriental—a policy which does not commend itself to Provincial, or Federal Governments —or a system of co-operative housekeeping.

Premier Scott is a tall, dark man with penetrating eyes and a pleasant personality; unfortunately for himself he does not appear to be blessed with great physical strength. With his wife he received me very

kindly, and at once approached the all-important subject of the harvest.

"We have produced last year," said he, "more wheat than either Alberta or Manitoba; in fact," he continued, "than both those provinces put together. Out of 128,000,000 bushels Saskatchewan had 81,000,000 bushels to her credit. And we produced more bushels to the acre here: our average was 16·73 to their 13·00."

I looked impressed; but to remember all the statistics flung at me during my tour would be a superhuman effort of memory for which nature never fitted me.

"Are you going up to Prince Albert?" he asked.

My reply was that I was sorry not to include it in my tour.

"That is going to be a great place in the near future," he declared. "They have, or rather will have, three lines running in there within the year. It is a fine city; the North Saskatchewan runs through it, and its population is already 8,000."

"Have they good farming land in the vicinity?" I asked in my ignorance, for the magnitude of detail with which to familiarise oneself in a survey of Canada is overwhelming, especially when you endeavour to sift the tares from the wheat.

"They've got everything," was the reply; "north of that town, there are thousands of square miles of spruce and poplar."

"And North Battleford?" I queried.

"That again, in the next few years, will be still further developed now they have the railway. As to Regina, its future is assured; nothing can prevent

it from becoming an immense commercial centre. The population of Saskatchewan at present only amounts to half a million, but we could easily support ten millions."

Mr. Scott then spoke of the principal homestead tract in Saskatchewan lying west of the C.P.R., as also of the rapid development of Moose Jaw, which has 15,000 inhabitants and a large tributary population.

"Regina is in the middle of the bread-basket," I observed.

"There's nothing to find fault with in Regina's advance. Last May there were 400 buildings going up, and our population since January 1 has increased by 4,000. Think of that!"

I did think of it, and wondered where they all came from; but the conversation took a lighter tone, and Mrs. Scott and Mrs. Bennett managed between them to turn it into the dangerous channel of female enfranchisement. The ladies were progressive in many ways, but they were not desirous to vote.

The Premier looked at me inquiringly, so I said in a mild voice, "Women generally don't take to new things; they are conservative; but I think you will find that the younger generation will look upon these matters in a different light."

I was then asked about the grievances in England which made the women so keen and rampant about suffrage. Mr. Scott was evidently interested, so I explained, as best I could, that until many of the laws affecting women in Great Britain were altered there would always be discontent and agitation.

"The present Divorce Act, which Mr. Gladstone himself said was a gross injustice to women, will have

to be remedied," I told him; and proceeded to explain that I had, not long since, heard an employer of female labour in the north of England describe how the law that gives married women no legal right in their own children, whilst the illegitimate mother is regarded as the sole parent of hers, worked amongst factory hands. When the clergy, or dissenting minister would urge a woman to marry the father of her offspring, she would in unmistakably forcible language tell him she preferred to *own* her child and choose its father than be in the position of her married sisters.

This phase of the subject of women's grievances was evidently unknown to Premier Scott. As he seemed interested, I continued. Alluding to the sweating of women in industrial life, I declared it was only on a par with the fact that a man can not only will his property away from his wife, leaving her penniless, but he can, moreover, legally will every penny away from his lawful children, leaving them penniless charges upon a pauper widow.

A discussion on the Dower Law of Ontario, which thoughtful women wish to see established in the newer provinces, followed, to which I listened with much interest.

"What are you going to talk about to the ladies, this afternoon?" Mr. Scott asked as he followed Mrs. Bennett and myself down the staircase; to which I laughingly replied that as I was first of all an Imperialist, then a traveller, next a lecturer; I could find other subjects than Woman's Suffrage to discuss.

After the reception already mentioned, where I was privileged to address the ladies of Regina, an interesting and novel experience awaited me, and I wished

my friends and acquaintances could have seen me as I was taken by two Roman Catholic ladies to a Thanksgiving Supper at the Methodist Church buildings. Here, in a lower room, several hundreds were being feasted by the ladies of the congregation. Tea, coffee, and cocoa, with cold meats, pies of all kinds—you can't get out of the Pie Belt in Canada—fruit, and ices comprised the menu.

I was received with courtesy and kindness, and it seemed to me that in shaking hands with their husbands I must have met every prominent citizen in the city. A varied entertainment of songs and recitations followed this convivial scene, when hired German women from "German town," a Teutonic settlement in Regina, undertook to wash up the dishes and restore the hall to its pristine condition.

No one can go from Winnipeg to Saskatoon without being struck by the network of railways running over the prairie, the telegraph and the telephone wires, which latter link farm to farm. When I travelled to Saskatoon wheat was being threshed upon the field; the crimson sunset shed a warm glow like an old man's blessing on the reaped grain. Where the brilliant hues of the aftermath illuminated the scene, the picture might have been the inspiration of a poet, or the despair of a painter. Saskatoon, midway between Winnipeg and Edmonton, 160 miles north of Regina, will shortly have thirteen railway outlets! Its distributing area is about 45,000 square miles, by which is meant that this town is purveyor to 184 thriving towns and villages within that limit.

Situated on the South Saskatchewan River, with a population to-day of over 12,000, whereas in 1903 it

numbered 113 persons, the rise of this city has been one of the most phenomenal in the North West. When one reads of its rapid growth, one forgives its proud boast of being "The seven-year-old Western Wonder city." The municipality owns its electric light, power, water, and sewerage systems; also its automatic telephone system, as do many of the new towns west of Lake Superior, a fact which might well account for the utterance of a speech by a prominent American, General Woodrow Wilson, of New Jersey.

"The truth is, Canada is just about a generation ahead of us in the regulation of corporations, in her banking system, and in her currency scheme."

When I arrived there, the day previous to that of the Federal Election, Saskatoon was simply chortling over the fact that it would, on the completion of the projected direct route to Hudson Bay, be within perhaps less than a week of British ports. I am not responsible for this optimistic outlook as to what the future may bring to Saskatoon, for I find the proposition in a publication entitled *Saskatoonlets*. An interesting comparison of distances is added, in which it appears that 994 miles will be saved, and it is reckoned thus. Saskatoon via Montreal to Liverpool = 4,654 miles, Saskatoon via Fort Churchill to Liverpool = 3,660, the difference between these figures being 994 miles.

But one is glad to remark that there are other interests in Saskatoon than those directly connected with its geographical location as the centre of the hard wheat industry. Demands for teachers, engineers, and lawyers have resulted in the organisation of three educational agencies—The Provincial

University, The Provincial Agricultural College, and the Provincial College Farm—where the best of instruction will be obtainable and where every advantage will be taken of older and superior institutions. A site comprising 1,333 acres of rich land, including half a mile of well-wooded river front, has been selected for the University sites whereon to erect future buildings. These have been allowed for in the plans, so that as time goes on a new addition need not be inharmonious with the scheme. The type of architecture chosen for the College and Students' Hall is that known as Collegiate Gothic. That part of the University devoted to agriculture will be opened in the course of 1912. There is a three years' course for farmers, and for teachers a four years' course; after that the Degree of Bachelor of Science in Agriculture may be obtained. Short series of lectures will be given to farmers' wives, and every branch of the subject will be so dealt with that it is hoped many thousands of the farmers in the province will be benefitted.

The staff of the Agricultural College will consist of seven, or eight professors with four or five lecturers. The farm in connection with it will be equipped with stock, and worked on the most approved methods.

In the intellectual development of the student a power of mind and breadth of outlook and sympathy will be the aims in view, fitting those who may be privileged to study within the walls of this newly born University to be good citizens.

> "The riches of the commonwealth
> Are free strong minds, and hearts of health;
> And more to her than gold or grain,
> The cunning hand and cultured brain.
>
> WHITTIER.

CHAPTER XII

The need of leaders—Arrival at Edmonton—Y.W.C.A.—Phenomenal resources—The Peace River—Election results—The Premier-elect—President Taft's utterance.

WHILST on my way to Edmonton upon that momentous day, September 21, 1911, I noted from the windows of the train vehicles driven at full speed across the prairie to the nearest polling booth. At one station several youths boarded the car.

"Laurier's in the soup," shouted one excitedly, showing in which direction his sympathies lay.

My fellow passengers often supplied food for meditation, I will not say criticism, since, in this new land, advantages, educational or otherwise, are few and far between. The dollar-fever pervades all spheres, neither intermittently nor partially. Young people will learn in a generation, or two that the secret of a nation's greatness lies not in riches nor in the intelligent handling of commercial assets and natural resources, but in the character of the individual, in high ideals, and in noble traditions. Nor is it manifest that racial problems will ever be dealt with by segregation, or domination. To assimilate satisfactorily the heterogeneous medley of humanity rushing into Canada, can only be effected by the efforts of the highest type of men and women. A great need for philanthropic, patriotic leaders of both sexes at this crisis, to turn their backs on money-

getting and to devote their lives to the building up of a righteous nation, is urgently felt by the lay element as well as by the religious community, amongst whom Dr. John R. Mott is an outstanding personality. In a sermon preached before the Toronto University he declared that there was a deplorable lack of the noblest type of men and women. There were *great gaps* in the fighting lines.

I reached Edmonton in a self-accusatory frame of mind. To have failed to wire beforehand for hotel accommodation upon such an eventful day was crass stupidity on my part, so that I quite expected to be compelled to pass the night in the station waiting-room.

When I alighted, however, I was met by a tall lady in uniform, wearing a badge, who proved to be the representative of the Young Women's Christian Association; she invited me to return with her, when I could obtain temporary accommodation. Needless to say I felt immensely relieved and thankful, and about midnight, to the cheering and shouting of excited crowds waiting for election returns, I walked with her through the streets of Edmonton carrying my portmanteau. I remained at the Y.W.C.A. whilst staying in this town. At first I was shown a good room for transients, but as two ladies in connection with the Society were coming to hold meetings, I was asked to share a room upstairs. As I wished to study some of the conditions of women's life in the West I considered this an opportunity not to be missed.

These invaluable institutions for women are to be found throughout Canada in every fair-sized town. Incoming trains are always met by their represen-

tatives, who assist women and girls travelling alone, and help them in divers ways. Considering that many trains arrive or leave during the night, that often they are hours late, the value of the Y.W.C.A. and the assurance of meeting with a friendly adviser cannot sufficiently be emphasized.

Some municipalities recognise the good effected by these local institutions, managed in each town by committees of ladies, and grants of varying amounts are made towards their upkeep. When series of instructive lectures and lessons on useful subjects are arranged, in the way of evening classes, the influence is distinctly good and homelike. The accommodation, however, is absolutely inadequate to cope with the growing numbers of women wage-earners who live permanently at these houses, or for those who in changing situations spend the intervals here.

When well managed, I repeat, the Y.W.C.A. is not only a home, but it is a much needed shelter for girls who can only pay $4 or $5 a week for board and lodging. In the West, conditions are still so crude that not only does the present passenger traffic exceed available hotel accommodation, but cheap quarters for women are as difficult to procure as in the East.

Edmonton on the North Saskatchewan, connected by tramway with Strathcona on the opposite bank, a town of 6,000 inhabitants, has been lately amalgamated with Edmonton, the chief city of Alberta, which became a Federated Province in 1905. The place formerly was an important outpost of the Hudson Bay Co. Before the advent of the railway its officials and traders brought their

goods here from Eastern Canada. In view of the fact that several months were necessary to convey them from the Red River Settlement, they had to be ordered a long time beforehand. It was an important centre. Traders came in from Jasper Pass on the west, and from Battleford on the east. The first railroad service did not help greatly to develop the trade of the place. A mixed train of freight and passenger cars crawled three times a week each way over the 192 miles of light-steeled line between Calgary and Edmonton. But after the arrival of the C.N.R. in 1906, settlers came rushing into the rich agricultural lands of the West.

With a suddenness, almost phenomenal, there came into existence a number of new towns looking to Edmonton as their commercial centre. The distributing trade developed with extraordinary rapidity. To-day, instead of five wholesale houses, the number doing business in 1905, there are over fifty. A careful estimate places the total of Edmonton's present distributing trade at $25,000,000; at the close of 1905 it was something like $3,000,000.

Now in order to make clear to the reader the source of this grand total it is necessary to explain that the territory, wherein traders, farmers, and others are supplied with implements and with other necessities from Edmonton, contains a greater area *known to be rich*, agriculturally, than is contained in territory commercially controlled by any other city on the American continent.

This was explained to me by Mr. Hotchkiss of the Department of Agriculture, who rhapsodised on the prospects of "Sunny Alberta," with its pure

air, its limitless spaces of productive soil, its trans-Athabascan areas as yet untouched, which should prove attractive to the land-hungering Anglo-Saxon.

"We already know that there is enough land valuable for farming purposes to cover the entire map of Great Britain," said he; "then there is a vast region of unknown agricultural value rich in natural products. On the Athabasca River lies the most valuable timber area in the province, together with great deposits of tar, oil, and salt; and to the north-west of Edmonton, on the great Peace River, there is a country also rich in minerals and timber. Agriculturally," said Mr. Hotchkiss, "this latter is going to be very interesting. Directly the railways bring it within easy distance, there will be a rush of settlement rarely ever witnessed in any part of the West. Then," said he, pointing to the ever-present map, "turn your eye westward. Away to the foot-hills of the Rockies lies the greatest coal-field in Western Canada. Up to the present we have not done much, but we are on the eve of large developments in the coal industry. In the next two years great mining camps will come into existence."

I had heard great things, first in Manitoba, then in Saskatchewan, of land settlement. When I was informed that the officials at the Dominion Lands Agency in Edmonton had been taking homestead entries at the rate of 550 per month, I felt that I was indeed in a land of big things; taken in connection with the history of rail development it is remarkable. When the C.N.R., in 1906, arrived at Edmonton with a line shorter to Winnipeg by over 200 miles than the C.P.R., it was naturally pre-

dicted that that Company would get a good haul out of the C.P.R.'s business. Yet the same year the latter Company carried into Edmonton the heaviest volume of traffic ever before known! In 1910 the Grand Trunk Pacific opened a still shorter line for traffic, putting on a fast through freight service; and it was suggested that with this competition the other lines would be seriously affected. But not a bit of it! Both the C.N.R. and the C.P.R. report that they are carrying the heaviest traffic into Edmonton that they have had at all!

My first duty the morning after I arrived was to learn the results of the polls. Others besides myself were scanning the lists where the returns were duly given. Needless to say I was gratified. Sir Wilfrid Laurier's Cabinet was raked fore and aft. Those who had been responsible for alleged graft, and originators of Reciprocity, had been swept off the political board. Everywhere in the Dominion excitement knew no bounds. I was told that in Ontario, where there were sixty-nine Conservative returns, a positive whirlwind of delight had shaken that loyal province.

"In the rejection of Reciprocity," said the new Prime Minister in his first political statement after the event, "Canada has expressed her faith in the *development of Canada* which she has pursued for many years. The Government, *without mandate from the people, undertook to reverse this policy*, and upon submitting their action to the people were rejected. . . . It is my belief that friendly relations can still be maintained if each country preserves complete and entire control over its own tariff, and enters

into no *tangling agreement* which might impair and affect that control."

Ottawa Tories held a monster procession in honour of the Premier-elect a night or two after the election. A carriage conveying the latter with his friends was drawn by sixty stalwart followers, whilst a great number of carriages and automobiles followed with five bands playing; youths in the torch-light procession carried banners bearing loyal inscriptions, and to the waving of Union Jacks, brought up the rear of this political demonstration in the Dominion capital.

How did Mr. Taft receive the news south of the boundary line in the Province of Michigan?

"I have," said he, "just been informed that Reciprocity has failed in Canada. For me it is a great disappointment. I had hoped it would have gone through, to prove the correctness of my judgment that it would be a good thing for both countries. It takes two to make a bargain, and if Canada declines we can still go on doing business at the old stand."

There was a fine restraint in the American's receipt of the unwelcome news of the defeat of the longed-for pact, as also in the utterances of the Premier-elect. "The verdict was in no wise dictated by any spirit of unfriendliness to the great neighbouring Republic. No such spirit existed."

"Words are great forces in the realms of life;
Be careful of their use. Who talks of hate,
Of poverty, of sickness, but sets rife
These very elements to mar his fate.

When love, health, happiness, and plenty hear
Their names repeated over day by day,
They wing their way, like answering fairies, near;
Then nestle down within our homes to stay."

CHAPTER XIII

Government Buildings—Premier Sifton—A charming authoress—Father Lacombe—Octogenarians meet—An English schoolmistress—Differing nationalities—A Galician Settlement.

THERE are magnificent Government Buildings in course of erection at Edmonton. No finer situation could have been selected. The site is on a hill overlooking the old Hudson Bay fort, which still remains the silent witness of a past when white men continually risked their lives in search of peltry in unknown wilds, where Indians, whose savagery in warfare is unparalleled in the annals of barbarism, ambushed in virgin forests for that coveted trophy, human scalps. The Provincial Government Buildings will cost $1,250,000. To my eyes the construction bids fair to wrest the prize from any other in Canada.

Nearer to the river the affairs of Alberta are temporarily regulated from a red-brick, unpretentious building. Here I found a lady I was in search of, one of the most interesting whom I met in British America. On entering the room a grey-haired man of middle stature, with keen eyes looking out of a clean-shaven face, with clear-cut features, smoking a cigar, passed into an adjoining room. "That's the Chief," she explained, as the door closed after him and we fell to discussing the results of the election. This

conveyed to my mind that I had beheld Premier Sifton, who is an ardent Liberal, and who had evidently been exchanging condolences with his secretary, who shared his views; therefore it behoved me to walk warily.

Miss Hughes, a bright clever-looking girl, secretary to the Premier, archivist of the province, was at work in a room adjoining the Premier's, with her stenographer. When she understood my object was to learn something of Alberta's past as well as present, she entered into the matter with keen interest. Her hobby was to collect historic data. The old tales of early pioneers fascinated her, especially their long journeys, such as those of the traders who took three months to crawl in ox-carts from Fort Garry to Fort Edmonton, where they met trappers coming from the great Mackenzie basin, and exchanged their commodities for furs brought from the mysterious northland.

"The Red River settlers," said she, "knew the country well, although few travellers had penetrated so far into the western wilds. The Selkirk settlers were among the first to push in a north-westerly direction, to find the rich black soil of Central Alberta, called by them "the Edmonton district."

"Even after the C.P.R. crossed Alberta, 200 miles to the south of this town, early in the eighties, settlers trekked northward from the main line into the rich valleys of the Saskatchewan, in preference to taking up lands more accessible to the newly made railway."

"I always thought Alberta was a great ranching country," was my remark.

"Look here," said she; "when you come to Central Alberta, divest your mind of the idea that the whole of Western Canada is flat prairie, with nothing to break its monotony. Around Edmonton, say from Athabasca Landing, 105 miles to the north of us, Red Deer, 100 miles south, from Vermilion, about 130 miles east, and from Edson on the Grand Trunk Pacific, about the same distance west, we have in reality God's own country—the best farming land in the world, the blackest and richest soil on the whole continent. But you must see it for yourself."

So saying she rang up Mr. Fisher, the Commissioner of the Board of Trade.

Every man and woman in any office whatsoever in Canada sits practically glued to the mouthpiece of his, or her telephone. These useful and indispensable instruments are in immense requisition wherever you go.

"You must see the Chief," she added; and in a few moments I was in that which reminded me of a physician's consulting-room, the private cabinet of the Prime Minister of Alberta.

Asked how much I had seen of his province, I admitted that I had so far an open mind, for I had but just entered it.

Undoubtedly Premier Sifton's belief in its future development is unbounded. "Our enormous untouched sources of wealth are unlimited. We have everything. The best land for mixed farming in the world! The whole province is undermined with coal." After a pause he continued:

"We are plentifully supplied with good timber—spruce and poplar in the west, up north, birch and

tamarac; quite enough to supply all settlers' needs anyway, for many a long day yet."

I inquired about the subsidy which the Federal Governments had given the newly made provinces for carrying on the government.

"Why," he declared, "royalties on coal and on lumber far exceed the Government bounty. But look how varied and great our interests are," he continued. "The most beautiful and popular tourist resorts in the Rockies—Banff and Field—are both in Alberta. Then there can be no doubt that Calgary has an enormous future before it, situated as it is midway between Vancouver and Winnipeg."

I was not in the least inclined to underestimate the actual and the potential value and interest of this province. Personally, Alberta's attractions appealed to me more than those of any other in the western provinces.

"And the climate?" I queried.

"The best in Canada," he resumed. "The summers in Central Alberta are splendid for the rapid growth of crops. At midsummer the sun shines eighteen hours a day, yet during the warmest weather the nights are cool. Sometimes the thermometer rises above ninety in the shade, but the heat is never oppressive."

Miss Hughes was ready to talk over plans to enable me to see as much as possible in my short stay. She had not long since returned from a trip to the north of the province, where she had visited old settlers and Hudson Bay officials; and from one and another had extracted much interesting information concerning conditions which obtained in the old days,

before the Company had sold their rights to the Dominion.

At the moment, she was correcting the last proofs of her new book, one of exceptional interest. It is published by Moffat Yard & Co. of New York, and has thirty illustrations and maps, and is entitled *The Black Robe Voyageur*. Her hero is not an imaginary one, for Father Lacombe, a French Canadian, is one of those great missionary pioneers whose name will be handed down to posterity with esteem, love, and admiration; and it is a matter of congratulation that his grand and inspiring life, by the publication of this interesting volume, will ever be kept green in the remembrance of those who admire great souls.

He came to the West sixty-two years ago, and his long life has been spent for the greater part amongst the Indians. Ranging the plains with them, he was often able to act as intermediary between the Redskins and the white man. Notably so, in the case of the Riel rebellion, when the question arose as to whether the Blackfoot would join the rebels or remain loyal. It was a grave matter, for the latter could have wrought havoc, far and wide, amongst the scattered settlers on the prairies; it was only owing to the priest's tact and influence amongst the braves that they remained loyal to the Government. His diplomatic talents were recognised at Ottawa when the priestly pioneer with the wisdom of a serpent, but the gentleness of a dove, suggested that the Blackfoot chiefs, the Government allies, should tour Eastern Canada. To this the authorities agreed, and Father Lacombe took his Indian friends on a personally conducted tour. Miss Hughes told me

that Archbishop Ireland of Baltimore considers this saintly man as the greatest of the missionaries of the Roman Church who ever pierced the Canadian West.

It was interesting to hear her describe how the engineers were able to lay the track between Calgary and Edmonton solely from the graphic descriptions given by Father Lacombe. Sir W. Van Horne said the priest's word-pictures were so marvellously accurate that they far excelled a survey.

"You go to Calgary, don't you?" said she.

I assented.

"Then you must go and see the Lacombe Home."

I knew there was a place bearing the priest's name on the line to Calgary, so I asked details of its location.

"Oh, it is not in the town that bears his name," she explained; "it is on the prairie, a few miles south of Calgary."

I promised to go.

"Father Lacombe is an octogenarian, but his task is not yet finished. In his old age, and as his last work, he has built a Home for orphan children and for the infirm and aged."

Miss Hughes went on to describe a pathetic meeting between this aged priest and the octogenarian millionaire Lord Strathcona, the man with the great heart and the man with the clever head, two of Canada's grand old men. The former friends clasped hands once more in the evening of life: the one whose work in and for the Dominion has met its well-earned material reward, the other whose selflessness has brought no dollared recompense, has now not long

to wait for his reward in an unseen but ever-present spirit world.

A cheque for $11,000 towards the expenses of his Home had followed this, perhaps their last meeting.

Before I left these buildings I visited the Minister of Education. I had found so far in my travels that educational facilities in the new West are of the very best. Here, the residence of four ratepayers and from eight to twelve children is sufficient to secure provincial aid for a rural school. The amount is conditioned by the average daily attendance and the number of school sessions in the year. The buildings are well equipped, and the teachers must be duly qualified: the standard set is high. In Saskatchewan and Alberta provision is made for Separate Schools for Roman Catholic children. The settler who takes up land need have no fear that his children will lack the means of education, unless he locates himself in a position of magnificent isolation.

Quite a number of Englishwomen who have qualified in the training schools at home, and on arrival, have spent a month, or so in the Albertan Institute, have taken up the duty of schoolmistress. This is an opening to young Englishwomen, possessed of the requisite training, of the very best the Dominion has to offer, and strongly to be recommended. Girls who may be thinking of an opening of this nature should apply direct to the Alberta Educational Department. In proof of the accuracy of this assertion I quote from a letter placed in my hands, written by an English school teacher now happily settled in this province,

"Thanks to the goodness of the British Women's Emigration Association, in giving information and in arranging all difficulties in the journey, I am now settled in a tiny school in Alberta. I think it is by far the best to go personally to see the chief inspector of the province. I had the choice of almost any part of the province, but chose this Straton School district, as it is an English settlement, close to the Barr Colony at Lloydminster. I have about ten pupils in a dear little school-house, right on the prairie. I board with a very nice English family, two and a half miles from school. Soon I hope to buy a pony for about £12. Its keep costs nothing in the summer, and about 10*s.* a month in the winter. I am getting $55 a month—that is £11 in English money; and as the nearest shop is eight miles away, it leaves almost £8 a month clear.

"This is the Mecca of teachers, or should be. If you are interested in your work and the children you can do anything you like. Every one moves on here, after a year, or less, to better salaries or different neighbourhoods. Next year I expect to get $60, or $65 a month. Perhaps you may find this hint useful to give girls coming out to the prairie. Bring all the clothes and books and sewing materials you can lay hands on. Never mind the excess luggage; it is worth it fifty times over; things here are so expensive and poor in quality. Also one hint I wish I had received in England: have your skirts bound with a deep band of leather. The rose bushes, six to thirty inches high, tear all skirts to ribbons, and these roses are all over the prairie. It is the most glorious country one can imagine. Now I am here

I cannot think how any one ever stays at home in the Old Country!

"Any girl with a mother, or some one depending on her, may, every one here says, safely bring her out, as schools are in abundance, and one's salary would more than keep two. The only difficulty would be in boarding, the shacks are so small, and the settlers' wives are so hard-worked. The best way would be to bring a tent (they too are at famine prices here) and sleep out, for of course one would come in the spring, until something could be arranged. Some schools have a school-house built for the teacher, but you can have a very small shack put up at a cost from about $16."

I have quoted the whole of this letter, for it touches the main points and is the experience of one who knows.

The work of a stenographer comes next in importance. To secure a good position in that employment, competence, which means training with some sort of experience, is again absolutely necessary. The salary paid may range from $40 to $75 a month. English girls who have found employment in lawyers', or Government offices can earn quite as much. The woman without training, or qualifications for any career is mad to think of emigrating to the newly opened West. The "lady help" becomes practically the servant of all work; probably her mistress, who has never known what it is to employ anybody before, much less one who pretends to a nondescript gentility unrecognised in these wilds, will give her "the time of her life." I heard of one Englishwoman who had been in eight places in five months! Girl emigrants

should realise the enormous distances between places located even in the same provinces, that days may elapse and dollars melt away before they can reach safety if they happen to find themselves in dangerous circumstances. The country is one in which men far outnumber women, and it is absolutely necessary to *make sure* beforehand that everything is as represented.

If my readers imagine I am exaggerating possible perils, I will refer them to Deaconess Lampart, of Calgary, and to Miss Fitz-Gibbons of Toronto.

It was interesting to learn of the various foreign communities living on Albertan soil; for instance, in the south some 500 negroes from Oklahoma have founded a settlement, and I believe are farming satisfactorily. Then in various localities there are Russian and Ruthenian settlements. In view of my interest in these people it was arranged to motor a distance of some twenty miles to the east of Edmonton to visit a Galician village at Stony Plain. Mr. Fisher, with Mr. Gordon, a wheat expert, who was continually having business relations with the farmer to whose house we were bound, Miss Hughes, and myself completed the party.

Passing swiftly down Jasper Avenue, we soon had left Edmonton behind us, to find ourselves in the open country, which was of a beautiful and somewhat undulating character. The curious depressions, said Mr. Fisher, were ascribed to the action of glacier ice in past ages when this land was covered by an ice-cap.

"Do they never thatch the stacks in this part of the world?" I asked as we passed farm after farm.

"No, it is not necessary here; we shall have no more rain till the snow comes," was his reply.

"Do you have cold winters?"

"No; some of us wish we had it colder. The winters are not very severe; the snowfall is sometimes so light that we have barely enough to allow for sleighing. We never get blizzards."

"Well, you are specially blessed," I exclaimed.

"The Chinook winds save us; Alberta would be almost uninhabitable but for them," he rejoined.

This is the warm moist wind which, passing over the Rockies, leaves its moisture in British Columbia to shed its warmth on the lands east of that range.

There was no turning on this great, straight, never-ending divisional road until we arrived at Stony Plain. As we whirled through the pleasant countryside, I felt that Central Alberta, with its homely farmsteads, its semi-wooded undulating country, its cottages with green-painted window frames, was a place one could live in—moreover, be happy in—should fate decree one's lot to be life in a distant land. There is, to me, a monotony in the flat wheat-laden prairie which might become exasperating. Here the diversity of mixed farming strikes a familiar note: vegetables, flowers, and small fruits grow abundantly. One could have a dairy, and go in for poultry. The cows we passed looked sleek and friendly, doing credit to their food.

Our destination was the house of Martin Elmer, the Galician farmer with whom Mr. Gordon was well acquainted. All the family except the youngest son, a promising, well-dressed lad of thirteen, were at the Lutheran church.

We were shown indoors, which was comfortable and well furnished, and where traces were visible, in the "Gruss Euch" worked on covers, of the home in Europe from whence they had come. Everything was as clean as soap and soda could make it. Never did I see the handles and facings of any kitchen-stove so well polished as those in Frau Elmer's kitchen. Outside, in the garden, Mr. Fisher was ready to snapshot our party. As the Galician family did not put in an appearance we imagined that the sermon must be longer than usual.

Returning to our motor we were soon at the church, in time to see the congregation just emerging, the foremost members crossing the road to find their respective buggies. As we ascended the slight rise on which the church stands, twenty pairs of horses' ears turned simultaneously in our direction; fortunately the animals were not restive, though they seemed inquisitive. We alighted, and Mr. Gordon went off to find the Elmer couple. Meanwhile I talked German to one, or two, when others came crowding round at the novelty of hearing their language spoken by a stranger.

I asked them whence they came, for the terms Galician and Ruthenian do not convey much as used in Canada.

"Oesterreicher sind wir alle," shouted out a man with a patriarchal beard, long nose, and slouched felt hat.

"Geht es gut mit Ihnen in diesem Lande?" I inquired.

"Sehr gut, sehr gut," came the reply.

"Da haben Sie dann kein Lust wieder in's Heimath nach zu kehren," I continued.

"Wir wollen hier bleiben, wir sind zufrieden, ganz zufrieden."

Of Polish type, they were well dressed and apparently contented. I was told that this community of some 700 souls has been twenty years in farming, Farmer Elmer being the first settler.

It was a good congregation for any country church on a Sunday afternoon. We repaired shortly after to the pastor's house, where he told us, in the first place, that he had a large family, which was obvious; secondly, that he was trained at a Lutheran college in Missouri, U.S., which was interesting. Then we visited his well-built and spacious church, which in every way was creditably kept. The seating accommodation we thought must have been designed specially for penitents.

The pews had been made, explained Pastor Eberhard, by a conscientious, but inexperienced carpenter. The seat was a board, possibly eight inches wide, with an upright back of the same uncompromising material. There could be no doubt of the genuineness of the religion of these good souls, one reflected, if they could sit twice a Sunday, for not less than two hours at a time, on these ghastly benches.

On our return the evening lights cast long shadows, and the setting sun shed a wealth of delicious warmth over this land of plenty. It is wonderful what automobiles will tackle in parts where the roads are, to say the least, rough and ready; but a little jolting is rather a healthful experience at times.

CHAPTER XIV

Edmonton—Archdeacon Gray—Court for juvenile delinquents—"Old timers"—Hudson Bay Fort—Jasper Park—Yellowhead Pass.

THE day following brought much of interest with it. To see a city in the throes of making is an unaccustomed sight to English eyes. Here steep descents were being graded previous to road-making, eight or nine teams of horses employed in the process. Turning out of Jasper Avenue, the chief street of Edmonton, an uneven surface was being ploughed up by a team of four horses abreast. This was not far from Reveillon Brothers' fur stores and the Hudson Bay's depot. Unfortunately, on inquiry, their large home consignments had already been sent off. I, however, visited the show room of Messrs. Wolf & Hine, taxidermists and furriers, where skins, heads, and curios are beautifully mounted; and I advise visitors not to miss the collection, which is interesting in the extreme.

The newness of the residential quarters of this city and the rapidity of their growth are absolutely marvellous. A year before my visit to Edmonton the site whereon houses now stand was untouched prairie; and it is surprising how soon the ordinary features of the daily life of its citizens become established.

A visit to a well-known Anglican clergyman, Arch-

deacon Gray, Rector of All Saints, who has lived in this province for twenty-five years, and as an "old timer" speaks with authority, was interesting. His reputation for successfully dealing with boys had reached my ears. Unless they had a real passion for the land he deprecated sending lads coming from refined homes in Great Britain out on to farms. Many were fit for better things. He considered that youths sent out to earn their living should not have more than six weeks' keep, in cash, in their pockets. The sooner they felt their feet and were working on their own account the better. It did a youth no good to be always looking for money from home. "A boy is good for little if he can't find employment of some sort," said the Archdeacon.

I asked if he could throw light upon the fact that English people were only welcome to Canada when they brought capital in their pockets.

"Well," he explained, "there is a reason to account for the fact that our countrypeople are not popular. For several decades the family rubbish has been shot out here, and to-day, although better-class lads are emigrating to Canada, the memory of the remittance man has not yet passed away."

Mr. Gray then described how he had established the Boy Scout movement in Edmonton, and now there were over 200 boys enrolled. His appreciation of the moral influence, together with the physical training afforded by this scheme, was unstinted. But another movement of a like humanitarian nature claimed even more of his personal sympathy. He was enthusiastic about the benefits which the court for juvenile delinquents, of which he was judge, could

confer upon the community generally, as well as upon the neglected children who came under its jurisdiction. By it he was empowered to take the latter from unworthy parents, and put them under proper control. He had recently taken five children from a drunken home and placed them with Roman Catholics, that being the religion of the father *when sober*! The latter did not, however, escape thereby from parental responsibility, for he was obliged to contribute twenty dollars monthly to their support.

This institution is intended for "child saving," and is intended to act as a "parental school," where each can be classified and dealt with; if defective, it can be treated by an expert; if degenerate, it can be sent to undergo severer treatment. It is assumed that if a child is normal, but temporarily the victim of abnormal circumstances, it will become normal under good home conditions. Now in Alberta there is no difficulty whatever in finding homes for unfortunate children; the crucial point is that the judicial authorities must keep in close touch with that home until certain that it is the right one for the small delinquent. The method of dealing with a case is briefly as follows: After conviction for the first offence, the parent is requested to call with the child at the local office of the Children's Aid Society and discuss the matter. The home conditions, studies, and companionships are reviewed; advice is tendered; the child is put on probation for an indefinite period, and his progress reported to some competent authority. It then signs an agreement with the police to behave. The parent is given cards to fill up weekly, reporting on its conduct; these are countersigned by

the Probation Visitor and sent in to the office at Edmonton also. When the parents co-operate, probation has been found most successful.

Over 400 children last year came within the sphere of its influence, out of which number twenty only were convicted of second offences. Twenty nationalities were dealt with and the ages ranged from seven to sixteen years. Theft among boys is the principal offence. Mr. Chadwick, the Superintendent of the Juvenile Offenders' Court, told me that criminal assaults upon children, which are always difficult to prove, were punished in Alberta with seven years' imprisonment and the lash! The difficulty with country girls and boys having foreign parents was that they concocted all kinds of mischief in the English language, taught at school, unknown to their fathers and mothers.

Such sociological reforms as this, and the Boy Scout movement, which may be regarded as the finest character-building institution in the Empire, prove that this newly formed western province is ahead of many other portions of His Majesty's dominions.

I inquired what was done for the girls? And I may add, that it struck me, time and again, that much was needed on that score, not only in Alberta, but throughout the Dominion. My experiences at the Y.W.C.A. at Edmonton, where four young women frequently occupied one moderate-sized room, where the bathrooms were continually out of order, where nobody attempted to carry out rules to the effect that lights were to be out and that there was to be no talking after a certain hour, were of such a nature as to make me wonder why a badly managed third-rate girls' boarding-

house should be dubbed a Christian Association. There was nothing to elevate the tone of its inmates; on the contrary, there was everything to make them hate Christianity as they saw it at work in this particular institution, which, apparently, was run with a view to accommodate the staff more than to provide for the wants of the women and girls. I slept two nights in a room occupied by three others; two were engaged in business, and at 8 a.m. were supposed to be at their respective shops. Breakfast was unobtainable before that hour, which meant that these girls either had to go without, or risk a reprimand for being unpunctual.

The experience, personally, was the most uncomfortable I had in Canada, but I was able at first-hand to judge of the great need of cheap accommodation for working women. The girls were kind-hearted, although their ignorance and foolishness was pitiable, when it was not laughable. Picture hats of the "dandy" type were tried on all round at 11 p.m. in the bedrooms, male friends discussed, the Y.W.C.A. and its management roundly abused in direct if not elegant terms. "We pay for everything we get here; don't make any mistake about that; we are not living on the women of Edmonton's charity. Oh, dear, no!" they told me.

These young women were earning from $20 to $40 a month in business houses. Where the money came from to buy "dandy" hats—and one for ten dollars was reckoned cheap—I was then and am now unable to say!

I asked the tall lady who had brought me to the home, on the evening of Sept. 21, why the bedrooms were so unhealthily crowded.

Her reply was sadly spoken. She said, "My dear lady, if they didn't crowd in like that they'd be on the streets. There's no help for it."

All over the West it is a clamant problem how to house and feed working women at rates they can afford to pay.

One evening there was a religious meeting. The chair was taken by a local lady in a very smart blue satin gown, who wore a hat with "waterfall" ostrich feathers, which probably cost a hundred dollars. A thinly peopled room awaited the speakers. I looked around me. With the exception of myself, and possibly three others, no inmate of the Y.W.C.A. was present. Probably they were at the cinematograph shows with their sweethearts.

An address was given; then the grandly dressed lady in the chair, with plumes nodding as she spoke, was "sure that the young women appreciated the comforts of the Y.W.C.A." They all knew what a life of service "so beautifully described by the last speaker," etc., etc. Whereupon I walked out quietly.

A lunch at which I met another interesting woman-writer, Mrs. Arthur Murphy of Edmonton, and a visit to Mrs. Macqueen, the wife of the Presbyterian minister, also an "old timer," are worthy to be recorded amongst happenings at Edmonton. This lady informed me that maternal mortality in remote settlements had been pitiable when she first came to these parts. In some places, in house after house you would find a widower with young children, the wife having died from lack of care in childbirth, but at present there were few localities which were not in touch with nurse and doctor. The Victorian Order

of trained maternity nurses did invaluable work in this respect. I asked her if she could not get maid-servants from the class of immigrating settlers' daughters.

"In the towns in Alberta we can generally get them, but they are of various nationalities, and have to be taught everything," was her reply. "Our country schools are the best centres of civilisation," she continued; "you would be surprised at the accounts we get of concert entertainments and lectures which take place in distant country settlements."

This emphasizes what I have already alluded to, the opening for Englishwomen as trained teachers in Alberta schools. Here is a sphere of labour where right-thinking persons can do an unlimited amount of good. Then Mrs. Macqueen spoke of her early married life, how in winter her husband had driven 900 miles in a buckboard, from Calgary to Edmonton, which latter she thought she would never reach alive on account of the snow storms and blizzards.

I was interested to hear that they had just sent a missionary to the Prairie Settlement, on the Peace River. It had taken eight days to drive with his personal effects in a cart over the new road from Edson, on the G.T.P.R., to the Settlement; but this was shorter than going via the Athabasca Landing.

Whilst I was staying at Edmonton, a train laden with curious freight belonging to the C.N.R. arrived from the east. An experiment is being tried by the Department of the Interior to use reindeer brought from Newfoundland, thousands of miles distant, instead of dogs, to haul sleds in the region

north of Lake Athabasca, and forty-three reindeer were expedited by rail to a northern destination.

I spent an interesting time with Miss Hughes, whose knowledge of the locality made her a delightful guide to the one historic monument of Alberta's capital, the storehouse of the Hudson Bay Company, where furs and pemmican were once kept, together with the stables and dwelling-houses of their servants. Beneath, the North Saskatchewan River rolled past, where the *coureurs de bois* and trappers, 100 years ago, arrived in boats with their wares. The entrance gate of the enclosed fort had been flanked by two cannons, necessary in those times, to inspire the fierce Indians who then infested the woods with wholesome dread of the white man. Here the Company's servants traded with them. Into the fort the Indians were only admitted singly: there was an aperture in the wall where goods were taken and barter passed back. I had previously remarked upon the Indian type of one of the Company's officials I had seen in their present warehouse, just off Jasper Avenue, to my companion.

"Oh," said she, "he is one of the half-dozen illegitimate sons of So and So, in the Hudson Bay Service; but I could forgive the man since he rounded them up and had them educated." *Autres temps autres mœurs.* Side glimpses are interesting when they throw light upon circumstances due to abnormal conditions.

Although in a volume of this nature any mention of that which has impressed the traveller here to-day and gone to-morrow must needs be superficial, very probably one-sided, for the space covered in a time-

limit imposed by the severity of the seasons precludes more than a passing survey, it would be an unpardonable omission to leave this region without some notice, however inadequate, of the magnificent country known as Jasper Park, 200 miles west of Edmonton, now being opened up by the G.T.P.R. Co. in completing their transcontinental system. In this connection I had an interesting interview with Mr. Lett, that Company's publicity official, who told me he had traversed the country and had chosen a site for the large hotel shortly to be erected close to the hot springs. Jasper National Park is a reservation of 5,000 square miles set aside by the Dominion Government for the preservation of the forest, the game, and the fish. Mr. Lett had just received a jar of water coming from the lake destined to supply the proposed hotel, back from the analyst at Montreal, who had pronounced it of the purest quality. At the hour of writing the line is complete up to the boundary between Alberta and British Columbia. Here there are no foot-hills to introduce the traveller to the Rockies. The Athabasca valley, through which the steeled highway approaches the mountains, is itself a natural avenue of commerce —wide, level, and gentle in its approach to the boundary line of Alberta, and throughout, the gradient never exceeds twenty-six feet per mile, a marked contrast to other transcontinental lines, when as much as 116 feet per mile has been reached.

On this route the first mountain you pass is Folding Mountain; to your right Bulrush Mountain comes into view. These, like sentinels, usher you into the picturesque region where, easily distinguishable,

Roche Miette, its peak a sheer declivity of 2,000 feet, is a landmark for many miles in the centre of Nature's amphitheatre, with mountain heights forming the background. Below is the valley through which the wide Athabasca River flows. The late Principal Grant, of Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario, was so charmed with the scenery that his description of Roche Miette, 8,000 feet above sea-level, may be fitly quoted.

"The most wonderful object was Roche Miette. That imposing sphinx-like head, with the swelling Elizabethan ruff of sandstone and shales all around the neck, save on one side where a corrugated mass twisted like a coil of serpents from far down nearly half-way up the head, haunted us for days."

Continuing westward, the route passes at no great distance from the site of Jasper House, an important post of the Hudson Bay Co., built about 1800, sometimes known as the Rocky Mountain House. Jasper, the old clerk in charge, was known by the Indians for his great shock of yellow hair, and was called by the half-breeds and trappers "Tête Jaune." Not only is the Reservation called after him, but Yellowhead Pass, at the entrance of which Jasper House stood, will keep his memory green. Further on, the site of another old trading-post, Henry House, built by William Henry of the North-West Company, recalls the bitter rivalries between the traders, to whom alone at that time were known the trails through the passes amid the grand scenery of the mountain ranges. One cannot describe the beauties of this newly opened up country more than to say that at the summit of this pass two streams

ROCHE MIETTE.

take their rise, one to join the Athabasca and eventually pour its waters east into Hudson Bay, the other flowing westward becomes the mighty Fraser, and empties itself into the Pacific.

The first attractive feature which greets the eye on entering British Columbia is Yellowhead Lake, a beautiful expanse of water. Among the lofty mountains surrounding the lake is Mount Pelée, 9,000 ft. high; and soon the grandest sight of all comes into view with Mount Robson, 13,700 feet looming up from the north, a giant among giants, looking like an immense cathedral. This grand region will in a year or so be easily accessible to the tourist. Mountain game abounds; the streams are full of fish. In a land like Canada, of rapid growth and of great achievements, to plan is to act; and we may confidently expect that a round trip to the Rockies, going by the C.P.R. and returning by the G.T.P.R., will be among the finest things which Canada has to offer by way of recreation to the jaded energies of the townsman, or to the lover of nature.

CHAPTER XV

Agricultural lands—First sight of the Rockies—Women's Press Club—The Lacombe Home—Calgary's resources—Six hundred commercial travellers—"You get shops."

THE C.P.R. connecting Edmonton with Calgary runs through some of the best land on the continent. Here oats can be grown yielding from 75 to 100 bushels to the acre. On the fine pasture lands horse-breeding occupies an important place.

Climatic conditions are so favourable that the animals can run out all the year round. A farmer of this district writes:

"This is a great horse country. I never stable my colts, but turn them on the prairie with a shed for shelter. I make a practice in the winter time to give them one feed of grain a day. This brings them through the winter in excellent condition."

Another says he sold two teams of mares at $550 and $600 respectively. Clydesdales are the coveted breed. It is an ideal country for all kinds of stock-raising.

One writes that a *bunch of steers* "had never seen the inside of a stable, nor had they ever eaten anything which cost anything, having fed during the summer on wild pasture, and in the winter principally on the straw left on the farmer's field."

In Manitoba and in Saskatchewan, where the

REAPING OATS.

farmers are considered to be "wheat-mad," the straw is burnt.

Dairy cattle can be kept very cheaply. During mid-winter it is customary for milking cows to be turned out during the day.

In the settled portions creameries have been established, where at Edmonton and at Calgary a practically unlimited market is open to any one within reasonable distance. Mr. J. A. Davis of Cherry Hill Farm writes: "During the year 1910 I delivered to the Edmonton City Dairy 150,849 lb. of milk, for which I received $2,819.87. I also separated 4,815 lb. of cream, for which the returns were $431.57 in cash. The average number of cows milked each month was twenty-seven." Mr. Davis thus obtained an average of $120.42 from each cow (nearly £25). American farmers coming into Alberta always want to know if Indian corn can be grown, but the agricultural authorities assure them that though their summers are not hot enough for corn, pigs can be fed on dairy waste, some pasture, and finished on roots and crushed barley, which latter is invariably a splendid crop. The bright pure air and the beneficial Chinook winds are specially advantageous for poultry-keeping, for which again the market is practically unlimited.

At last I reached Calgary, which is the most important city between Winnipeg and Vancouver. For the first time I saw, with the morning light upon them in the clearest atmosphere, the white peaks of the Rockies, which, at any time a beautiful sight, are somewhat disappointing from the fact that Calgary itself, being at an altitude of 3,428 feet, the range

has not that aspect of grandeur which their height above sea-level entitles you to look for. Here, again, all the hotels were absolutely full, and I had to content myself with an inferior hostelry. Braemar Lodge, managed by an Englishwoman, Miss Morrison, is a favourite and comfortable hotel, much favoured by our country people. Whilst I was staying at Calgary, the Marchioness of Donegal, formerly Miss Twining of Canada, was there spending a few days on her way to the Coronation Durbar at Delhi. She had been delighted in the summer to entertain at the Crystal Palace the Canadian Boy Scouts who came to the Coronation; and as she had arrived at Toronto, nothing had given her greater pleasure than to be received by a company of them, who had presented her with a beautiful bouquet of roses. This graceful act would indeed constitute a treasured memory to one "proud to be a Canadian."

That evening I had a very enjoyable experience as a guest of honour at a recently formed Women's Press Club (everything is very recent in Calgary). It took place at the Royal Alexandra Hotel. The dining-room was large and handsome; guests at small tables looked with interest as several ladies walked to a table reserved for them decorated with the most beautiful roses. On my right sat an intelligent Canadian girl who was about to be sent by the C.P.R. authorities to England to speak on their ready-made farms, which under her guidance I was to visit.

After dinner we went to the theatre to see a piece called "Billy," which was laughable and wholesome—essentially American! It depicted life on the

ocean wave of a steamer bound for Havana. The amusing situations and the curious misunderstandings, with the clever dialogue, occasioned by the loss of the hero's false teeth, kept an audience, where men and women were in about the proportion of seven of the former to one lady, keyed up to amusement point from start to finish.

I inspected several schools in Canada, but the Central School of Calgary, where fifteen teachers instruct 700 children, all well clothed and looking the picture of health, deserves a notice as being exceptionally advanced. The square building is of stone standing in its own grounds, the class-rooms are large and well ventilated. The children are never kept sitting longer than one hour and a half without being turned out of doors for a few minutes of fresh air. A sound English education is given; the head master takes the biggest boys to Euclid and Geometry. Agriculture is made a special subject. On opposite lobbies, upstairs, rifles were fastened to the walls for the boys; and dumb-bells for the girls, who were drilled every day.

I went from here to "The Women's Hostel," where an English lady receives monthly, in summer, parties numbering from three to ten British women emigrants sent out under the care of a matron by the British Women's Imperial Emigration Society. She told me that many of them married very satisfactorily. On arrival, they generally remained in the Hostel till places were provided. The spirit of the West infected them, for they did not stay long in their situations, moving on wherever higher pay was offered. In the West no domestic servant

thinks of accepting less than $20 to $25 monthly. During the winter the rooms were let to women employed in Calgary; five dollars a week, with two sharing a room, being the minimum sum upon which boarders could be admitted. Rents in Calgary were high, said Miss Woods; also electric lighting and telephones had to be considered; food was distinctly dearer than in the Old Country.

Remembering my promise to Miss Hughes of Edmonton to visit the Lacombe Home, I entrained for a local station. On alighting I immediately perceived the imposing brick building standing on rising ground in the midst of 200 acres, donated to the priest by Mr. Pat Burns, whose philanthropic sympathies are as great as the local renown which dubs him Cattle King of Calgary. Here I was cordially received by one of the seven Sisters of Providence who do the entire work of this charitable institution, which shelters forty aged persons and feeds and instructs sixty children. She pointed out the solid way in which the Home had been built, with oak stairs and hard-wood floors. It was only opened in November 1910, and is the last of many good works which Father Lacombe would ever undertake. Carried on mainly by subscriptions, money was greatly needed. The aged priest, who has spent his long life in uplifting humanity, received me with the utmost courtesy. He explained that he was a "Françal," and we conversed in his native language. He told me that if some benevolent person would send him a cheque for $35,000 he would die happy, for that would clear off all debts in connection with the charity. His bright eyes and strong features,

with their winning expression, testified to human qualities rather than to sacerdotal qualifications.

He travelled back with me to Calgary, and I often think of how I last saw him, threadbare and shabby, slowly and feebly walking through the station where fashionably dressed men and women scarcely moved aside to let him pass. With his long white locks blown by the breeze, his dark eyes surveying the scene, a benevolent smile playing on his lips, this veteran philanthropist and saint tottered away from an atmosphere where the spirit of feverish greed obsesses the dollar-seeking multitudes.

The scene gave me seriously to think upon the beauty of holiness and the transiency of the present, with its passion and its pain; and I stood musing as to whether it really mattered how the barque was steered so long as the course led to the desired haven.

I shall be asked, however, if I continue in this strain, if I was blind to the wonderful growth of this thriving city, and I here say in reply to that anticipated question—it would be impossible. I was not permitted to leave Calgary without being taken by a manager of one of the many banks behind a pair of splendid horses, when during an exhaustive survey, all that this city possesses of interest was pointed out to me. The fact that there are thirty-two farm implement and machine companies having wholesale houses employing 175 travelling salesmen, taken in connection with the circumstance that its distributing area is about 50,000,000 acres of rich farming land, grazing and timber districts, to say nothing of scarcely touched coal-fields, shows that something is doing. The horse show of 1911 had

907 entries! Among the fifty manufactures, employing 2,500 hands, ready-made clothing, furniture, brushes, brooms, boots, and shoes are some of the most important. Over 600 commercial travellers make their headquarters in Calgary!

Its phenomenal growth is due to its natural resources. Adjacent to the city there are unlimited quantities of sandstone, sand, and brick-sand. Timber and lumber are plentiful and within easy access by rail. A large cement plant supplies the needs of the city. Anthracite and bituminous coal come from Bankhead on the main line of the C.P.R.; lignite from northern Alberta. The electric light and power plant, as well as the local tramways, are municipally owned. Calgary has grown from a "cow town" in 1904, with a population of 10,500, to one of Canada's most important cities, with 45,000 inhabitants in 1911.

There are handsome residences and many fine public buildings. The rapidity with which new streets leap into existence in a month or two was impressed upon me by persons who had not lived in Calgary a year.

Not long after I left this city, it was the recipient of news flashed along the wires from the east which made its heart rejoice. *You get shops*, was the enigmatical message which Calgarians translated in the language of dollars. The C.P.R. Co. had selected their city wherein to establish new workshops. That activity will reign in the making of freight cars is evidenced by the fact that the transportation of grain in the autumn of 1911 tried the resources of even the C.P.R. beyond its utmost limit.

CHAPTER XVI

A talk with the Indian agent—Ready-made farms—Irrigation Block —Strathmore—Professor Elliott—Mr. Carleton.

ONE of the most urgent problems to be solved by the Dominion of Canada after the Hudson Bay Company had sold its rights in the North West Territories for £300,000 was to secure the friendship and alliance of the Indians.

The Company had known how to deal with them, but the events of 1869 and 1870 had perplexed the savage mind; numerous whites had passed through the country; traders were ruining their tribes with the sale of fire-water. In the East steamboats were seen on the rivers; and another marvel, that of the "speaking wire," made them fear for their safety. At the present day within the fertile belt no Indians remain. By the treaties, seven in number, which since 1870 have been concluded with them, they remain on their reservations, and are at the present day adopting European dress with European education. This peaceful solution, towards which the N.W.M.P. contributed so greatly, was, in a speech of the Minister of the Interior alluded to as follows:

"The conclusion of the treaties with these warlike tribes, at a time when the Indians across the border were engaged in open hostilities with the

United States troops, is a conclusive proof of the just policy of the Government of Canada and of the confidence of the Indians in the promises and just dealing of the servants of the British Crown; a confidence that can only be kept up by the strictest observance of the stipulations of these treaties."

The day I visited Gleichen to call on Mr. Markles, the agent for Alberta to the Indians, was unfortunately very wet. The latter no doubt objected to getting soaked as much as I did, and were remarkable by their absence, but I spent an interesting half-hour listening to his tales of the Blackfoot Indians whom I had come to see. Their well-known taste in the selection of names is no novelty, but such as "Skunk-tallow" and "Twisted Intestines" have some claim for originality. Mr. Markles said that occasionally the girls would make tolerable domestic servants, and cited a case of one who purchased a strand of red false hair in imitation of her mistress's coiffure, fastening it chignon-wise to the back of her raven locks. Tuberculosis carried off many, said he; infant mortality, caused by mothers refusing to nurse their young, feeding them on tinned milk instead, was high. They were generally kind to their old people and to children. After a death the deceased man's relatives made a bee-line from the grave to the house, to carry off his effects; the widow returning to her own people. Occasionally they had feasts, when elders would recount the glories of those days when buffalo hunting and scalping were all their braves lived for. If facts failed, the Indian

STRATHMORE.

imagination was quite capable of painting in a highly coloured background, or of adding gruesome details.

Mr. Markles had had eleven years with the Blackfoot Indians. There were 800 in the Gleichen Reserve, which was forty miles long by twenty in breadth. It was interesting to learn that in 1910 this tribe had sold to the Government a portion of their Reserve for $1,500,000, the interest on which was to be expended, (1) To give them monthly rations comprising 7 lb. of beef, 5 lb. of flour, and 1 lb. of tea per head; (2) To prepare a small house and farm for young married Indians. The trouble had been, as in other cases, that education had not fitted them for practical work. The idea underlying this scheme was to take them direct from school, marry them, and put them in a house with a small acreage to till.

This, presumably, was suggested to the authorities by the success of the ready-made farms near Strathmore on the Irrigation Block of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, which promises to be the future home of the most closely settled and prosperous mixed farming, stock raising, and dairying community in the west of Canada. Few people in the Old Country have the smallest idea of the fertility of the black sandy clay loam, with a subsoil of clay, of the undulating prairies of Southern Alberta, where in years past great bands of horses and cattle, feeding on the natural grasses, ran wild freely throughout the winter, a proof of the comparative mildness of that season. Nor is the general reader yet acquainted with a scheme now in progress to develop

a 3,000,000-acre block by means of irrigation. Its history is briefly this:

In the year 1894 the Government of Canada reserved from sale and homestead entry an enormous tract of land located along the main line of the C.P.R. immediately east of Calgary. The object in view was the construction of an irrigation system to cover the valley of the Bow River. To successfully administer the lands embraced in this tract the promoters of the scheme could not be hampered by vested interests, created through alienating any of these lands. Had this wise precaution not been taken at an early date, such a gigantic enterprise, the greatest of its kind on the American continent, could never have been undertaken. The benefits conferred by this irrigation block are twofold: (1) It is increasing the value of land tributary to Calgary; (2) It is transforming that city into one of the most flourishing agricultural centres in Canada.

The great dam at the Horse-shoe Bend of the Bow River near Bassano is almost finished. Lands formerly unsaleable are now suitable for successful farming. By an expenditure of less than three million dollars the Company has been able to sell more than one third of the block for $9,000,000. This 3,000,000-acre block contains irrigable and non-irrigable areas. You find land lying above the canal system suitable for grazing; and close by, irrigable land for alfalfa, barley, vegetables, etc., which require abundant moisture. The never-failing supply of water in every pasture ensures it for the use of stock, and also for crops when the seed is

IRRIGATION WORKS AT BASSANO.

placed in the ground. Besides furnishing the finest pasture the non-irrigated sections will grow winter wheat. The Company's terms are to the effect that they will dispose of any area of non-irrigable land to one individual, but they will not sell to a client more than 160 acres of irrigated land. Payments are as follows: One tenth of the purchase price in cash and the balance in nine equal annual instalments, with interest at 6 per cent. on unpaid balance. Of course the main objective in developing this huge area is to materially increase traffic, but the Company realised that the majority of purchasers of irrigated lands would be more or less ignorant of the proper farm procedure, therefore valuable agricultural information is disseminated amongst the farmers, dealing with special crops profitably handled in irrigation farming.

To promote the success of their vast enterprise, an agricultural branch has now been formed under the department dealing with irrigation, in charge of experts *with experience in irrigation farming*, thoroughly versed in scientific agriculture, who will advise on all matters pertaining to their subject.

Furthermore, an important educational institution maintained by the C.P.R. Co. is their newly established Demonstration Farm at Strathmore, under the management of Professor Elliott, an hour by rail east of Calgary. That the latter is absolutely practical, the fact that this 1,000 acres of irrigated land, with its equipment of dairying cattle, pigs, poultry, and vegetables, is charged with the supply of all the Company's restaurant cars between Winnipeg and

Vancouver is ample proof. The object of this farm is threefold:

(1) To conduct agricultural investigation in order to ascertain the most profitable varieties of cereals, fodder plants, trees, etc., for the Irrigation Block.

(2) To place at the service of the farmers at low cost the use of pure-bred sires of the best breeds, and to distribute by sale, male and female stock of the highest merits best suited for local conditions.

(3) To develop suitable strains of pure seed, to grow the same in field plots, and to disseminate the best varieties of pure seed amongst the farmers.

In addition to this useful institution for the inexperienced, there are what are known locally as Agricultural "Schools." These last a week at one given place, where practical work in stock, grain, and seed judging, together with lectures on every phase of agriculture, attract crowds of farmers. In February 1911, over 2,400 of them attended a "school" held on the C.P.R. Co.'s Demonstration and Supply Farm at Strathmore.

One of the most interesting incidents which I can look back upon with unfeigned pleasure was a visit I paid to Professor Elliott and his charming wife at their newly built and beautifully planned house situated opposite the entrance to the farm. The hour of my arrival was too late to allow of my visiting any of the settlers, but I had an instructive conversation with my host whilst his wife plied her needle. We

PROFESSOR ELLIOTT IN HIS ELEMENT.

sat in a tastefully arranged room, opposite an open fireplace where a log fire looked comforting, though the weather was not severe.

Professor Elliott is a land enthusiast. Not yet forty, of middle height and pleasant-featured, his intellect is of the keenest, reassuring a stranger, who feels immediately that he is master of his subject. He was eager to hear how hot-house grown tomatoes and cucumbers were dealt with in the Old Country, thereby proving himself to be more progressively minded than many Canadians, who, apparently, are so self-satisfied that their country leads the way in everything, that they do not even want to hear of methods unlike those with which they are acquainted.

I asked if the 3,000,000-acre Irrigation Block was part of the 25,000,000 acres given by the Dominion of Canada to the C.P.R. Co. in consideration of the construction of the transcontinental line.

"Yes," he replied, "it is included in it. There are altogether about 6,000,000 acres of the Company's lands in Alberta. Roughly speaking they are in two sections: the Irrigation Block and the Central Albertan lands."

Then he went on to describe the farms which are in the making.

"Last year (1910) we had ninety farms. You will see some of their occupants to-morrow. This year we expect to have 100 complete and ready for occupation."

To this I inquired what class of farmer were they looking for as purchasers, when he explained that nobody was eligible who had not a small capital.

"A man should not have less than £300; then,

given normal conditions, he can manage easily. Of course the first year is the hardest."

"What comprises your ready-made farm?" I inquired.

"We find that eighty acres is about as much as one man, especially a beginner, can tackle; *i.e.* to cultivate the land properly," he explained. "He gets fifty acres already broken and crops put in; a small house and barn. We want Britishers."

"It is rather difficult to get the right man for an opening like this; many would be glad of it if they knew about it," I said.

"Oh, my! yes! that's where the trouble is. They are told such lies, and then they come out here and grumble, and are disappointed."

"You want young married couples, I understand."

"Oh, my! yes! Why, the woman is the biggest factor in the situation. We've found that out. Our houses were too small at first; the wives turned their noses up at them; so now we put up quite attractive-looking houses. If they are pleased and contented, the husband is, and they'll pull along together fine. You see," he continued, "if she is grumblesome, day after day, it takes the heart out of the man, so he doesn't put it into his work."

"After all, she has to live in it," was my rejoinder.

"They represent the thing so stupidly in the Old Country. One woman came out here and said she was told she could grow tomatoes on the open prairie!" he said, pursuing the current of an indignant reflection on those agents or persons responsible for so misrepresenting what he rightly termed a good proposition.

"And you have all your work cut out in dealing with these discontented folk?" I ventured.

"Oh! my! you don't know what it is."

I could very well imagine what it was to deal with angry folk of our working-classes.

"The thing's good enough without lying. I am sure you'll say so when you have been to some of the farms."

There is no doubt that happiness in the home creates permanent conditions; for this the woman is primarily responsible; and since the purchase is by the instalment system, tying the occupier for several years to his farm, it is advisable that a little trouble should be taken to attract the right kind of settler, who should be young and industrious, with a real liking for the soil. This is just what the Company are trying to do. Professor Elliott is as busy as he is able. Not only is he the consulting expert for miles round, but the Demonstration Farm's supplies, for which he is responsible to the Company, are a responsible charge. He told me that they kept fifty cows, preferring the Holstein breed. In using a milking machine two men could do the entire milking. He had no good word for the wheat-mad land robbers of Manitoba and Saskatchewan.

The next morning after a breakfast off Californian fruit, Strathmore cream, eggs and bacon, porridge made from Calgary rolled oats, and home-made bread, I started in company with Miss Love to the Nightingale settlement to visit Mr. Carleton, whose personal experience was as follows: He was absolutely satisfied with the life, and considered the speculation for a man loving an open-air existence as absolutely

sound. In fact, it was the best he knew for a small capital of from £250 to £500. It was no good to imagine that usual methods of farming would succeed on irrigated lands. The incomer should be advised by those who had practical knowledge of climate and soil, then they would and could not fail to succeed. Stock was the thing to pay. He reckoned that these eighty-acre farms, with house and barn, were worth about £800, and ten years were given to pay it off—it could easily be done before that, and at the end of the time-limit your purchase would be worth nearly double that amount. The milk and cream of from six to eight cows, which the C.P.R. Co. would take, could keep a man and his wife. Pigs, the "mortgage-raiser" of the Canadian farmer, with poultry, were very profitable. There was no doubt that winter wheat, if sown on land ploughed in the late autumn before the frost came, was practically certain to be a successful crop, since it ripened and could be threshed in August, thereby escaping all chance of early frost. There was much for a countryman to enjoy in land ownership, in the purest air, without being cut off from his fellows. The farms were never more than a mile or so apart; a dollar took you to Calgary.

Of course everything depended upon the man himself. If he had bad business methods, irregular habits, and a lack of energy he would not succeed anywhere! Anybody who had his wits about him would hire himself and his team out to neighbours for haying, or breaking land, when he could earn a good daily wage; and the first year or two he did not want to lose any opportunity.

THE C.P.R. CO.'S READY-MADE FARM.

I went on to another farm, owned by a family who had only left Scotland the preceding June. This was the happiest home I found in Canada. There were several sons and daughters, and one youth told me they had had the time of their lives in coming through Canada in the Colonist Car. His description of how he had to round up thirty-six boxes and packages at the end of their journey was graphic.

"Do you knaw the reason that made me coom?" said the master of the house. "It was because I wanted a bit o' land o' my ain, an' I couldna get it in Scotland!"

With intelligence and energy a young couple could, with an outlay of not more than £300, in ten, or twelve years earn a small independence. On my return I asked for the motor to be stopped whilst I inspected one of the recently built ready-made houses. It had an inviting exterior, a large living room with a stove, a good cupboard, and two bedrooms. Large houses are not generally found on the prairie; it is easier to keep a small place warm and habitable in winter than one with rooms possibly unused.

CHAPTER XVII

The hotel at Banff—Alpine Club—Mountain scenery—The Great Divide—Lake Emerald—Nervousness—The Yoho Valley.

BANFF, the paradise for loungers and loafers, is becoming the great tourist, health, and pleasure resort on the American continent. This beautiful little town is the property of the Dominion. There are many hostelries, but to the great hotel belonging to the railway company, situated in the heart of the Rockies, open from May to October, visitors from all lands, of whom 75 per cent. are American, come crowding in their thousands, not only to pass as ships in the night, but to stay for longer or shorter periods. They come to breathe the purest air in the world, when heat waves are claiming victims on the plains, to enjoy the sublime scenery of the everlastingly snow-capped mountains, possibly to seek recuperative benefit from the far-famed sulphur baths or mineral springs. The Park is a Government Reservation of 5,732 square miles, half as large again as Yellowstone Park in the United States. From the eminence on which the hotel stands, between the foaming falls of the Bow River and the mouth of the rapid Spray, exquisite views of mountain fir-clad slopes are to be obtained.

Banff is a centre for canoeing, climbing, golfing, fishing, and shooting. As you enter the station the

BANFF'S FAR-FAMED HOTEL.

great mass and peak of Rundle, 9,665 feet, named after a missionary who visited this spot in 1841, confronts you, and cuts off perspective in that direction. Looking northward is the rocky uplift of Mount Cascade. To the left rises the wooded ridge of Stony Squaw, with the Vermilion Lakes at her foot, westward, the razor back of Sulphur Mountain, upon the summit of which an observatory has been established.

It was in the closing days of September that to my disappointment I found that the great hotel belonging to the C.P.R. Co., a mile distant from Banff, had been already closed in view of the projected alterations to include greatly increased accommodation. A wide terrace overlooking the valley of the Spray is to be built over newly constructed Russian, Turkish, and Sulphur Baths. The approach to the building is to be altered, and a tower in keeping with the rest of the French château style of architecture will join the original with the later building. The manager escorted me over the spacious and sumptuous public rooms. The views from some of the corner windows in the dressing and bedrooms are entrancing. Throughout, that note of cultured luxury in tasteful furnishing, to be found in all the hotels operated by this Company, to British eyes so familiar and so restful, is nowhere more worthy of notice than in this palatial hostelry.

Living at these altitudes is not and never can be cheap, when you take into consideration the necessary cost of transportation; but one can imagine nothing more delightful, or recuperating than a sojourn here amid the grandeur of nature.

The Alpine Club of Canada has its headquarters at Banff, where requisites for camping out and climbing can be obtained. The manager was happy. The season had been splendid, and he prophesied that in 1912 profits would double themselves. Amongst other items, he had paid $11,000 for the transportation of employees. Hearing which, I expressed surprise, and was informed that each department of the C.P.R. Co., this greatest of combines in hotels, railroads, and steamers, makes up its accounts independent of any other. One cannot be too practical in Canada. Mental haziness as to the value of money is not considered interesting in a woman in this land of keenly-sought dollars. Fiscal knowledge, clear-cut and definite, like the outlines of the Rockies in a clear sky, is your best passport in a land where girls of seventeen talk of " good buys " and " real estate."

Half a mile away from the hotel lies the town of Banff, with its humbler hotels, its museum, reading-room, and miniature churches of different denominations. A few tents in the woods, and cottages in course of erection, testified to its popularity as an ideal summer retreat.

I found comfortable quarters at the Mount Royal Hotel, where I spent several days. The buffaloes and moose in the reserve had to be visited. A beautiful drive is one to Lake Minnewanka, about eight miles distant. The road runs under Cascade Mountain, passing Bankhead, already mentioned as the local source of supply for certain kinds of coal. Sometimes you seem enclosed in on every side by dizzy heights, Titanic crags and uplifts of grey rock; then, when " your spirit walks the hills," you are

LAKE LOUISE.

brought suddenly to earth by the apparition of a red-coated North-West Mounted Policeman, who rides in these lone spots to see that law and order prevail. On the mountain slopes surrounding this lake there are some extraordinary fossil remains and markings of prehistoric creatures. I found my host and hostess typical "old timers," and although I listened cautiously to descriptions of life in pre-treaty days, I was inclined to believe that with the development of the West they had, with many others, come in upon the crest of the wave of prosperity.

Mr. Macdougall, the son of a Methodist missionary, formerly a trader amongst the Indians, regarded the Hudson Bay officials with less than charity! But for them, said he, the West would have been opened up long before. I asked him how he kept friendly with those blood-thirsty, scalping savages.

"The danger was not in dealing with them," he explained; "but you could never tell what fighting might not be going on between the tribes, and in some way you might be supposed to be taking sides with one of the parties."

"There must have been wild times before the treaties," I said musingly.

"If you trusted the Indians completely, they never failed you. Many a time I have left my wife and children, and goods too, in their charge."

The day following, Mrs. Macdougall took me for a drive to the golf links.

"Our safety lay in the fleetness of our horses many a time," she declared, referring to the scenes of her adventurous youth. "I was the first woman to enter Fort Benton on the other side of the boundary.

They said when we started we should never get there alive."

I asked how she had felt when left with her children amongst the Indians.

"Many a time I have lain awake at night in our log hut shaking with fear." After a pause, she added, "You can get used to anything after a while. I have often seen groups of dead Indians after these fights lying about with their bodies mutilated. The Indian always cuts the heart out of his enemy."

When one listened to stories of this nature, the truth of which has been borne out by the evidence of others, it is wonderful to think that the tribes nowadays refrain from inter-tribal feuds, living peaceably on their Reservations.

On leaving Banff it seemed that everybody I met had come out from the Old Country. The maid I tipped was from Edinburgh; the clerk who receipted my bill from Liverpool; the porter at the station, a smart, well-mannered youth, had been wounded in the Boer War; and later on in the train the ticket collector, who described the points of interest from the observation car, told me that five years previously he had come from Weston-super-Mare. During the preceding January he had been snowed up in a train among these mountains for four days, when a snowstorm, blowing at the rate of forty miles an hour, prevented any one coming to their help. Trains had been stopped at Calgary on the east and from Golden on the west. They had been so short of provisions that they had come down to a meal a day.

It would be impossible in the short space at my disposal to attempt to adequately portray the

ALPINE CLUB'S SUMMER QUARTERS.

beauties of this world-famous route. Passing up the valley of the Bow River, white-crowned precipices and a chaotic array of mountain ridges greet the admiring eyes of the traveller. At Laggan, over 5,000 feet above sea-level, you alight to visit the "lakes in the clouds."

At a distance of two and a half miles you reach Lake Louise, which literally nestles in the midst of enchanting scenery, the beauties of which have been described by abler pens than mine. You then proceed up a bridle path to Lake Mirror; always ascending, you reach Lake Agnes, whence a magnificent view of the valley of the Bow is obtained. On the borders of Lake Louise the C.P.R. Co. have built a commodious hotel, which goes by the name of a châlet. This, too, is to have additional accommodation before next season. As you leave Laggan, to your right the huge rounded snow-capped peak of Mount Daly is visible. This is a favourite spot for Alpine climbers, who penetrate up to the immense glacial fields beyond. Here is the source of three trans-Canadian rivers: the Mackenzie, flowing into the Arctic, the Saskatchewan into the Atlantic, and the Columbia, which empties its waters into the Pacific.

Mr. E. M. Saunders of Calgary, a member of the Alpine Club of Canada, has kindly provided me with the accompanying photograph of Mount Daly, showing the camp in the valley beneath, with a few particulars of this interesting society, the objects of which are to promote the scientific study and exploration of Canadian Alpine and glacial regions, to educate Canadians to properly appreciate their mountain heritage. It is established, too, for the

encouragement of mountaineering and to open up new regions as national playgrounds, as well as for the preservation of the natural beauties of the mountains and of their flora and fauna. There is an organisation of reliable guides, and every summer a camp in some suitable part of the mountains is arranged, where members meet together to explore the heights.

Bearing across its shoulder a vast shining glacier, Mount Stephen, named in honour of the President of the C.P.R. Co., rears its massive height near the Great Divide, where a sparkling stream divides in two, one branch sending its waters into Hudson Bay, the other into the Pacific. Here is the most interesting portion of the line, which descends rapidly, crossing the gorge of the Kicking Horse to cling to the mountain side, whilst the valley on the right gets deeper until the river is seen as a silver thread thousands of feet below. Looking to the right the Yoho Valley arrests your gaze. The view is magnificent; white peaks glitter high above the green slopes. Here the engineering becomes interesting, for you approach the first introduction of spiral tunnelling in America. The railway doubles back upon itself, and burrowing under mountains crosses the river twice in order to cut down the grade.

I stayed a night at Mount Stephen House, at Field, in order to visit Lake Emerald. An American family, consisting of parents with an only daughter, also wished to make the trip, so we started off in a carriage through the forest road to a lovely and lonely spot where, guarded by the ever-present snow-capped sentinels, the lake slumbers at the foot of the ex-

THE HEART OF THE MOUNTAINS.

quisite greenery of fir-covered declivities. The colour of the water on the bright autumnal day alternated from emerald to indigo, with patches of fleecy white and cobalt, reflecting alike the cloud-flecked sky and the flora of its environment. Embedded in trees nestling among the hoary fastnesses, you cross this emerald gem by means of a wooden bridge, ascend a steep eminence, where the road takes a sharp curve up to the châlet. Here people who have camped out in the Yoho generally conclude their stay; it had been closed a day or two before my visit.

In the absence of the American party, the driver, who was little more than a boy, confidentially informed me that this was the first time his employer had told him to drive a tourist's "rig." He had only been out a few months from Essex, and had fallen upon his feet; his master was good, and so was his pay!

On our return the American could not control his nerves at sight of the steep winding descent on a road with precipitous edges, with the certainty, if anything went wrong, of a tumble into the lake below. It looked exceedingly dangerous, but the lad from Essex knew how to handle his horses. The American fumed and told him to stop and let him get out and walk, just as we had passed the brink of the steep incline. My life being quite as valuable to me as that of this American paterfamilias (who manifested no concern about the safety of his wife and daughter) was to him, I immediately ordered the boy to go on, and not to stop till we were in a safe place. He behaved splendidly, never looking round once till he had carefully guided his team down the

descent on to the bridge. Presumably, Wall Street accounts for the ultra-nervous condition of some of the New Yorkian middle-aged men. The wife turned to me and talked apologetically of her husband's nervousness! I could have told them both that in my country there was only one word to describe *that* particular phase! It must be remembered that the opening up of these beautiful spots is quite recent. There are as yet few Government roads, but they are well graded, and I have seen no parts where careful Jehuship is not the only requisite for safety.

On our return we passed a collection of tents where a gang of road-makers under Government inspectors were busy at work. Unfortunately the weather did not permit of my driving out over the newly constructed road to Yoho Valley, where during the summer months parties live for weeks under canvas, the commissariat department being managed by the Company's hotel at Field.

CHAPTER XVIII

British Columbia—Fruit growing—The Selkirk range—Snow-sheds—Glacier House—Historical sketch—Whymper's description—Mountain game.

THE lower canyon of the Kicking Horse, where towering cliffs almost shut out daylight and the train rushes from side to side of the river as it pursues its tortuous course, is a fitting introduction to the majestic Columbia River and the beautiful Selkirk range.

As the ice-crowned summits rise skywards from forest-clad bases, they remind you of a tall woman's head and white shoulders emerging from trailing silken skirts of shimmering green. When you arrive at Golden, a mining town of 800 inhabitants, the gateway to the beautiful and rich valley of the upper Columbia, at an altitude of 2,580 feet, you discover that you have descended 2,749 feet from the Great Divide, that being, since you entered British Columbia, the least known, but without doubt the richest province of Canada. Here land uncleared is to be bought from $8 to $25 per acre, improved land from $50 to $150; but with the completion of the Kootenay Central Railway in 1912, these values, it is confidently expected, will be quadrupled.

Four tiny towns—Invermere, Windermere, Athelmer, and Wilmer—are looking for great things in the near future. Experts unite in testifying to the excep-

tional merits of the rich alluvial soil of these valley lands. Near Wilmer, Mr. Randolph Bruce has established a nursery at an altitude of 2,840 feet, with the intention of supplying the valley with fruit trees carefully selected and acclimatised. The young stock is clean and sturdy, showing no ill effects from frost. When the Kootenay Railway is finished Calgary and Lethbridge will be enabled to get products from the upper Columbia valley in ten hours. Those free from travel-stain will of course command higher prices. Wilmer has, besides, the advantage of good roads, where motors can be driven to the timber line, a new automobile road in course of construction across the mountains from Banff; when complete, it will be one of the finest roads in Canada. No wonder that at Inverness the British Columbia Club of New York has purchased land for the site of a handsome club-house to accommodate its members!

Many persons during the summer months leave the railway at Golden to take the tri-weekly boat to Windermere on the Columbia River, eighty-two miles away, to visit the charming scenery and to reach newly opening up lands so adapted for fruit culture, almost the chief features west of the Rockies.

To my mind the Selkirks are a relief to the senses after the naked crags of the first range, and as stations are passed you are reminded, in the names of Beavermouth and Bear Creek, of the real inhabitants of this untrodden region. Here the great height attained by spruce, Douglas fir, and cedar trees inclines you to think of a struggling world you have for the time being forgotten. The gorge of Bear Creek is compressed into a vast ravine; farther

SIR DONALD.

on, Sir Donald, named after Lord Strathcona, stands waiting for your admiration, and makes you feel that you are in a region where generous hearts have dedicated Nature's grandest and best to the gifted men who have made history in Canada.

Travellers often do not bear in mind that there are two summits to be attained, two ranges to be crossed. Seeing this for themselves, they will realise the colossal undertaking of this transcontinental line, and appreciate as they should its magnitude as an engineering enterprise.

Selkirk summit is at an altitude of 4,351 feet above sea-level. At this point the most beautiful view in the range soon unfolds itself. Through a deep valley the Illecillawaet, looked down upon by Titanic monarchs, makes its way westward by a tortuous course as it merrily leaps and falls between luxuriant verdant forestry. Here are clefts worn through ancient morasses, but your ecstasy for the time being is left to gnaw its vitals in despair, for a long snow-shed blots out the scenery. You assemble your belongings to alight at Glacier House, situated within thirty minutes' walk of the great Illecillawaet glacier, a vast ice cascade falling 4,500 feet from the summit of the snow field above—just *one* of the numerous outlets of an area computed to be not less than ten miles square! As I have hinted, you endeavour to possess your soul in patience until the tyranny of this obtruding shed be overpast, remembering that you are, at this altitude, in a zone of destructive snow storms. Sheds at dangerous points, where the snow may weigh fifty pounds to the cubic foot, are built over the track. The average yearly snow at Glacier House is about

35 feet. In places at higher levels very little impetus is required to start avalanches. Altogether, there are six miles of snow-sheds, costing about $40 per foot, variously constructed according to the situation of the track to be protected, mostly of Douglas fir and cedar. These buildings have to be protected from fire. All the year round they are patrolled; fortunately help can be summoned almost at once.

Glacier House is another of the transcontinental series of hotels belonging to the C.P.R. Co. To my way of thinking, it is the one *par excellence* in the mountains, and its situation on the great curve of the track is unique. Under the best of management, comfort and luxury are assured in the midst of the grandest scenery the world possesses. Not only is the Illecillawaet glacier, with its receding forefront and crevices of abnormal depth, only two miles away, easily reached by a romantic forest path, but there are mountain trails most attractive to the roamer. Bears live in the fastnesses, also marmots, whose whistling, as night closes in upon the leafy recesses, reminds one of the "siffleurs" of the Hudson Bay explorers, their shrill cry in these vast solitudes being distinctly weird.

Having now entered the province of British Columbia, I propose to afford some enlightenment as to its history to the reader who has so far followed my travels in these pages. Be it meanwhile remembered that the knitting together of this great Dominion by the ribbon of steel has a political as well as a commercial value.

For nearly half a century after Cortez, in 1537, discovered California, Spaniards were the only navi-

GLACIER HOUSE.

gators in the North Pacific; but in Elizabeth's reign Sir Francis Drake, in 1578, raided the Spanish settlements, setting up the British flag at Drake's Bay (near San Francisco). Fourteen years after, Juan de Fuca discovered the strait which bears his name, and Behring, with others, visited at intervals the Pacific coast. Amongst the navigators of that period came Captain Cook, in 1778, casting anchor in Nooltka Sound whilst endeavouring to find a north-east passage to the Atlantic. Later, after his unfortunate death in the Sandwich Isles, his ships, the *Resolution* and the *Discovery*, returned to England to tell of the splendid opportunity for trading in furs, the result being that rival merchants visited the coast at various times.

In 1792, Captain George Vancouver made a survey of the coast and established the fact that Vancouver was an island, which had been disputed since the days of Juan de Fuca. The mainland was, for years, "no man's land," and it was due to the efforts of the officials of the rival companies trading in the North West that the vast territory, now British Columbia, was brought to the world's notice. Alexander Mackenzie was the first man to cross the continent north of the Mississippi, in 1793; David Thompson, Simon Fraser, and David Hearne also made great explorations, and materially added to the knowledge of this great region and the Pacific coast.

Few people seem to be aware that in 1849 the island of Vancouver was formally granted to the Hudson Bay Co. for ten years, or that Victoria, in 1856, saw the gathering of its first assembly as a Crown Colony, under the governorship of Sir James

Douglas. At this time the mainland was inhabited only by Indians and a few fur traders, but when in 1858 gold was discovered on the Fraser River, and miners and others came into the country, a form of government was a necessity, and the whole of the vast area west of the Rockies was created a Crown Colony under the name of British Columbia. In 1866 these two colonies were united by an Act of the Imperial Parliament, and in 1871 British Columbia became a Province of the Dominion of Canada, entering confederation upon the condition that within a stated period the construction of a railway should be begun which would connect it with the eastern provinces; in accordance with which the transcontinental railway was completed in 1885, topographical surveys being made from the building then known as Glacier House. The passes that were selected by the surveyors as the most practical for railway purposes proved to be the grandest and the wildest, and have since attracted thousands of visitors. Edward Whymper, the English mountaineer, who at this time was engaged in surveying in the Selkirk region, writes of its beauty thus :

" We glide in serpentine folds down the valley of the Kicking Horse ; with a roar into a dark tunnel, now over white boiling waters, with the swish and rush of the river in our ears, first one side, then another. Above, crags and rocks for ever rising. Beyond the villages of Golden and Donald, we begin to climb the eastern slopes of the Selkirks, rising 116 feet to the mile, on a road carved from the mountain side up the Beaver Valley to Rogers Pass lying between Mts. Tupper and Macdonald. The change

in the sound from tenor to deepest bass caused by the revolution of wheels over a trestle, or a bridge, accompanied by the never-ceasing noise of waters, held the imagination captive. From Rogers Pass the track crosses Stony Creek, Surprise, and Mountain Creek over fine steel bridges. Beaver Valley is one of the most exquisite in the Selkirks. A softness and variety not seen in rugged sections, where cold grandeurs inspired awe rather than pleasure, characterises it. The river, milky green in colour, is visible winding its way through patches of spruce varied by the golden wealth of autumnal-tinted poplar."

Since the transcontinental railway has been finished bears have retired to deeper recesses, but both black and grizzly are to be found, though they keep out of sight. Where they are successfully hunted they are generally found feeding on skunk cabbage.

The big-horn mountain sheep are plentiful amongst the mountains; the horns are massive and compact. These animals often inhabit the same range as the mountain goat which is to be found all over the province. The black, or mountain cariboo is also to be seen in the Selkirks, as well as in grounds best reached from Quesnel or Fort George.

Mule-deer are not easily discoverable nowadays; they were formerly tame, but the mere sight of a man puts them into a state of frenzy.

Every one regretfully leaves this charming retreat among the mountains to continue the journey down the Illecillawaet Valley, and to enter the Albert Canyon, where the river is seen nearly 150 feet below the railway, compressed into a boiling seething foam scarcely twenty feet wide.

CHAPTER XIX

The Kootenays—Trail, Rossland, Nelson—British grit—"Miserable English"—Cranbrook's reputation—Nation-building.

REVELSTOKE on the Columbia River is the next place of importance reached by the train going west. This is another gateway, and of even more importance than Golden, for it leads to the great West Kootenay mining camps, which route I followed on my return. The town has a population of about 3,500, and tourists come here to hunt, fish, or climb. A short rail journey leads to Arrowhead, where steamers await passengers for the lovely trip down the lakes—just one hundred miles of exquisite scenery the whole way. These are formed by the Columbia River, which, hitherto running nearly due north, reverses its course, and flowing south passes Revelstoke, where twenty-seven miles farther down it widens out into two sheets of water, appropriately described by their nomenclature, the Upper and Lower *Arrow* Lakes.

The lumber-man's axe is at work here, and lands are being settled in places. But at present its chief importance is its connection with Trail, the head-quarters of the Consolidated Mining and Smelting Co., employing over 600 men dealing with silver, lead, and copper ores. This, too, is the route from the Pacific to Rossland, famous for its gold mines;

also to Nelson, situated on the west arm of the Kootenay Lake, which is not only a fruit-growing centre, but supplies timber, iron, marble, silver, gold, and lead, about three years ago its mineral output being placed at $7,000,000. At Kootenay Landing the direct line starts for the east via the Crowsnest Pass at an altitude of 4,410 feet, where another wonderful engineering feat in cutting down-grade testifies again to the ability of its constructors. In this limited space one can only outline this attractive route, but before I pass on to other matters I mean to mention two incidental circumstances which happened on my return journey.

If man was not made for Sabbaths, we have a right to infer that human interests supersede material ones. This appears sufficient explanation for the digression, if such be necessary. I was travelling in a first-class car when a youth in uniform asked me to buy a magazine.

His manner and speech at once aroused my interest. We talked, and after a time, at my request, and as there was no business to be done so early in an almost empty train, he sat opposite me, and I learnt how he, with two friends, all Public School-boys, had six weeks before crossed the Atlantic as steerage passengers to try their luck in Canada. This young man was twenty-two years of age, but looked eighteen; he was engaged to a girl in the Old Country, to whom he seemed immensely attached. He described how he had been trained in the legal profession, but as he possessed only £50 per annum and had no parents, or prospects, he would have to wait at least ten years before he could marry. So

he had determined to take the first job that presented itself and try his luck in much-advertised Canada.

"I think," said he, "I can hardly rough it more than I have done. Digging out foundations for an hotel at Calgary, on one meal a day, was a bit tough. This is better."

"Can you earn enough at it?" I inquired.

"Until I see my way to something else," was his answer. "I have only been selling these things for three days; but they tell me," and he smiled, "if I am *persistent* I can earn several dollars a day."

"How do you manage about your food?" was my next question.

"Get it on the train at special rates; and if the guard is a decent chap—this one is—I sleep on it, too! So living isn't so dear an item. Of course," he concluded, "I am not telling my friends at home all the tricks of my trade."

We laughed, and continued to talk on various topics—mines, lumber-men!

"I am really sorry for these poor chaps," he said, meaning the latter. "I have sat and talked to little groups of them and told them about life at sea on our big liners; about London, and the Tubes, and the Underground Railway; and they listen spell-bound, and won't let me leave them. They seem absolutely ignorant of everything outside a lumber camp. They make a good bit, and then spend it just like children in having a good time, which means a drinking bout and so on; then they go back to earn dollars for the next spree."

"Poor fellows!" I exclaimed; "they are to be pitied."

"Some of them are quite lovable all the same," he said. "Of course when I sit and amuse them they buy up the post-cards and books like hot pies! and want me to drink with them."

After an absence of half an hour or so he returned. This time he stood by my side talking of parts of Switzerland and Germany which he knew quite well. Presently he went about his business.

"Miserable English!" I heard ejaculated by some one quite close, the adjective over-emphasized.

I looked round to find a scowling young man buying "candies" for an undesirable-looking female sitting beside him. He was of a type often seen in the extreme West. His black hair, brushed off his face, was clipped thick at the back, the fat neck being shaven up to the line of the afore-mentioned clipping. His trousers were excessively wide, his tie of a brilliant red, and his features coarse and forbidding. I could not help smiling as I mentally compared the self-denial of the English lad with the self-indulgence portrayed in every line of this man's pasty-looking face. One meets almost incomprehensible ignorance, not only in this repugnant type of person, but amongst a certain class of Canadians. If such forget that the British Fleet has stood, not only in the past as the guardian angel of their land, protecting her through the long decades of her slow growth, but stands to-day as a defensive barrier against possible aggressive and covetous world-powers, the English taxpayers do not, any more than the fact

that the British Navy is and always has been manned almost entirely by "miserable English."

The actual railroad on which this exquisite was travelling over had been built largely upon British capital. Where indeed would the development of the Dominion be to-day but for the financial support of English gold? A London financier, Mr. Paish, says that Canada has absorbed £300,000,000 of our capital, and a Canadian banker put the figure at £400,000,000. A publication, in dealing with this subject remarks: "The British market has always been our base of supplies. With British capital we built our railways and dug our canals. British capital is now building two transcontinental railways. It lights our streets, lays down our sewers, builds our water-works, and carries us from continent to continent."

The Englishman and the Englishwoman are no boasters, nor do they spend much on advertisements, but their bull-dog spirit is not dead. They are content with the part they play in the British racial combine. They know, too, how high in the ethnology of this planet that amalgam ranks; thus they can afford to treat with contempt remarks such as the one I overheard.

To be analytical and critical, as well as to discriminate between classes of persons, is indispensable in the twentieth century between well-bred men and women, and it is opportune to express surprise that in the West one is constantly meeting presumably, educated people unable to discriminate between the wastrels and the incompetent of English nationality and the normal type. I have been introduced to

persons of the feminine sex who in the first five minutes of acquaintance have bombarded me with floods of abuse of my country-people; and whilst I have listened to their volubility, I have not only noted their entire lack of courtesy, but have silently wondered in what country that which we call "Society" could exist, if this sort of thing obtained on our side of the Atlantic. Frenchwomen of refinement and distinction visit London, but we do not hail their approach to tell them that a large proportion of the disreputable women on the streets of that city are of their nationality. We are pleased to welcome to our English Clubs American ladies and gentlemen coming with undeniable credentials, but we do not inflict their ears with stories of their ill-mannered countrywomen we may meet in French omnibuses, or on German steamers.

Generalities are always unfair, and it would be as unjust as it would be indiscriminating to include all Canadian women in this accusation. If there are, undoubtedly, persons lacking in elementary politeness who never see two sides to any question, there are numbers of well-bred, cultured, educated Canadians of both sexes whose broader and necessarily humaner outlook, and whose interpretation of the law to do to others as you would yourself be done by, renders it impossible for them to offer affronts of this nature to strangers.

Another incident on my journey east near the Crowsnest Pass, was one which I purposely record, since it emphasizes a point which, from the Alpha and the Omega of my stay in Canada, was one continually in evidence. I arrived at Cranbrook about

half-past four on a cold afternoon late in October, intending to get a good night's rest and to proceed at daylight on my journey next morning, when the train left at seven o'clock. I visited every hotel in succession. They were all full; a convention—and Canada is the land of conventions—was being held.

Hardly a woman was to be seen in the streets which were thronged with men; and as I gazed I wondered what was the life-story of many an one in this motley assortment. Some looked hilarious and contented, others moody, suggesting that luck was against them. My thoughts ran to the deserted wives in the Old Country, of whom there are so many, and who with their children are bundled into the workhouse, because, so a magisterial relation explained, it cost the ratepayers less to house and feed them than to trace their absconding husbands.

Studying the type of many passers-by, I made a rough guess that these distant lumber and mining centres in the Rockies could account for many absentees. Presently I entered a café to get something to eat; a Jap came at my call; and whilst waiting I reviewed my situation. My search for rooms so far had not met with success. Three courses were open if I could not find a decent night's lodging. I could return to the station and sit in the waiting-room all night (no train left Cranbrook until the one by which I meant to continue my journey); I could go to the Salvation Army's quarters; or, lastly, I could surely find some minister, or clergyman in the town who could assist me.

Here it behoves me to explain that Cranbrook has a population of 3,500; out of this number 1,300

are employed in saw-mills in the district. Also, that the town has an unenviable reputation. Report says hundreds of undesirable women have made this centre their particular sphere of influence. Formerly, it seems, they lived within the limits of the town municipality, but on the proposed erection of a Young Men's Christian Association building, they were instructed to quit, which they did, and created a colony of little houses the other side of the railway, but nearly opposite the new Y.M.C.A. ! As I was eating an unappetising meal, two remarkably well-dressed coloured women entered, and used the telephone a few feet from where I sat. The gist of their communication was as obvious as their profession. I left soon after to continue my hunt, when an inspiration came to me to make inquiries at a milliner's shop, where I was given an address which led me to a curious tenement rented by an Irishwoman from Ontario. All her rooms were let, but the occupant of one was away hunting. Matters arranged themselves, and Miss Hogan promised to call me early next morning. In a conversation I had with her, she told me of the recent death of one of the above-mentioned unfortunates, who had taken poison because " the barman she was struck on would not marry her ! "

Miss Hogan described how members of this sad sisterhood had treated the poor thing with the utmost kindness. During the short illness at the hospital they had provided her with every imaginable luxury. At her funeral they had lined up and followed her body to the grave, though it had been difficult to procure bearers to carry the coffin, where

no Burial Service was to be read—" and she a Catholic, I was told," was Miss Hogan's last remark as she concluded this pitiful story.

" Do you mean to tell me," I asked, " that no priest, or parson of any sort went near that woman ? "

Perhaps my tone of voice was indignant, for she remarked with more than a suspicion of warmth :

" And I'd like to know what praste could go near any of 'em alivin' and adyin' in thurr sins."

My views are anything but orthodox, but I thought of One Who came to save lost sheep, and wondered why, or how, those who professed to be His special interpreters dared do less !

As I left this town early next morning, I observed from the train a number of small houses with lights in front of them of the colour of blood, and I thought of the perils the young of both sexes run in such places as these, where respectable housing for those who cannot pay hotel-rates is practically impossible to obtain.

The *danger is for the women and girls of Canada* far more than for an occasional emigrant ! This housing problem is vital, and should in the interests of yet unborn generations be tackled immediately. Provincial Legislatures can no more with safety neglect the future mothers of the race than a builder can leave out the keystone to his arch. She is the pivotal point of the social fabric now in course of shaping. History shows clearly that no nation ever rises above the character of its women. In the West especially, the life of the girl wage-earner is hard. The lack of home, with its ties and its influences, means the weakening of restraint. The

boarding system, where girls, four in a room, often live and receive their visitors after business hours, is not ideal.

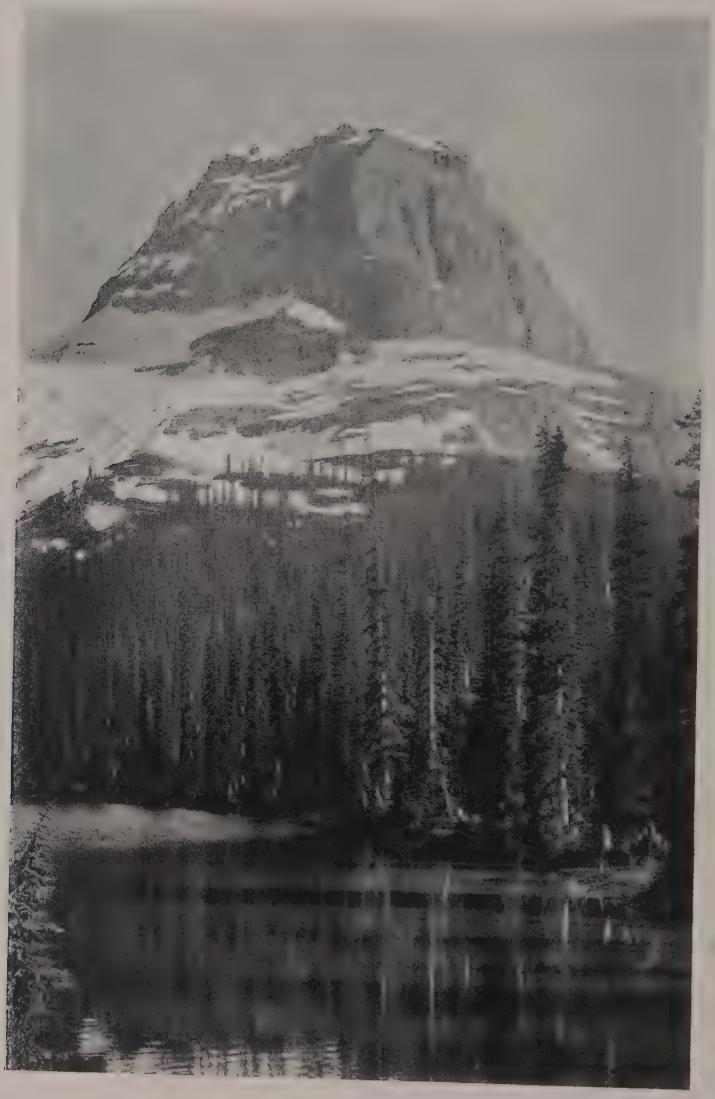
Wages may be higher on the American continent, but rent is ruinous and living distinctly dearer than in European countries. In my humble opinion, conditions as they affect the women of Canada to-day, are, at this point in the history of the Dominion, of far more crucial importance than the extension of railroads, or the development of fresh lands.

CHAPTER XX

Sicamous for the Okanagan—Fruit districts—B.C.'s mineral wealth—*Placer-* and *lode-*mining—Cariboo in 1862—Vancouver city—Prince Rupert—Fishing and lumber.

RESUMING the journey to Vancouver from Revelstoke the most prominent mountain towards the south-west is the glacier-studded Mount Begbie. After the train has rushed through Eagle Pass and left behind it four lakelets, to emerge into a beautifully wooded valley, the station of Craigellachie is passed, where the last spike was driven into the C.P.R., as the rails from the east met those from the west, November 7, 1885. In this region is the Shuswap Lake, so named from the Indian tribe which has here a Reservation. A remarkable body of water situated among the mountain ridges, it extends, octopus-like, long narrow arms along the intervening valleys many miles in length.

Sicamous Junction is another link with British Columbia's water-ways. Here a branch railway deposits the traveller at Vernon, forty-five miles to the south, situated at the head of Lake Okanagan, whence the steamer plies to Kelowna and to Penticton at the extreme end. The fruit from the Okanagan district which I visited formed part of the fruit exhibits which in recent years have frequently won the highest awards in Great Britain. Poultry farming is



MOUNT BEGBIE.

distinctly profitable. It appears that in this district a hundred fowls, if selected from a good laying strain, may yield as many as 15,000 eggs a year without artificial feeding. And the average price is 35 cents a dozen throughout the year. It is a land of vineyards and orchards, and a good centre for sportsmen and for fishing. Lovers of the simple life would find this part of the province a perfect paradise!

Farther down the main line is Ashcroft, which with only a population of 600 is described as a busy town. This is the point of departure for Cariboo in the north, and here you may see, almost daily, long strings of pack mules and freight waggons either departing, or arriving. The C.N.R. Co. will, however, shortly have a railway through this place, which will considerably alter conditions.

A few words concerning British Columbia's mining interests may afford to the reader a glimpse of the mineral wealth yet untouched. British Columbia represents an irregular quadrangle about 700 miles long, averaging 400 in width, with a population under half a million. Bounded on the north by the Yukon and Mackenzie territories, on the east by Alberta, its lake system is extensive and important, providing largely for local transportation; in fact, water power is widely distributed and practically unlimited, affording cheap power to operate electric plants, etc. The mountain ranges have, so far, been proved to contain sufficient mineral to be profitably worked: the valleys west of the Rockies throughout the Province are gold-bearing. As yet thorough "prospecting" has been confined to the neighbourhood of the railways. Not more than 20 per cent. of the

area has as yet been properly explored, and not one half of that examined in detail. The reason why development in these mineral resources has been so long delayed lies in the fact that until the transcontinental railway was completed a journey to British Columbia was a matter of months and of great expense. But although her geographical isolation and lack of transportational facilities have hindered the exploration of her wealth, it seems that the markets of the world will soon be on the borders of the Pacific Ocean, a reversal which will more than enable the inhabitants of this province to compete in the coming trade.

The markets for minerals have, in the past, been on the Atlantic seaboard, but in the next few years it is confidently expected that there will be refineries within the province, enabling the metal to be turned out in marketable shape and thus sold direct. As early as 1835 the Hudson Bay Company discovered coal at Fort Rupert; in 1851 extensive coal-fields were opened up at Nanaimo in Vancouver Island, but the market was limited; however, in 1875 the output was 100,000 tons per annum. In 1910 it had risen to 2,800,046 with 218,000 tons of coke. At present, though there are only two large collieries being worked, the distribution of coal is general; and although for the time being, this reserve of power (coal is power) lies dormant, it is an asset for future use when the coming trade of the Pacific is established.

The greatest interest naturally attaches to the finding of gold. As early as 1858 alluvial, or *placer* gold was discovered in the lower Fraser valley.

THE CARIBOO BRIDGE.

Adventurous prospectors followed the golden trail thus "struck," and in 1860 and 1861 they discovered the exceedingly rich *placers* of the Cariboo district, which produced gold to the amount of $50,000,000. The news of the find travelled quickly, and a rush of gold-seekers from California and elsewhere into the province practically dates its opening up and settlement. All of this gold was obtained by pick and shovel without the aid of machinery, which it was impossible to transport over the rough trails used by the pioneers, prospectors, and others. In five years the accessible gold had been skimmed from shallow deposits, and the workings became too deep for the simple *placer* methods available; thus the output gradually diminished until the year 1899, when the pick and shovel again came into requisition as the virgin fields in the Atlin district to the north of the famous Cariboo diggings were discovered, this forming a link between such centres as the valley of the Fraser, Quesnel, Barkerville and others and the gold-fields of the Yukon, all of these indicating a flow of gold-bearing wash from the north-western to the south-eastern part of British Columbia.

In the year 1900, owing to improved facilities for transport, machinery and water power began to take the place of the laborious methods then in use; and at the present time new Hydraulic Companies are installing the machinery and necessary equipment for *lode*-mining, which having only been in progress for about eighteen years is still in its infancy. As yet the total production of *lode*-gold, up to 1911, is about $60,800,000, of which $5,533,000

was produced in 1910. Miners are receiving from $3 to $4 per day, and helpers from $2 to $3.

The history of all *placer*-mining countries is identical. Prospecting for lode-gold is not begun till after the *placer* grounds have been exhausted, so as to oblige the prospector to seek new fields of labour. The *placer* is the poor man's mine; it requires no capital, and its result is cash; whereas lode-mines have to be sought, and when found require an enormous capital to work them, the field of search being limited to within a few miles of either a navigable water-way, or railroad.

In Vancouver I had the good fortune to meet with the authoress (Margaret McNaughton) of a book published in 1896 at Toronto, entitled *Overland to Cariboo*, describing a journey of Canadian pioneers to the gold-fields of British Columbia in 1862. As an account of an overland expedition at this early date, by the wife of one of the party, it is worthy to be preserved in the archives of this province.

Arrived at Fort Garry, pemmican and flour were bought; also, horses, oxen, and Red River carts. Pemmican, made from the flesh of the buffalo, was very nutritious. Lean flesh separated from the fat, cut into strips, was first roasted in the sun; then dried. The meat when dried enough was spread out on the skin of the animal and beaten with flails till quite fine. The fat was then melted and thoroughly mixed with the lean; afterwards left to cool, when it became hard. It was then packed very tightly in strong parchment bags of a uniform size, which were sewn up with thread made of sinew, also

obtained from the buffalo. This was sold to the travellers at Fort Garry at 16 cents per pound.

The Red River cart used in these long journeys was the most cumbersome construction; there was no iron used, but it was "all wheels" according to old-time descriptions.

The route taken to the wilds of British Columbia is of interest in these days of transcontinental trains. Mrs. McNaughton places the departure of this party, gathered from various points in Upper and Lower Canada, and from the Red River Settlement on June 2, 1862. The company arrived at Fort Ellin on the 12th of that month, and visited six successive forts on their way to Fort Pitt, which was reached on July 9. Between the latter and Fort Edmonton lay 190 miles. On July 21, they caught sight of the Union Jack waving over the Hudson Bay fort at that place. Eight days after, they resumed their journey, and arrived in two days at St. Anns, a trading-post of the Company, and fifty miles north west of Fort Edmonton. On August 13 they sighted the Rockies. After much hardship they arrived at Jasper House, and on the 21st passed the ruins of Henry House, which shows us they took the trail through Jasper Park, where the Grand Trunk Pacific Company are now completing their transcontinental railway. The day following they set up their tents on the shores of Moose Lake, and passing the "Divide" came upon the Fraser, where at its source it could be crossed at a single step. In this region the party found some friendly Shuswap Indians, and obtained dried salmon and berries from them in exchange for European commodities. Here the party divided; some

twenty decided to go in search of the big wide road the Indians spoke of, fourteen days' journey from where they were; the remainder decided to go down the Fraser River, where in ten days they would come to Fort George. After terrible experiences and several deaths they, however, arrived at Quesnel in the Cariboo country on September 11, 1862; and on October 4 the other party safely turned up at the same spot.

In these days of luxurious express trains it is hard to realise what the members of such an expedition as this must have endured in the way of hardships. Wolf-dogs, used by the *coureurs de bois* for transportation purposes, caused them much annoyance; but scarcity of food, crossing swift and wide rivers on frail rafts, wading through morasses, were some of the worst dangers.

Returning once more to the main line to Vancouver, the wild scenery of the Thompson Canyon impresses the traveller greatly; and at Lytton, where it suddenly widens, the Fraser, coming down from the north between two great mountain ranges, is admitted, and the line enters the canyon of the united rivers. Here one follows with interest the old Government road built in the early sixties and disused since the opening of the railway. This once connecting link with the east of Canada twists and turns round cliffs. Sometimes it ventures down to the side of the river, but in one place it is 1,000 feet up the cliff-side, where from the railway it looks literally pinned by slender sticks to the awful precipice. Ten miles below North Bend is Hell Gate, where the great river, forced between rocky walls, repeatedly

thrown upon itself, cliffs and fragments of rock barring its progress, roars and foams. It was early in the morning when I first saw the waters of the Pacific at Burrard Inlet, approaching Vancouver, but the fog was too thick to enable me to see the really exquisite view.

The climatic conditions of this city, with the Island of Vancouver and the Pacific Coast, are, generally, very similar to those of the British Isles. The beautiful situation of Vancouver is remarkable, and there seems nothing to hinder it becoming, in the near future, especially when the Panama Canal is finished, an enormous seaport as well as residential town. Every prospect points towards this desirable end. Its harbour is land-locked, sheltered, roomy and deep enough for the largest vessels. It has cheap water power, favourable labour conditions, and the rapid growth of such ports as Tacoma, Seattle, Portland, and others, in consequence of the expanding commerce and the growing shipping on the Pacific seaboard, justifies one in entertaining the belief that this city is as yet in its infancy; but, that as years pass, it will soon be ranked among the biggest and most important seaports in the world.

Vancouver, with a population of over 100,000, is the commercial metropolis of British Columbia, the home port of the C.P.R. Co.'s Royal Mail Steamships to China and Japan, of the Canadian-Australian to Australia and New Zealand, with lines minor in importance to Mexico, California, and Alaska. One may possibly be led to speculate as to whether its development may be temporarily checked by the com-

pletion of the Grand Trunk Pacific continental line, with its terminus at Prince Rupert, 550 miles north of Vancouver, and nearer to Japan. Undoubtedly the advent of this line will greatly benefit the fishing industry of that locality. I was told that a large company is already arranging to handle this industry in view of the rapid transit, available presently, with the provinces of Eastern Canada. Also, that a license has been granted to establish a whaling station in the vicinity of Port Rupert; and it was news to me to hear that more whales have been taken in the waters off British Columbia, during the time that the whaling stations have been in operation, than in any other part of the world. These monsters of the deep are no longer harpooned from sailing-vessels, but speared from steamers, on this coast.

Although it is only possible to indicate some of the sources of the wealth of this province, and I learn it is to be dealt with exhaustively by Agnes Deans Cameron, a native of Victoria and the authoress of *The New North,* I cannot omit to mention the value of its fishing industry. Port Rupert's geographical position, in close proximity to the Skeena River, where the salmon pack is one of the greatest in British Columbia, will of course obviate the necessity heretofore, of sending the large consignments to Victoria and Vancouver. That this is no mean industry is proved by last season's returns. About 200,000 cases, exceeding in value $1,000,000, employing 5,000 persons in the canning season, were despatched from the Skeena River. There is no doubt that the sea-front between the 49th and 55th parallels of north latitude is essentially suited to

the profitable operation of fishing in all its branches. The actual shore exceeds 15,000 miles! and the coast is so protected by islets in their thousands that an ideal reservation for every kind of fish is thus afforded. The activity in salmon fishing is due to the fishes' habits. Swarming into the narrows and up the mouths of rivers in countless numbers at certain seasons, they simply invite capture. Their splendid quality and cheapness account for the rapid growth of the industry.

In the Budget speech for 1911, delivered by the Hon. Price Ellison, Minister of Finance, before the Legislative Assembly, in referring to fisheries he says: "In many respects the fisheries in 1910 were very successful. The salmon run of 1909 was one of the periodical big runs. The salmon pack of 762,201 cases, however, was, all things considered, very satisfactory. The fresh-fish trade and the industry of curing and preserving have been largely on the increase; from information available the value of the output is not less in the aggregate than during 1909, viz. $8,000,000."

Speaking of the lumber trade, which is even more lucrative than the fisheries, the Minister declares that the lumber trade for the year 1911 was one of exceptional prosperity. The cut was the largest on record, being, for mountain mills 435,000,000 feet; for coast mills, 605,000,000, valued at $17,160,000, The large timber includes Douglas fir, red cedar, hemlock, white pine, larch, spruce, and some varieties of hard woods. The chief forest areas readily accessible to rail, or water-way, are in the Kootenays. Timber areas outside private holdings are owned

by the Dominion and Provincial Governments and by the C.P.R. Co. Indeed most of the land available for immediate development is in the hands of Companies that know to a cent its commercial value. Of course, so long as the boom of the land lasts, fortunes will be quickly made by those who are on the spot and know the ropes; but to invest in land means that you have either to develop it yourself, or to wait until you get a chance to sell profitably. Personally, I have not met many millionaires, though I have met many settlers who have worked hard and obtained in a few short years independence. Industry and perseverance are old-fashioned virtues, but without them life in the West is too often a failure.

CHAPTER XXI

Residential areas—New Westminster—A talk with the rector—Concerning women—A beautiful poem—A Ladies' Club—An Indian visitor—Premier Macbride—The Malahad road—Trafalgar Bay—Conclusion.

VANCOUVER is a well-built city with a boulevarded residential area, the usual profusion of "five-cent shows," and tendency to overdo real estate shops. Its unique feature is its magnificent woodland park, possessing twenty-two miles of forest paths, where amongst the dense and luxuriant growth the far-famed groves of fir and cedar of gigantic girth and towering height are unparalleled in the world. In an automobile, personally conducted by the authoress of *Overland to Cariboo,* I sped rapidly from one beautiful prospect to another, passing English Bay on our way to Point Grey, everywhere obtaining exquisite views across the Straits. On our return, the day being clear, the fine outline of the mountains of North Vancouver across Burrard's Inlet stood out boldly against the bright blue sky. Lands bought for the Kaiser by the firm of Von Alversleben were pointed out; and I admired greatly the beautiful residences on Shaughnessy Heights, in their park-like surroundings.

A ride of forty-five minutes by tramcar via Burnaby Lake to New Westminster, is a revelation as to

the growth of Vancouver. Everywhere tastefully built houses are in course of erection, roads are being cut through primeval forest, lands are in process of clearing. Approaching that royal city, which is built on sloping land bordering the Fraser, one sees on the river to the right the largest lumber mills in the world. At New Westminster the City Hall and Carnegie's Library are bracketed together in my memory. In visiting the English church the rector showed me with pride Service Books, late of Westminster Abbey; also some bits of ancient oak mounted in the altar cross; vases also from that sacred edifice, presented years ago by Dean Stanley. We discussed the future of this city. He seemed to think its development would be rapid so soon as the sandbanks obstructing the passage of ships of big tonnage at the mouth of the Fraser were removed by dredging operations. Reviewing other local topics we alighted upon a talked-of scheme to bring educated women to Western Canada.

"I hope they'll do no such thing," he said emphatically. "I've got a dozen, or so of these 'lady helps' on my hands now, trying to find places for them. Nobody who can afford to pay Chinamen wants them. They won't do this, or that, because it is menial; and then another difficulty is, they always want to 'sit with the family.'"

The immigration of Orientals, who perform all kinds of domestic work, is so well known that I need do no more than mention the fact.

"I quite understand," I said, explaining how I had taken up quarters in the Y.W.C.A. at Vancouver, where it was pitiful to see British women-emigrants

crying bitterly because they could not get situations, their small stock of ready money daily diminishing; "but," and I emphasized my words, "in such an institution it is *most surprising* to find that there are several Chinamen in their kitchens."

"They do make capital domestic servants," he remarked sympathetically.

"Exactly! Then why bring out English women, educated, or otherwise, to compete with them?"

"Some of us don't care to have Chinamen in our houses," he said, considering the point.

"But," I asked, "what becomes of these 'helps' whom nobody wants, and who are out of situations half the time? With the exception of the Y.W.C.A. institutions, which are nearly always filled with permanent boarders, what accommodation is there for women of this class?"

"I know of none," he said in a serious tone of voice; "I am sorry to say many of them go under."

"How can it be otherwise when conditions are so hard? You don't want educated women out here! you only require those of the roughest description," I remarked.

"But we like to have better-class girls to be with our children," he mildly objected.

I said no more on this subject, and we passed on to another topic; but I record this conversation to show that the "help," in addition to doing the cooking, washing, and housework which the Chinaman does very satisfactorily, is expected to "be with the children" and to take her meals apart. This applies to town situations; life is different altogether on the farms.

I stayed at the Y.W.C.A. purposely, whilst at Vancouver, so soon as I learnt that I could have a room to myself. I should have preferred to have been with a friend at the comfortable Vancouver hotel, but I felt after my ghastly experience at Edmonton, it was only fair to so splendid an institution as the Y.W.C.A. really is to give it another trial. This home was doing exactly what, on its prospectus, it set out to do. It was an organisation to develop young women socially, physically, intellectually, and spiritually. The lady in charge of the annex where I resided had held important posts in India, and was, moreover, a thoroughly trained nurse. She explained how these institutions, generally self-supporting and managed by a local ladies' committee, admitted any applicant if a vacancy permitted. It was not to be supposed that undesirables did not occasionally find admittance. Shortly before my arrival, a young woman from Seattle had shared a room with an English girl, a doctor's daughter, in search of employment ; in a day or two the American girl's condition, aptly described as " a menace to the town," was such that she was sent to the hospital: the matron of which whom I afterwards met, confirmed in every detail the account I had previously heard, which is absolutely unfit to be recorded.

Taking into consideration, therefore, (1) lack of suitable accommodation, (2) competition with Chinamen in the domestic service market, (3) that although wages are high things are dearer than in Europe, (4) that for the most part more work is expected than the normal woman's health can stand, intending women-emigrants would do well to set their

faces in another direction than Western Canada, until this state of affairs is altered.

These remarks do not apply to girls who emigrate through societies such as the British Women's Emigration Society, who are protected on the way out and have suitable situations found for them on arrival. Young women should think twice, however, before going farther west than Toronto, where Miss Fitz-Gibbons, in the Women's Welcome Hostel, not only receives girls of good character, but places them in suitable positions and keeps in touch with them afterwards. The fact that this lady, after many years' experience, warns her protégées not to answer advertisements in newspapers, proves that pitfalls in Canada await the ignorant.

Inquiries addressed to Dr. Shearer, 436, Confederation Life Buildings, Toronto, would furnish ample information upon this point.

> "The woman's cause is man's; they rise or sink
> Together, dwarfed or godlike, bond or free."

Schools in the Dominion are excellent. As in the British Isles there is no real sphere for untrained female labour. Perhaps it would be well for Canadian housewives to realise that in Britain it is difficult to find efficient maids-of-all-work. If there are two, or more kept, the chance is greater that satisfactory ones may be engaged.

It is absurd to imagine that trained servants, well paid, with work such as can be reasonably performed without injury to health, having their circle of friends, living in comfort under a considerate mistress, will be induced, for a few more

dollars per month, to leave all behind them to serve strangers in a distant land. If the following story were known amongst domestic servants intending to emigrate, few would be willing to venture to Canada.

Three domestic servants, brought out recently by the Canadian Northern Railway Co., appeared in March 1911 at the Winnipeg Immigration Office in dire distress. The girls stated that they had come to that city under the impression that they were to obtain positions in Regina. They spent several days at the Girls' Home of Welcome, waiting for the cost of their transportation to that place, but none had been provided. They were, said they, wholly without means, and considered that those who had brought them to Canada had left them to their fate!

What sort of English-born emigrants did I find at the Y.W.C.A., and what their record? There was the daughter of the gutter, born for better things, who had left her native land to escape the sight of her mother's shameful life—an undergrown weakling, five feet high, turned summarily out of her place because she could not undertake the big wash! Then there was the "boarded-out" child, with no tradition behind her other than that of undiscovered crime, where the mother had gone out into the night never to be seen again by mortal eyes. What was *her* experience? She had come in for a "rest cure" between situations. In her last the work of cooking, washing, and cleaning for a party of seven grown-up people in a ten-roomed house had broken her health. She had been valued, for her mistress wanted her

back; but the girl had sent word that "she could earn $25 a month in plenty of places without killing herself." Then there was the unpractical, semi-educated, dreamy girl, who had found that pretensions to gentility were by no means a recommendation to wage-earning. She had left her place because she was half starved!

Life is complex and many-sided. It is no part of my intention to permit my readers to imagine for a moment that my eyes were blinded to other phases of woman's interests; and if this is one picture, it is by no means the only one, for nowhere in the Dominion are the intellectual and sociological interests of the sex more to the fore than they are on the Pacific coast. Here Clubland is supreme, and the latest scheme is to build a club-house, central in position and inclusive in its adaptation to the charitable and educational societies of women in Vancouver, such as the The Women's Musical Club with 450 members, The Women's Canadian Club with 350 members, and others. The site secured, the plan is that all these different clubs, with their members, buy shares of not less than $25; and after they have raised as much this way as possible, to ask the public to help by buying debentures bearing interest six months after the building is up, repayable in ten years. To ask the citizens of Vancouver to help secure to societies undertaking philanthropic charitable and educational work for the common weal, a suitable club-house for meetings and entertainments does not seem irrational. No doubt a central hall such as is proposed would be frequently in request, and would produce a good

revenue—especially as there is a dearth of assembly-rooms in this city.

I was sorry that I had not the pleasure of meeting with the lady whose legends relating to Vancouver are of exceptional interest. I allude to Pauline Johnson Tekahionwake, whose Indian forefathers were heroic figures in past history. Her local legends of *The Sea Serpent, Capilano Canyon* (an exquisite wooded chasm a few miles to the north of Vancouver city), *The Hero of Stanley Park, Deadman's Island*, and others, have been collected into a volume entitled *Legends of the Coast.* There are other women-writers in this great and growing city; one of the most beautiful gems, artistic and compelling in its simplicity, which I have ever been privileged to read, comes from the pen of a local celebrity, Mrs. Isabel Ecclestone Mackay, entitled—

A CHRISTMAS CHILD

She came to me at Christmas time
  And made me mother; and it seemed
Here was a Christ indeed, and He
  Had given me the joy I'd dreamed.

She nestled to me, and I kept her
  Near and warm, surprised to find
The arms that held my babe so close
  Were opened wider to her kind.

I hid her safe within my heart. "My
  Heart," I said, "is all for you."
But lo! she left the door ajar, and all
  The world came flocking through.

She needed me; I learned to know
  The royal joy that service brings.
She was so helpless that I grew to
  Love all little helpless things.

CAPILANO CANYON.

She trusted me; and I, who ne'er had
Trusted save in self, grew cold,
With panic lest this precious life
Should know no stronger surer hold.

She lay and smiled, and in her eyes
I watched my narrow world grow broad,
Within her tiny crumpled hand I
Touched the mighty hand of God.

Here are women also to whom the prose of life appeals very directly, who have banded themselves into a Political Equality League.

They believe that the British law is based on justice to all; but that even in that majestic sphere evolutionary influences cannot be left out of court. As knowledge increases, ideals tend to grow higher. British Columbia is still in its infancy, but its Government, they consider, is not too young to begin to protect women's interests as well as men's.

They demand a law to prevent a girl of twelve, or a boy of fourteen, being legally married! That a mother may be given a right of possession in her legitimate child. That a deserted wife may have a right to the earnings of her minor children without going to Court for a protection order; also for a fairer law of inheritance. Though the home is popularly regarded as *woman's sphere*, her children as her special care and interest, it seems that in British Columbia the home may be sold over the wife's head, her children taken from her, the daughter of twelve years of age be given in marriage without the mother's consent. Any comment on my part could not strengthen the sanity of this appeal.

It would indeed have been a serious omission had

I completed my journey from east to west without visiting Victoria, the seat of government for this province, four hours distant by steamer. The crossing to Vancouver Island is one in which Nature is looking at you through her choicest scenery. When I journeyed thither the water of the Georgian Straits reflected an azure sky. To the south the great rampart of the Olympic mountains loomed up purple through the intervening mystery of the distance, whilst on the left the symmetrical snow-capped cone of Mount Baker, 11,300 feet above sea-level, in Washington State, attracted my admiration. As the steamer swiftly threads its way through the islands which screen from view the true coast-line of the Island of Vancouver one perceives in many a rounded cove amongst its frequent indentations, pretty habitations, with an adjoining boat-house, or motor-shed, suggesting that the owner takes his pleasure, either in his gasoline launch or in his gasoline-propelled automobile. The place is wooded, and looks inviting; no wonder so many retired men of all sorts and conditions have made this favoured spot their home. After the train journeys, the more or less noisy hotels, and all the incidents of trans-continental travel, one is impressed with the idea that here indeed is not only a playground, but a resting-place after the toil of life's day is over, when at even-tide there should be peace.

I was fortunate in finding kindly-disposed persons who arranged for me to stay at the Royal Alexandra Club at Victoria, which the ladies of that city have recently built. It is a fine club-house, only opened in May 1911, and most tastefully appointed through-

out. In the reception rooms everything that is acceptable from the standpoint of refined ease without undue extravagance is present. Well-trained servants wait upon you, which in itself is pleasant after much contrary experience. Details, even to teacups, are harmonious in colour with the prevailing scheme.

One morning I was surprised to hear that an Indian gentleman wished to speak to me. I have already alluded to the constant presence of Orientals in British Columbia, but there are in addition to Chinamen and a restricted number of Japanese, Hindus, who have acquired property to the amount of $300,000 in the island, but who have hitherto not been permitted by law to bring their women, or even to permit them to follow. My visitor was Dr. Sunder Singh, who although in European clothes, was turbaned, and salaamed respectfully. He had come to ask me to represent the case of these Sikhs in my writings to the people of England, describing that which he and his fellow-countrymen felt was a grievance. Many of them were old soldiers of the Empire; they were faithful to the British Raj; and having acquired a sufficiency wished their wives to join them. A short time previous to this, the Chinese and Japs had risen against the authorities, and had begged them to join them; but, said he, his countrymen did not like the Chinese, or the Japanese. "Of course," he explained, they understood that only a moderate immigration would no doubt be advisable; but he hoped, in view of the fact that the Sikhs were subjects of the Empire, this privilege would eventually be extended to them.

The matter has been brought before the authorities at Ottawa since this occurrence. I need not add that Dr. Sunder Singh had my entire sympathy.

Victoria is a beautiful city. A visit to the Museum will repay the visitor; it contains a well-arranged assortment of specimens of natural history, of different woods, and curios of aboriginal races. It is contained in the picturesque pile known as the Parliament Buildings. It was here, in a spacious, comfortably furnished office looking out on to the turfed space in front, that I shook hands with a notable personality, who as "Dear Dick" had been affectionately and familiarly spoken of in my presence throughout British Columbia. Premier Macbride, to whom I allude, is a tall man of slow movements, with a countenance which at once, although you are unable to explain the assurance so subtly conveyed, convinces you that behind it lies power of marked degree and a swift, critical brain. Seating himself at an enormous table littered with papers, he asked if I had come direct from the east.

"It's a long step, isn't it, from Halifax to Vancouver?"

I assented, explaining that so far as my capacity went for assimilating fresh data I was nearly at the end of my tether.

"It's just like all of them. People are so tired before they get here that they never do us justice."

Possibly there is some foundation for this complaint.

His choice of topics included a thrust at Trusts and their abuses. "We shall never have them in Canada assuming such proportions as they do in the States."

VICTORIA.

I inquired in what way they could prevent these evils.

"We have just had a law passed with the aim of curbing the powers of great Combines," he explained, referring to an Act which was passed in 1910—"To provide for the Investigation of Combines, Monopolies, Trusts, and Mergers"—whereby six British subjects may send a written application to any High Court judge, which must be specified as to abuses complained of. If the judge considers that a *prima facie* case is made out, and that there are reasonable grounds for an inquiry—(1) That a Combine exists; (2) That it operates to the detriment of consumer, or producer; (3) That it is to the public interest to investigate—he orders that a Board shall look into the matter. To form such a Board the Minister of Labour proceeds to appoint three men—one on the recommendation of the six applicants, the second by the persons of the Combine, and the third, who must be a judge of one of the Courts of Record, to be chosen by those two already elected. Full powers are vested in the Board, who report to the Minister. Publicity by means of the Press is accorded. The remedial measure is given by the Governor in Council, who has been able to get at the truth by means of the Board.

Then he fell to discussing Chinamen. "This is a white man's country," said he emphatically. "The Chinaman is here for a purpose only."

The untouched and unknown wealth of British Columbia was a topic over which he waxed eloquent.

"How big a book do you intend writing?" he asked, strolling to the window.

"Possibly about 80,000 words," I told him.

"Well, now, look here! What else is there to say about Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta, than that they grow capital wheat! I should say"—he spoke persuasively—"you could very well afford to give us 20,000 out of that."

I smiled, but did not commit myself. Then he wanted to know what I had already seen. Victoria has beautiful environs. I mentioned Oak Bay and Esquimalt, the future base on the Pacific of the future Canadian Navy. He considered; then an idea struck him. A splendid road had just been completed; would I like to see it? It is never part of my policy to refuse offers of that description, so I accepted with alacrity. That afternoon a motor should call for me! As I shook hands with him on leaving he thanked me for my kindness in calling upon him. This humility was something rare to see, and I could hardly preserve becoming gravity.

Finding my way back to the Ladies' Club it struck me that "Dear Dick" was a man of many parts!

At the appointed hour a lady, staying also at the Royal Alexandra Club, accompanied me and we spent several hours enjoying, from first to last, scenery the grandeur of which was to me an unexpected revelation of the inland beauty of the island.

The weather was perfect, as we soon slipped past human habitations and entered leafy glades on our way to the newly constructed Malahad Road. Gangs of men were still at work on it at different places. We passed, occasionally, labourers with teams of

horses drawing wagons loaded with stones to build up precipitous sides.

This exquisite road winds along the curved sides of a mountain range. The higher you rise, the more exquisite and beautiful the prospect over forest and water. Each time we negotiated a projecting rock, or turned a sharp corner on this serpentine track, a fresh and varying prospect opened out to us, and each seemed finer than the last. Whirling along—our driver was no laggard—we seemed to be flying upwards and onwards, and we felt that it was nothing short of sacrilegious to disturb Nature's long-leased silence with the vile hooter of the machine. On our left luxuriant floral growth and towering fir trees reared their lofty crests over our heads upon the cliffs. To the right, greenery of sorts half obscured the lake far away below, whilst on the horizon eastward, the blue belt of Georgian waters bounded the view, save for the white summit of Mount Baker, peering through the misty distance on the American coast. The inhabitants of the Old World never realise how progressive and civilised are these far distant parts of the Empire. The Malahad Road will rank with the Cornichi, or the Brenner, when tourists and others discover its beauties. Visitors to Vancouver Island should not miss this grand opportunity of penetrating into the heart of the island's scenery.

That night in Victoria loyalists celebrated Trafalgar Day with an enthusiasm as true-hearted as it was universal. The shields of the various Canadian provinces were suspended from the balconies, Boy Scouts acted as ushers, and the red and white flag of "Closer Union" was a conspicuous feature.

Premier Macbride, standing at the western outpost of Empire, is a staunch Imperialist; and on this occasion offered a high tribute to the memory of Nelson, whose spirit still lived, declared he, "in brotherhood and in devotion to duty." *Closer action* had been that great Admiral's favourite signal; and had not the Canadian nation of late emphatically called for closer union with the Mother Country? At this meeting a resolution was passed to urge the Dominion Government to take such steps as would lead to the creation of a Canadian fleet-unit in the Pacific, and to the establishment of a naval base and shipbuilding yards at Esquimalt, with such promptitude as would make that coast ready for the revolution in sea trade likely to be effected by the completion of the Panama Canal. The speaker subsequently declared that the doctrine of optional neutrality was one for which the majority of the Canadian people had little sympathy, and concluded his remarks by repeating those momentous words spoken by Lord Grey on leaving Canada: "I would ask you once more to have regard to that British supremacy on the seas on which the continuance of all our liberties and happiness depends."

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